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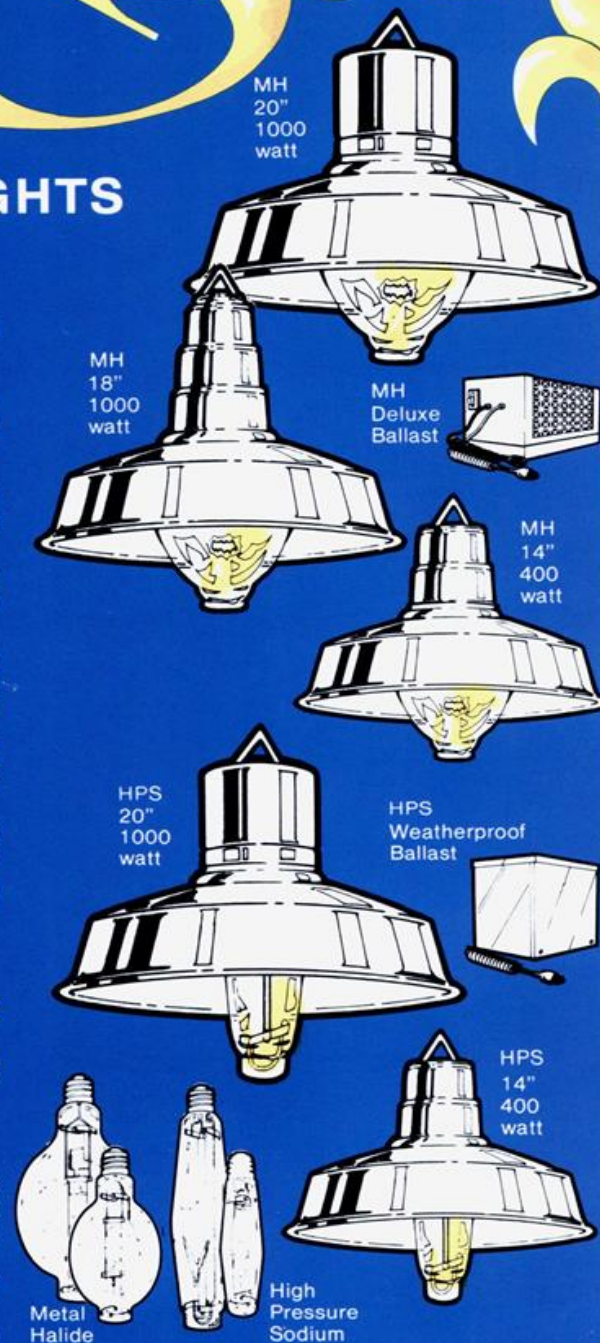
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HIGH TIMES

No. 101 January '84

FEATURES

Interview: J.G. Ballard *by Andrea Juno and Vale*

The most highly acclaimed European writer of science fiction, J.G. Ballard has published numerous books over the last 20 years. Heavily influenced by the surrealists, his work attempts to explore the mundane horror of everyday life in the postindustrial age: assassinations, car crashes, mutant viruses, etc. Drawing upon his training as a physician, he wields his pen with surgical precision. In a wide-ranging interview he discusses his love for medical pathology textbooks, assorted psychopathic killers, the punk movement and his one and only trip on LSD

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Centerfold: Weighing in the New Year

49

Drugs of the Subgenii

"Users of drugs are placing themselves in great danger. They can never get as truly fried as they want to be. They have to take one on top of the other. Sometimes they take so many that when they forget to take one or two they are later mad at themselves for it." Sound familiar? Well, the Subgenii have an answer to your problem. It's called "Habafropzipulops," and its secrets are revealed within

56

Small Is Bountiful *by Ed Rosenthal*

Indoor growing space is at a premium these days. People who scoffed a while back at closet-growing techniques are now finding that, owing to harassment by police and rip-offs, 10 plants growing safely in an attic are worth 10,000 in an open field. HIGH TIMES' resident cultivation expert details the methods of small-scale growing

66

Colombian Gold *by Jaime Manrique*

"Mario frowned. 'Smoke is for peasants, man. Chill out. This is what they have for breakfast in Hollywood—champagne and cocaine. How do you think the Incas built Machupicchu? They weren't eating potatoes.' He laughed and began to cut the cocaine into lines. 'Colombia's not so bad . . . if daddy's president.' " A young man returns home to Colombia and confronts his birthright. Riveting fiction from one of Latin America's most promising writers

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

California CAMP Troops Trample Bill of Rights . . . Stars of Psychedelic Research Reunite . . . Bootleg Quaaludes Analyzed

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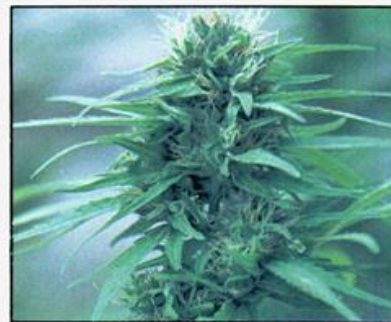


40 First Tries *by "R"*

The Connoisseur had maintained himself as the arbiter *elegantium* of the cannabis culture for the past seven years. During this time, for millions of marijuana smokers, his word has been law (more or less). This month the Connoisseur affords us a rare glimpse of the time before he draped himself with the mantle of marijuana maven. From peewee smokers mighty tokers grow. Here is the true story of the making of a legend.

44 Murder and Methamphetamine *by Dean Latimer*

It was recently disclosed by the national media that the DEA has been involved in numerous "sting" operations wherein a phony chemical company is set up and potential clients are then lead into breaking the law. It's a story that HIGH TIMES published nearly four years ago. A lot has happened since we ran our Labscam story back in November of 1980, a lot we think you should know about.



53 International Pot-pourri, II *by Laurence Cherniak*

Our international correspondent journeys to far-off Burma and manages to bring back the buds (well, photographs of them, at least). Also featured is a prime specimen of the legendary Santa Marta Gold and a trip into the world of the unseen via the technique of microscopic photography.



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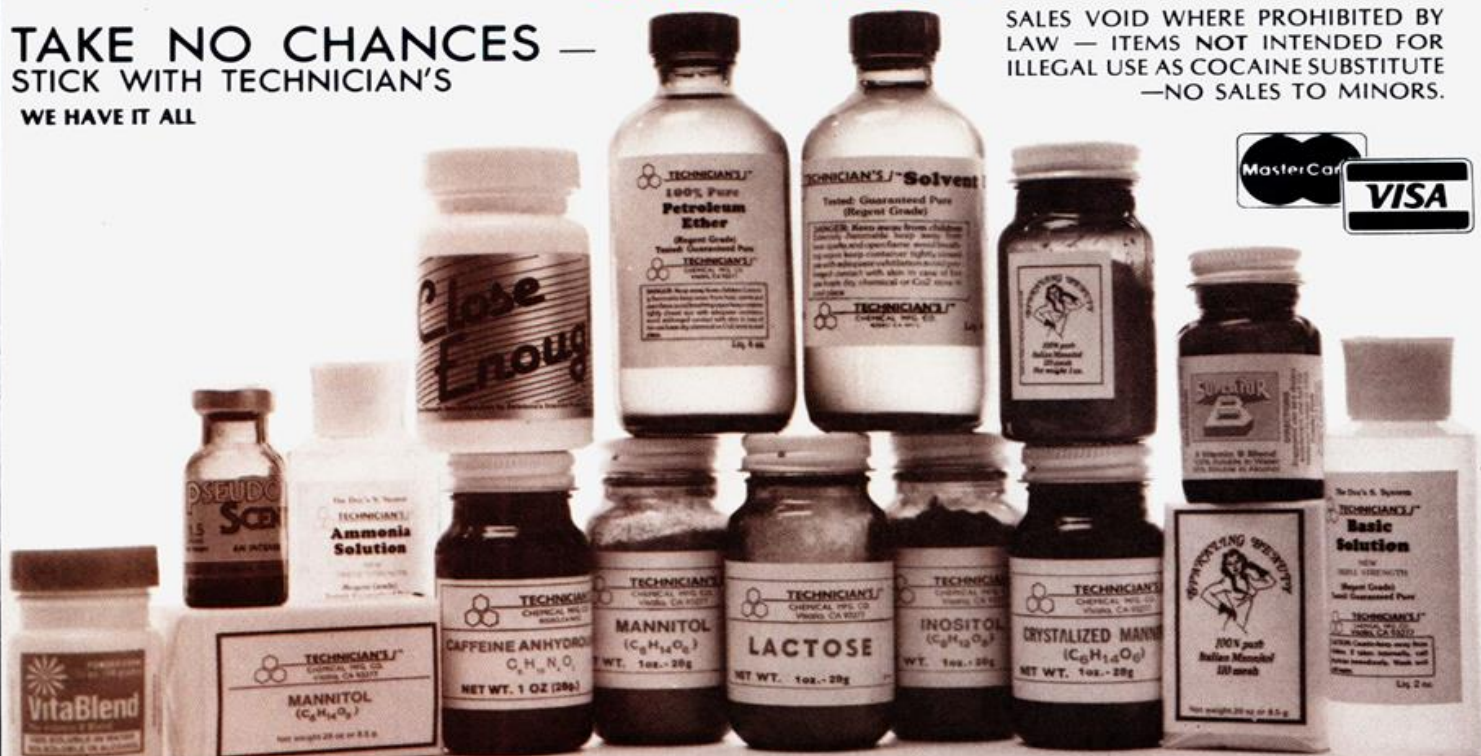
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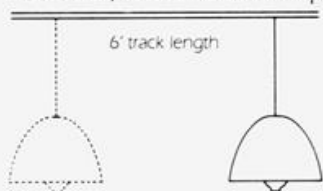
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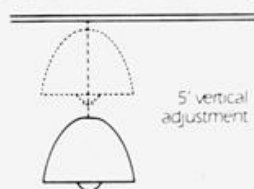
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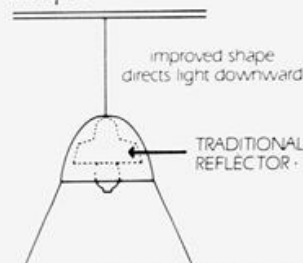
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Rush to Judgment

Editor:

In your September issue I was shocked to see an ad on page 25 for ex-drug dealers and other expert witnesses to testify in the U.S. tax court. I never thought I'd see that in *HIGH TIMES*. Not quite narking, but too close for me! Really! You folks are trying to get pot legalized and you have an ad like that in your magazine. I'm very disappointed in you people and I think you should screen your ads more carefully.

—Mad in Omaha

That ad was placed by a defendant, seeking a convicted sinsemilla grower to come into his case and testify that the upteen pounds of skankweed he'd been caught with really wasn't worth the billion-zillion dollars the narcs said it was worth. Under no conditions would we ever run recruitment ads for prosecution witnesses. In fact, that makes us just as mad as you are, until you read this. Now you should feel very apologetic. —Ed.

Reach Out and Bullshit Someone

Editor:

Folks in the Houston area are being treated these days to a prime example of reefer madness. A drug hotline has been hooked up that offers advice about various controlled substances. Actually, very little is said about marijuana, however, you won't be disappointed. When you call, a concerned woman's voice comes on the phone for about sixty seconds, during which time she warns about there being "indications that marijuana causes birth defects," and that it causes damage to growth and sex hormones. Also (she said this next part fast, and it's so ridiculous I'm not sure I heard it right), she stated that three years of herb abuse is worse than thirty years of alcohol abuse. Could you clear some of these things up?

—Concerned Citizen

Address withheld

When you dial the number (which we deleted from your letter), you get a recording saying you've reached "Houston's Informed Parents," and an invitation to leave your name and number for them to call you back. Whoever that lady you're talking about was,

she's undoubtedly a professional right-wing political organizer. And every single thing she said was a lie. —Ed.

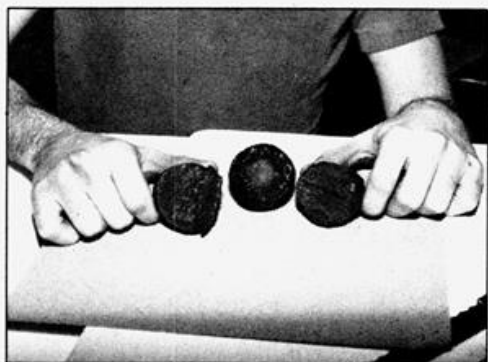
Sweet and Potent

Editor:

These seven beauties are the result of a sativa/indica cross. One toke and you're high, two and you're wasted. Plus, they tasted and smelled as sweet as you please.

—Ken

Address withheld



Heads across the Water

Editor:

Here is an excellent picture of some even more excellent gear that we scored last month, namely Nepalese Temple Balls. These two were soft and fresh, quite sticky, but not too much so, and gave off a pungent, almost overpowering aroma when broken up. Needless to say, a fine smoke.

—The Muswell Hill Headers

London, England

High on Sci Fi

Editor:

Just finished reading Patrick Bishop's short story, "John Agar Is Sleeping" [*HIGH TIMES*, Sept. '83], and I've got to write and say, "Now that's more like it." You people used to run science-

fiction pieces—what happened? Maybe with some encouragement you might run more. "Agar" was a step in the right direction—keep going that way. By the way, the illustration accompanying the piece was a hands-down winner—simply marvelous.

—Allen Markowitz

Westchester, N.Y.

The Urge to Purge

Editor:

The "Dope Lore" column is an interesting feature of your magazine, and I always read it with enjoyment. I got a chuckle out of seeing the mention of the 1698 *Pills to Purge Melancholy* [#479, Oct. '83], and thought I might add a bit of historical background.

In seventeenth-century terminology, the term "pill" was not generally used for the kind of medication we now think of; rather, it was most likely a small bolus of soap, given as a laxative. (Constipation was a major seventeenth-century problem; the only subjects of more slang terminology seem to be prostitution and venereal disease.) "Purge" is therefore to be taken completely literally.

See what you learn when getting a Ph.D. in English literature? Just thought y'all might like to know. In fact, I have a glossary of obscene seventeenth-century terms I compiled, which has proven to be the source of some amusement among my friends.

Further in the pharmaceutical vein, you may be interested to know that another popular seventeenth-century nostrum was "mumma," a medicine (or "physic") concocted literally of dead bodies, as in Webster's play *The White Devil*: "Your followers have swallowed you like mumma and, being sick with such unnatural and horrid physic, vomit you up i' the kennel." Or, on the other hand, you may not be interested at all.

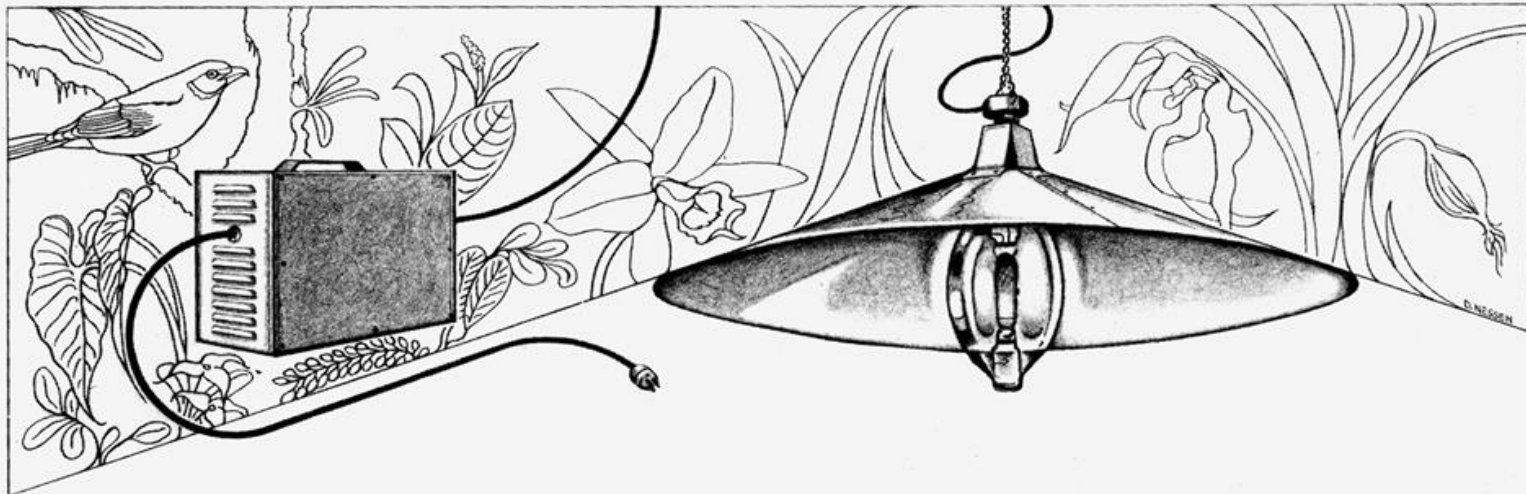
—Bernadette Bosky

Durham, N.C.

It Came from Outer Space...

Editor:

We just read "The Way It Happened," by Charles Bukowski [*HIGH TIMES*, Sept. '83], and feel that it would be advisable at this point for you to relay this message to him:



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LETTERS

You're right, Charles, we're here—the aliens have indeed arrived. But we're not from outer space—we're your very own colleagues, exploring other, unknown regions of that pinnacle of cellular evolution—thus far on this planet at least—which inhabits your (and our) very own skull.

We really like your consummate writing style, old man. But how about a little human kindness for a change? It's real, too, you know—and not all that other-worldly. It may even be our only handle on reality.

—William Meyers
New York, N.Y.

Ten-Four, Good Buddy

Editor:

About three months ago, I was listening to a morning TV talk show—I couldn't believe what I heard: The talk was about requiring drug offenders to submit to a "transmitter implant" as a condition of parole.

I jumped up out of my chair to view the TV to see who was talking such atrocity. It was some establishment-looking bureaucrat type in a gray suit, with sunken eyes and a double chin. Unfortunately, I didn't catch his name or affiliation, or record what TV show it was.

Anyway, this transmitter implant would be installed at the base of the skull and would signal to a computer the whereabouts and metabolism of the drug parolee. If he left the parole area or got high, the computer would notice and send out an alert to have his parole violated immediately.

At first, only volunteers will be used. (Like with the death penalty.) There are so many drug offenders doing twenty, thirty, forty or more years that they will have no shortage of volunteers.

Then, after the public accepts this, the transmitter implant will become mandatory. At first only for drug offenders. After that is accepted, perhaps it will be mandatory for all second offenders. Then it will become mandatory for drunken drivers, all drug violators, first offenders, anarchists, treasoners, protesters and anyone else who doesn't agree with Big Brother.

What I tell you is *not* a lot of paranoid nonsense. I heard it on tele-

/ continued on page 16

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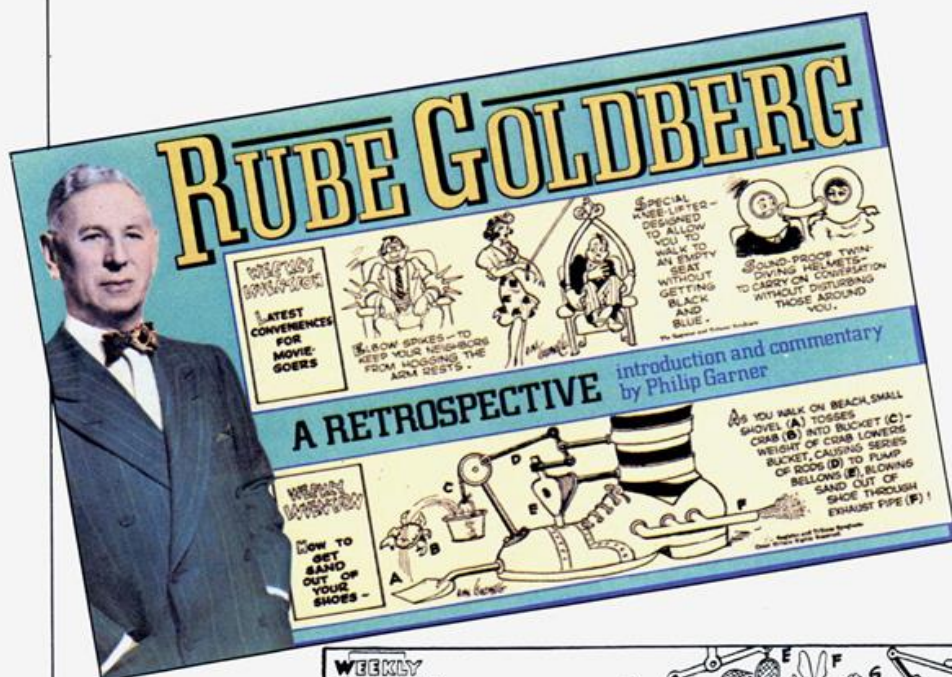
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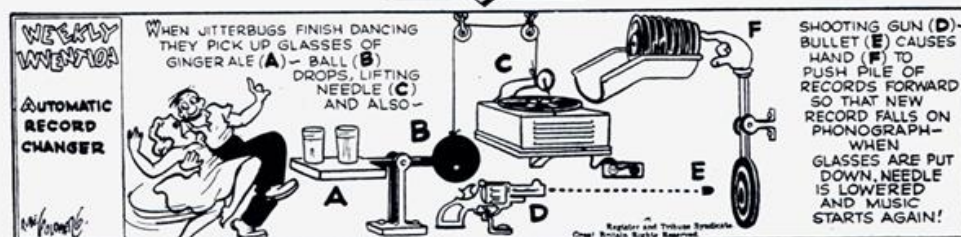
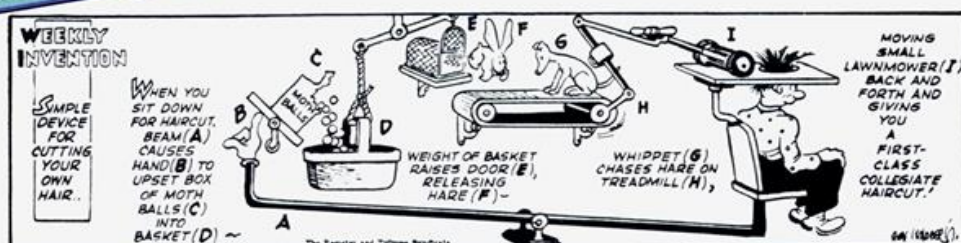
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HIGH TIMES Budding Photographer

This ceremonial tableau steeped in the iconographic traditions of northern Humboldt County comes to us from the Bushdoctor of Syracuse, New York. From what we know of the objects used, plus a full knowledge of their symbolic meanings, we can determine that the photographer has chosen to tell us the story of how drip irrigation techniques first came to be used in the Humboldt County region. Bushdoctor, we salute you.



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Mike Moxcey of Colorado Springs, Colorado, sent us this Yuletide epistle along with a note saying he hoped it wasn't too late for inclusion in December's special Christmas issue. Well, we didn't have a special Christmas issue last month. In fact, we don't think the word "Christmas" appeared once throughout the entire issue (well, maybe once). So we've decided to make this our special Christmas issue—and no, Mike, you're not too late.

A Joint for Santa Claus

It was late on Christmas Eve we thought we'd make a run and get our load of wacky weed ashore for Christmas fun. The Coast Guard and the Navy would be at home we thought celebrating with their kids while we unloaded pot. It was so dark and peaceful that fateful winter night the crew decided they would work by Christmas candlelight. We started loading speedboats while fifty candles gleamed, everything was going smooth, at least, that's how it seemed. We kept on passing joints around trying to get higher when someone knocked a candle o'er and set a bale on fire. We laughed and climbed up on the rails to get into the smoke and everybody started taking king-size Christmas tokes. We threw a few more bales down to make the fire greater and accidentally spread it to our ocean-going freighter. We sounded the alarm and then we all abandoned ship and sat it out in speedboats where we watched the fire rip. Ten thousand pounds of grade-A pot went up in clouds of smoke. Forty crewmen watched the flames and not a word was spoke. Then we heard the sound of sleigh bells and we looked up in the sky and through the smoke came Santa Claus and he looked really high. He said, "Merry Christmas, boys. Thank you for the smoke. I've been working half the night just hoping for a toke. I like the milk and cookies but let me make a point: to get the munchies properly Old Santa needs a joint. It's too bad you've lost your stash, before it blows away we'd better make the best of it so climb up in my sleigh." So all of us climbed in the sleigh (it was bigger than it looked) and we kept flying through the smoke till everyone was cooked. The reindeer got all giggly, started flying extra fast, while Santa told us stories of Christmas Eves of past. He said that if we wanted we could go around the world but we'd have to help him give the toys to all the boys and girls. We all agreed to help him out. We thought it was a kick to be up on the rooftops with the reindeer and Saint Nick. Together we worked all night long until the job was done and when he finally took us home we thanked him for the fun. He said, "Think nothing of it, boys. I thank you for the smoke. I work every Christmas Eve and rarely get to toke. I like the milk and cookies but don't forget my point that to get the munchies properly Old Santa needs a joint." Then he left us standing there as he flew off in the sky and later when I told my friends they said, "You must be high!" They might think that I'm crazy but that's the way it was and every Christmas Eve I leave a joint for Santa Claus.

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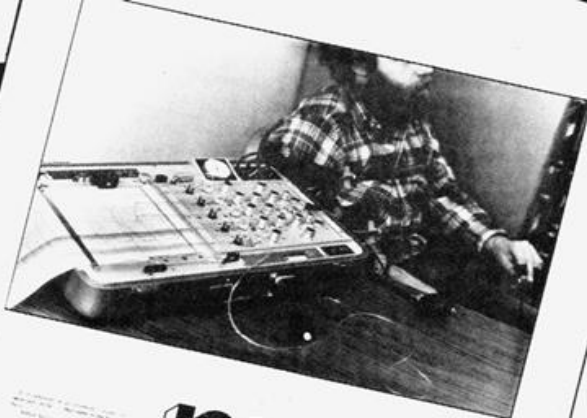
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Checking with Big Brother

Howard Levine and Tim Keefe put in over two and a half years researching material for their 1984 Calendar. Actually, to call what they came up with after all that time and effort a mere "calendar" is a bit misleading, kind of like calling *Moby Dick* a primer on 19th-century whaling. What Levine and Keefe have put together, in fact, is a historical document that charts the erosion of the control that Americans have been able to exert over their own lives. Over 1,000 dated entries are included, making it possible to chart, say, the seemingly innocuous passage of an obscure Senate bill to its far less savory, Orwellian conclusion. As Nat Hentoff says in the calendar's introduction, "This is one calendar that many folks will keep long after the year is gone. Until, maybe, it becomes too dangerous to keep holding on to." The calendar is being sold at bookstores throughout the country, but may also be ordered through the mail. Send \$10.95 to Point Blank Press, P.O. Box 30123, Lansing, MI 48909.

HIGH TIMES VINTAGE COLLECTION III



90. Feb. '83



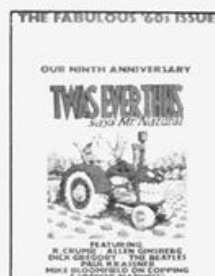
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92. Apr. '83



93. May '83



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LETTERS

/ continued from page 9

vision. The technology for implants is there. They are getting the public used to the idea by using noninvasive "slave bracelet" transmitters first—before they introduce the implant.

The transmitter implant is, perhaps, the greatest threat ever posed to humanity, which will cease to exist as we know it if these implants are allowed. Humanity will become little more than insects, slaves whose every move is monitored by the computer and government overseers.

—Robert Michael Patrick
Danbury, Conn.

Well, look, Michael. As you point out, the technology to do this already exists. A CFM-6 transmitter, weighing exactly half a gram, can be implanted surgically into a person's body, and broadcast his or her EEG activity, cardiogram, blood pressure and temperature to remote receivers, twenty-four hours a day. Just a few years ago it would've sounded crazy, but now the thing actually exists. And since it exists, there are a lot of people who will say it's wrong that it's not being used to track pot parolees. If such a superb control device exists, then failure by the police to use it this way on drug offenders implicitly sends out a signal to youth that marijuana is "okay," or "all right" or "acceptable." And marijuana is known by experts to pose certain health hazards, especially for children. So it would be plain wrong not to turn us all into insects, now that the technology exists to do it.—Ed.

Son of the South

Editor:

With no respect at all to Mr. Dean Latimer, who penned the totally prejudiced and bigoted article, "A Georgia Story," in your September issue. True, Dan MacDougald, Jr., and Judge Asa Kelley are incompetent fools in their own right, and MacDougald is a proven liar, but there is not one iota of what Latimer has written, including his particularly offending last paragraph, to make me believe that the South is a bad place to live. Mobile, Alabama, which has an enormous natural bay, is one of the prime delivery points for the finest marijuana and cocaine from Colombia, Panama, etc. I truly pity you, Dean Latimer—for anyone who is so

narrow-minded to believe that one bad apple spoils the whole bunch, is about as tunnel-visioned as Dan MacDougald, Jr., himself. Finally, I'll even go so far as to bet there are more crimes committed in New York City than in Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and Florida.

Fuck you, Dean Latimer.

—William C. Walter

"Sweet Home Alabama"

Aw, mea culpa, mea culpa. Dougherty County, Georgia, really isn't typical of the entire South, I know that, and I knew that when I wrote that. It was a cheap shot, I admit it and I apologize. And to be sure, there are indeed a hell of a lot of crimes committed in New York, even on top of the ones I commit. But when it comes to homicides and dope, Miami—armpit of the Sun Belt—has New York beat, hands down. So fuck you right back.—Dean Latimer

Rudy Report

Editor:

In the "Highwitness News" section of your June '83 issue, there is some information that contradicts what I read in another reliable source. HIGH TIMES alleges that *Cannabis ruderalis* "... grows at astounding altitudes and low temperatures, developing a potent high along the way."

The *Psychedelic Encyclopedia* by Peter Stafford disagrees on the issue of potency. Stafford writes of ruderalis: "... a rare Siberian species—short, without much mental effect"; and "... this species has little psychoactivity in its resin." Perhaps you could devote an article to ruderalis, since in the future it will no doubt be available to the masses. By the way, thanks for a great magazine. I especially enjoyed the '60s issue; I thought for sure it would induce a flashback. Well, no such luck, but it did bring back some wonderful memories.

—Peter G.

Easton, Pa.

HIGH TIMES is an acknowledged source of expert information on a wide variety of subjects. If you have any questions pertaining to drugs, law, health, etc., we'd be pleased to hear from you. Send all letters to: HIGH TIMES Adviser, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.

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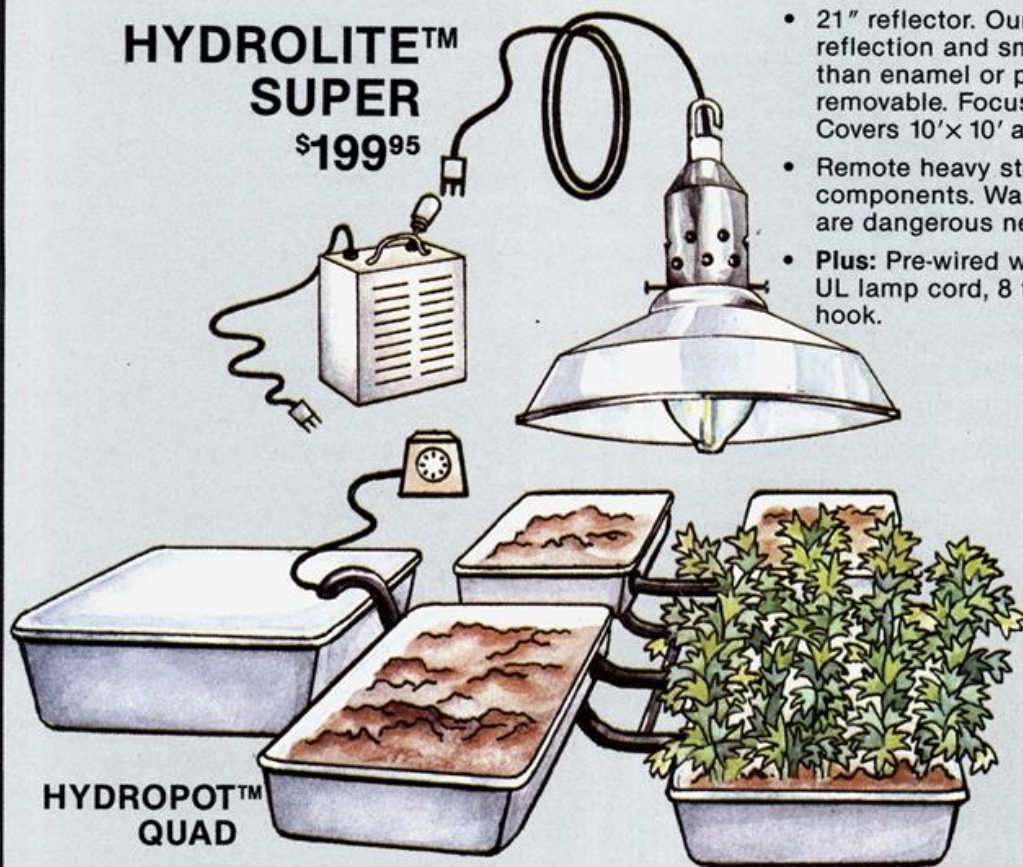
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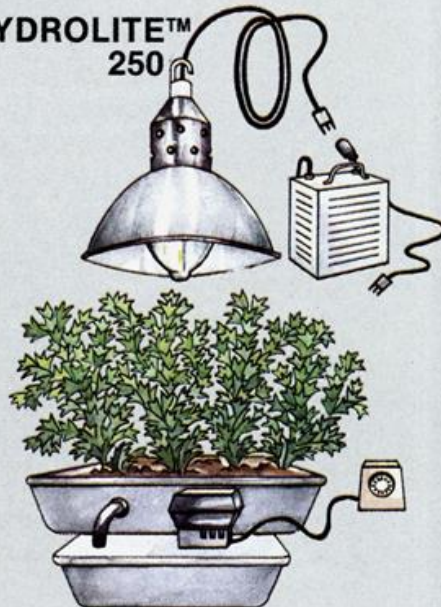
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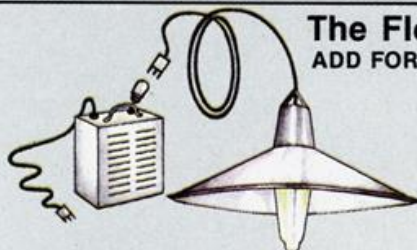


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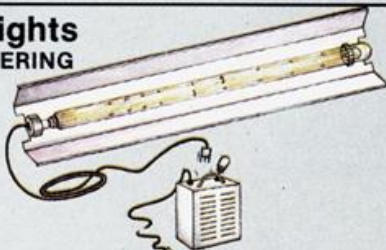
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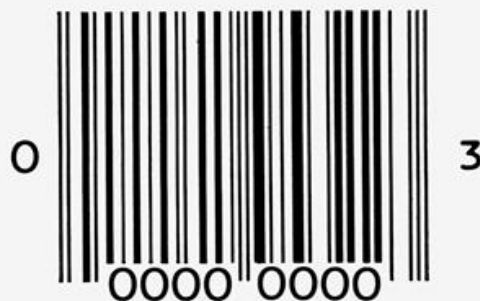
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CALIFORNIA 'CAMP' TROOPS TRAMPLE BILL OF RIGHTS

by Bob LaBrasca

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

WHEN THE ANTISINSEMILLA TASK force swept down on Denny, California, up in the wilds of Trinity County, they operated like a band of marauding cossacks, according to the testimony of the residents there. It was an ugly two-day siege by a small army of federal, state and county narcs armed to the teeth and bristling with hostility.

It all happened August 24 and 25 in the first phase of Operation CAMP (California's Campaign against Marijuana Planting), and by September 2 a coalition of plaintiffs (NORML,

The Civil Liberties Monitoring Project and several individual citizens) had lodged a vehement civil-rights complaint in San Francisco's federal court. The suit charged a vertical spectrum of law-enforcement agencies, the Department of Defense and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration with acting "arbitrarily, capriciously, recklessly, wantonly and maliciously" in disregard of the constitutional rights of the people of Denny. The exposure of the gestapo tactics used in Trinity County ultimately forced the police agencies involved to promise Federal District Judge Joseph Aguilar that they would never ever do anything like that again, and it is just barely conceivable that they won't. But what transpired in the idyllic forests around Denny is indicative of what happens when poor, foolish cops, pumped up with antidrug fervor, are loosed on a local population.

California Attorney General John Van de Kamp set the tone for Operation CAMP back in July when he unveiled the details of the program at a well-attended press conference in Sacramento. Preliminary flights by U-2-type, high-altitude aircraft—capable of producing photographs of such high resolution as to reveal the numbers on license



Katherine Bauer, who delivers the Denny mail, stood her ground against redoubtable Deputy Sanborn.

plates—would locate the pot patches, Van de Kamp told the media. Then low-altitude spotter planes would confirm these findings, search warrants would be obtained and commando units of federal, state and local cops would charge in to do the actual eradication. Van de Kamp stressed the use of high-tech intelligence-gathering gear, in an apparent effort to strike fear into the hearts of growers. The Drug Enforcement Administration, the Bureau of Land Management, the U.S. Forest Service, the U.S. Marshal's Service, the state departments of justice and forestry and state and county police, he said, would all be involved. Fourteen Northern California counties were to be invaded by this force. It was a nightmare for potgrowers and believers in the Bill of Rights.

Antimarijuana campaigns are, of course, not new to California. Former attorney general (now governor) George Deukmejian used to don fatigues and a flak jacket to lead the first raids on the northern counties. But Van de Kamp, cultivating a less-swashbuckling image, was hitching his wagon to high technology and organizational innovation. Too dignified to stoop to Deukmejian's theatrics, he would administrate from a

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safe distance. He also, no doubt, expected tax-conscious California voters to be delighted with the announcement that at least half of the million-dollar cost of this operation would be assumed by the federal government.

That evening, news media all over the state trumpeted the war cry as it had been dictated to them. It was, after all, one of those delectably easy-to-compile press-conference stories that any experienced reporter could wrap up in an hour or so and knock off for the rest of the day. Of course, the press was not notified when it was time to launch the raid on Denny, so when the troops of the task force barged in, there wasn't a television camera or even a reporter with a notebook within shouting distance. It would take almost two weeks for that story to get out.

Denny is truly isolated. Nineteen miles up a one-lane track from California 299, it's barely a wide spot in the road that ends there, and almost nobody actually lives in the town. The people whose mail comes addressed "Denny, CA" mostly occupy cabins in small clearings carved out of the forest on hills and ridges along the New River. It's sometimes miles from one house to the next. There's no electricity back there, and only one telephone line reaches in that direction, with about eight parties on it—no television and no radio to speak of.

There's virtually no economy either. Since the gold mines that flourished in the 1880s were shut down, this stretch of wilderness has been in a general state of decline and depopulation. Oh, there's always been a trickle of tourists in the summer, spending nickels and dimes, but there's really nothing to buy. A few back-to-the-landers retreated to the area in the late '60s and '70s, seeking self-sufficiency and a natural environment—and fleeing the multiple plagues of urban life. They make up much of the populace now, and, like the old-timers, they eke out whatever sustenance they can, growing truck gardens, raising a few cattle, panning or

digging for bits of gold and—yes, Virginia—growing excellent marijuana.

And that's what the CAMP task force was after when the four-wheel-drive vehicles and the helicopters and the 45 battle-hungry, camouflage-clad "troops" descended at misty daybreak on August 24.

Parsons and Sanborn

Pat Parsons, who with her husband, Gary Taylor, owns 46 acres in the Denny Hills, looked out her window at 7:15 A.M. that day and saw a string of unmarked vehicles lined up at her gate. It scared her; she and her husband retreated to the woods. They didn't know who these people were, but California has its share of kooky paramilitary cults, and it isn't necessarily wise to confront a group of armed men in combat fatigues and demand that they identify themselves.

For hours Gary and Pat concealed themselves in the forest like frightened animals. At about nine that morning they saw an olive drab helicopter alight in their pasture, which had become a staging area for the CAMP harvest. They watched as the helicopter crisscrossed the surrounding hills, just above the treetops. Occasionally it would hover low to pick up a load of "green plants," sometimes from private land, sometimes from nearby national-forest property, but never from their 46 acres. Each load was ferried to their pasture to be hauled away.

Eventually, Pat and Gary trekked through the woods to a neighbor's house, and late that afternoon were able to observe a procession of about 15 vehicles departing down the communal access road. Only then could they discern that some of the vehicles bore the insignia of the California Highway Patrol.

At sundown they returned to their home. This, Pat Parsons would later swear under penalty of perjury, was what they found: "... the lock on the gate across our road had been cut. The pasture where the helicopter had landed was strewn with marijuana

plants, cut up irrigation hose, lunch bags, soft-drink cans, candy-bar wrappers, Styro-foam cups and other garbage.

"I found that other gates on our land had been left open. This allowed our cattle into our vegetable garden which damaged food we count on for winter. In another area, steers were let out of their enclosure."

Someone had tried to kick in the front door and failed, but had finally gained access by placing a ladder up to a second-story window. Once inside, they had apparently rummaged through everything in sight: picture albums, trunks filled with private treasures and so on. Missing were two unemployment checks payable to Pat Parsons, papers concerning the couple's mining claim, a scale (used, Pat swears, to weigh gold) and a pitchfork from the barn.

The next day, Ms. Parsons would telephone the Trinity County Sheriff's Department and talk with Sheriff's Deputy "Chuck" Sanborn, a law-enforcement officer with a charm all his own. Sanborn would brazenly acknowledge that, yes, he had personally entered the sanctum of the Parsons home, and, no, he would not return her unemployment checks.

Pat Parsons has sworn to all of this under oath.

Finally, on August 30, she would meet face-to-face with Deputy Sanborn and County Under Sheriff Dave Laffranchini, and they would present her with an unsigned, undated search warrant for someone else's property as justification for the violation of her household. And they would explain, over her protestations, that they didn't need a valid search warrant anyway, because they had discovered a recreational vehicle that had been used as a drying shed—on someone else's land—and in it they had found a magazine, yellowing with age, with Pat Parsons's name on it.

More later on the professional conduct of Detective Sanborn.

"War on Drugs!"

At about 11 A.M. on the morning of August 24, Eric Massett, 36, and his wife Rebecca Sue, 31, who live on a mining claim about four miles out of Denny, drove into town. They got their first glimpse of the CAMP task force when six men in camouflage gear pointed guns in their direction just after they'd pulled out of their driveway.

They visited Denny's only store and then went over to the house where Lowrie Gifford lives with his 82-year-old mother, Elizabeth. Lowrie is one of the old-timers; he's 59 and has resided in Denny for the last 40 years. The Gifford house had become a gathering point that morning for frightened Dennyites. It was a natural place for people to assemble: Mrs. Gifford, who suffers from a heart condition, had been out of the hospital for two weeks now, and neighbors often dropped by to see how she was doing. (She

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Pat Parsons feeds her cattle in the pasture that was used as a helicopter landing site when the CAMP troops swept through Denny.

Larry Armstrong/Los Angeles Times

PSYCHEDELIC RESEARCH STARS REUNITE

by Peter Stafford and Bruce Eisner

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

LSA DISCOVERER VISITS WEST COAST ON DRUG'S 40TH BIRTHDAY...RISE IN USE OF HALLUCINOGENS REPORTED...LEARY AND ALPERT IN 20-YEAR REUNION AT HARVARD...NEW WAVE OF DRUG BOOKS PUBLISHED

AFTER DISAPPEARING FROM THE headlines for almost a decade, psychedelics are again being talked about and consumed copiously by the U.S. public. Two recent West Coast conferences, featuring a host of researchers famed for their work with psychoactive substances, reflected this resurgence of interest. Even the venerable Dr. Albert Hofmann, who discovered LSD 40 years ago at Sandoz Laboratories in Switzerland, was on hand to receive the adulation of the conferees.

The first of these late spring conferences was held in the spacious geodesic auditorium on the beautiful oceanside campus of the University of California at Santa Barbara. Initiated by a professor of religion, Robert Gordon-McCutchan, and sponsored by his department, it addressed the subject of "Entheogens: The Sacred Psychedelics." A conference held here a year earlier, with such speakers as Timothy Leary, Stanislav Grof, Alexander Shulgin and other pioneers, had concerned psychedelics in general; this year the subject was narrowed to the religious and ritualistic uses of "sacred plants."

"Entheogens" is a word of recent invention and refers to the generation of "the God within." Proponents favor it over the term "psychedelic," which they regard as cheapened by overuse. Because expectations can be shaped by vocabulary, the newer term is also intended to help direct the nature of experiences with certain psychoactive drugs.

Andrew Weil—whose recent book *Chocolate to Morphine*, coauthored by the excellent children's-book writer Winifred Rosen, is enjoying wide popularity—opened the conference with a discussion of the three main conclusions he has drawn from his own experiences and wide-ranging studies. First, he asserted, there are no "good" or "bad" drugs, and the effects of drug sessions "are what we make of them." Second, effects are as dependent upon the expectations and the "setting" of a session as they are on the pharmacology of the substances ingested. And finally, more attention should be paid to the importance of "pharmacokinetics," the mode by which a drug is introduced into, and how it travels through, the human system. Weil illustrated these themes with ironic reflections on the contrasting



Among the conferees were (top, left to right) H. Osmond, A. Hofmann, T. McKenna, R. Gordon-McCutchan, J. Tarcher and (rear background) P. Herbert; (middle) W. Houston Clark, C. Ruck, A. Shulgin, J. Ott and A. Wolpert; and (foreground) F. Bray and B. Wallace.

attitudes taken by different modern and traditional cultures, particularly in respect to alcohol and tobacco.

Carl Ruck, who teaches Greek at Boston University, then propounded the "subversive" theory that the ancient Greeks' first glimmerings of Western science and philosophy came through the sacramental use of an LSD-like substance in the legendary Eleusinian mysteries (the Greek ecstasy religion which flourished from before 3000 B.C. to A.D. 500). Ruck himself had coined the term "entheogen" as he explored this theme with Hofmann, R. Gordon Wasson and Danny Staples in their 1978 book *The Road to Eleusis*.

Jonathan Ott, author of *Hallucinogenic Plants of North America*, concluded the evening session with his perspective on the more traditional "Wasson hypothesis": that the prehistoric discovery of psychoactive plants was the original stimulus for humanity's religious sensibility.

The next day's speakers represented a living history of the study of entheogens. A jovial Humphry Osmond—who originated the word "psychedelic"—wittily retraced the "improbable journey" he had embarked on almost 30 years ago. It was Osmond who turned Aldous Huxley onto mescaline sulfate for the first time. Huxley's report on his mescaline experience eventually appeared as the milestone drug volume *The Doors of Perception*, which vastly expanded psychedelic awareness in the late 1950s. Ralph Metzner and Walter Houston Clark recounted their work two decades ago with the Harvard Psilocybin Project. Their clini-

cal studies, like those of most of the assembled, were cut short by 1967, when the last of the major psychedelics was outlawed.

Los Angeles publisher Jeremy Tarcher, at a smaller, separate gathering he had called earlier in the day, raised the thorny question of how psychedelics (or entheogens), could most usefully be discussed in public. In the ensuing debate, opinion was highly divergent among the 40 or so participants. Some took the conservative view that consideration of the spiritual aspects of drug effects should remain closeted, while others advocated a drive for full legalization. Differences were far from resolved when the speaking schedule resumed. Strong opinions, it seemed, had solidified since the late '60s over just how to live with or confront the fact that anyone attempting objective research into drug experience was likely to be labeled "prodrug."

The stars of the afternoon session were the two patriarchs Albert Hofmann and Alexander Shulgin—both chemists—who looked remarkably healthy and vigorous for their advanced years.

After a standing ovation from the crowd, Hofmann, now 76, described in detail what he had "learned from LSD" in his own self-experiments. LSD, he said, had shattered the belief he had held before he discovered the drug (in Berne, Switzerland, during World War II), that there is "only one true picture of the external world." Entheogenic and meditative experience, he said, were capable of uniting the duality created by the

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PSYCHEDELICS

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intellect's "subject-object" or "I-you" barrier and could lead to a true religiosity—"an embracing of reality which could provide us with confidence, with love, with thanks and with tranquility."

Shulgin, now in his 60s, has invented a number of psychoactive compounds over the last decade. In one of the most moving talks of the afternoon, he addressed the question, "Why do I do what I do?"

The world, Shulgin said, is governed by interplay of the forces of "Eros and Thanatos" (the drives toward life and death). The development of nuclear energy, he noted, was first seen as a beneficial "infinite source of energy for the future" and was now perceived as a threat to humanity. Psychedelics, on the other hand, initially viewed as a catalyst for madness, were now increasingly acknowledged as valuable tools for self-understanding, communication and personal growth.

He obviously saw his work in synthesizing compounds like MDM (a methylated form of MDA, or methylenedioxymphetamine) as a legitimate effort on behalf of Eros. Such substances, he suggested, could counterbalance our drive toward extinction.

Shulgin spoke at length of a new compound: 2CB (2,5-dimethoxy-4-bromophenethylamine), a member of the mescaline family of "single-ring" feeling enhancers, distinguished by a bromine atom attached to the basic molecule. He described it as roughly six times more potent than MDA, with particularly sensual and erotic overtones. He referred also to a tryptamine analogue with peculiarly auditory psychedelic effects, and to another obnoxious compound that caused one frightened experimental subject to note after taking it: "Do not repeat."

"I may be wrong," Shulgin concluded emotionally, "but I must do what I must do, and I will do it as fast as I can." The audience

applauded with enthusiastic respect.

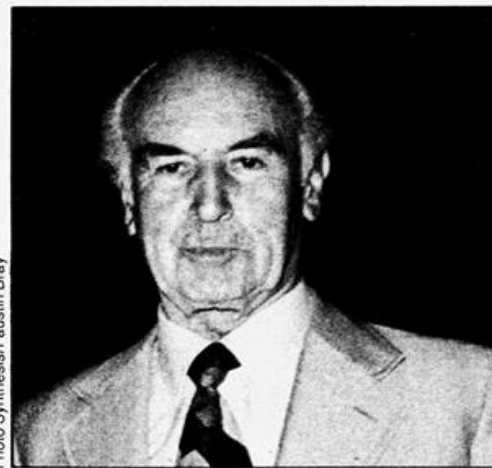
The organizer of the conference, Robert Gordon-McCutchan, gave the concluding address exhorting the participants to fight for the right to use entheogens for religious purposes. The laws governing the religious use of drugs, he noted, are hypocritical and racially discriminatory: Only native American Indians, he observed, are permitted to consume peyote.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, MOST OF THE conferees reassembled at the new-wave Lhasa Club in Los Angeles for a caucus devoted to "The Restoration of LSD as a Scientific Tool." Here, the earlier group was joined by Oscar Janiger, one of the original LSD researchers; Ron Siegel, the famed UCLA psychopharmacologist who did some of the last official experiments with LSD and is now a leading authority on cocaine; and Laura Huxley, wife of Aldous, the movement's foremost literary star.

Janiger outlined the high points of his extensive LSD research. He had supervised the administration of the drug to 875 people in the late '50s and early '60s (including French authoress Anaïs Nin) before his experiments were precipitously halted by the federal government. He recalled that data had been collected from 100 artists who had taken LSD, and every single one of them reported that their work had become more personally meaningful after the LSD experience. Their opinions about their own work may be open to question, but Janiger confided that he is now the possessor of an extremely valuable art collection.

Ron Siegel, whose studies at the Veteran's Administration Hospital in Los Angeles were the last using LSD with humans on official record in the United States, shared his knowledge of the complex bureaucratic regulations governing approval of such projects today. He said he had been encouraged to learn, a few days previously, that three proposed investigations in California had received approval from the required committees. Only one of these, at the Langley-Porter Institute in San Francisco, involved humans: an evaluation of the ability of a certain compound to block LSD's action—not an experiment that could be said to explore the drug's potential.

The balance of the day was taken up with panel discussions and question-and-answer sessions about the barriers faced by anyone desirous of doing serious LSD research in the '80s. Few of the participants were encouraged by Ron Siegel's announcement of the approval of the California projects, since it didn't seem to represent a genuine liberalization of the government's anti-LSD attitude. And the participants, unfortunately, were unable to forge a unified strategy for moderating the hysteria created about psychedelic studies in the '60s—a necessity if academic research into the drug's liberating potential was ever to resume.



Albert Hofmann

Some tactics, however, were suggested for circumventing the present restrictions. Walter Houston Clark recommended "the use of craft." He said he had personally guided more than 600 sessions after entheogenic agents had been privately and independently ingested by the subjects. This way, he said he could never testify against any of them in court. The previous day, Alexander Shulgin had advised against expending further efforts on LSD itself, and suggested that researchers instead concentrate on investigating the newly discovered compounds. These, he pointed out, were still legal and—in the absence of another government-engineered panic—were likely to remain so.

One of the principal topics discussed at the first of two afternoon panels was the role played by Timothy Leary in the psychedelic trauma of the '60s. Many of the pioneers in LSD studies, whose work had been shut down by antipsychotic backlash during that period, harbored manifest animosity toward the former Harvard professor, whose campaign to popularize the drug, they felt, had provoked the repressive attitude. He had strong defenders, though, some of whom had originally been "turned on" by Leary at his Millbrook, New York, estate.

The final panel addressed a wide spectrum of subjects, from the use of LSD and other psychedelics by children and expectant mothers to the full range of possible directions psychedelic research should take if it is allowed to resume. Among the subjects seen as potentially fertile areas of study were: the effectiveness of LSD in guided therapeutic sessions; the varying effects of different dosage levels; the action of psychedelics in the brain; and the influence of psychedelics on creativity.

Although no organized efforts to further the study of LSD emerged from this gathering, the fact that it had convened at all provided some basis for optimism. Topics that had remained virtually taboo for a decade and a half had once again been discussed openly by some of the finest minds ever to explore the world of psychedelia. **HT**



Humphry Osmond

DEADLY BOOT 'LUDES ARE HERE TO STAY

FAKE LEMMONS SHOW WIDE VARIETY OF DILUTANTS IN LAB TESTS

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

"DON'T LOOK FOR BEVELED edges," advises Dr. Lee Hearn. Professionally beveled edges on a white tablet calling itself "Lemmon 714" are no guarantee that the tablet is a genuine, honest pharmaceutical Quaalude. "Don't listen for the sound of a sharp chink when it's dropped on a metal surface." A sharp chink sound on a metal plate is not necessarily the sign of a 100 percent kosher Quaalude. Dr. Hearn and his techs at SP Lab in Miami have looked into hundreds of crisp, shiny, chinky-sounding "Quaaludes" over the last five years, ever since they won a state contract to test street dope for purity, and they've seen precious few Quaaludes that any sane person would ever want to swallow if the real contents were known to them.

Over the last few years, in fact, the state of the art in Quaalude counterfeiting has advanced to the point where the bootleggers could make boots out of cyanide if they wanted, and pass them off undetectably. While no one is likely to ever do this, and lose all their regular drug-buying clientele, the stuff they frequently do put into their boot 'ludes can be pretty scary. The boot 'lude market has gotten so sick-making that Hearn and his colleagues at SP Lab have developed a simple "black light" screening test to determine if there's any methaqualone at all in a pill before they test it for anything else.

This test involves crumbling up about half a pill into a fine powder, mixing it in a test tube with sulfuric acid, and pouring in some sodium borohydride, and shaking well. If the test tube is then placed in the glow of an ultraviolet black light, it will fluoresce prettily if there's any methaqualone in the pill. If there's no methaqualone, it won't fluoresce at all.

Methaqualone, of course, is the sole and only ingredient in real pharmaceutical Quaaludes, peddled legitimately by Lemmon PharmCal of Philadelphia in dose-units of 150 and 300 milligrams, each crisp, chinky-sounding tablet marked "Lemmon 714." Real Lemmon 'ludes typically convey a drunklike, not unpleasant high to most people, which accounts for their eternal popularity in drug-abuse circles. Beyond the possibility of addiction, convulsive with-

drawal syndromes after extended chronic use or overdose when combined with other downers (like alcohol), real Quaaludes aren't terribly toxic to most mature human beings.

However, now that tight anti-Quaalude legislation and vigorous police action have cut down handsomely on the diversion of real Lemmon 'ludes into dooper circles, the production of undetectable counterfeits has become a multi-billion-dollar international industry. Bootleg 'ludes, according to federal drug officials, are most often tableted and stamped

people who don't ordinarily go murder the chemists who poisoned their dope—notice the difference.

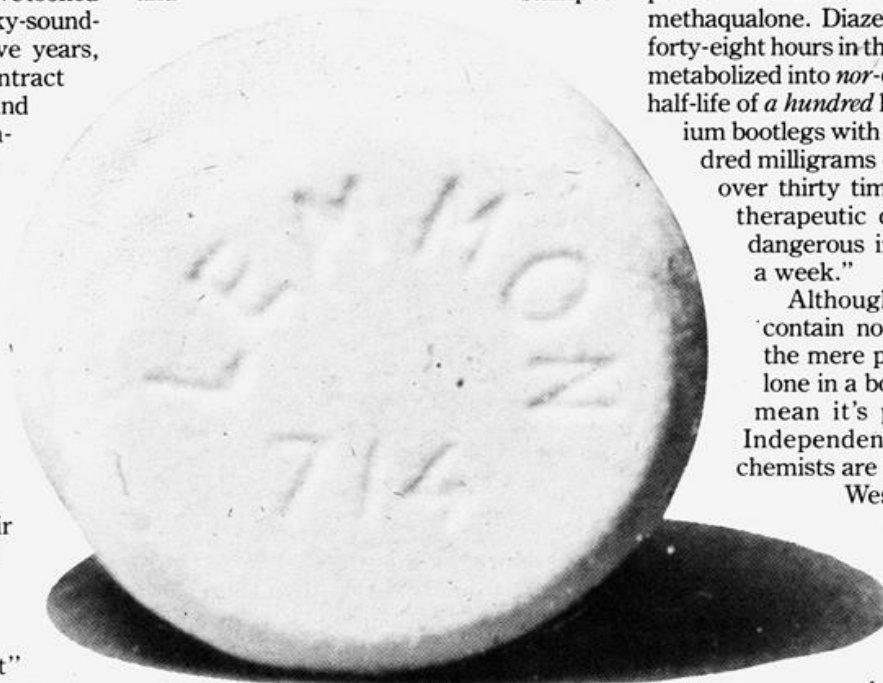
"It's a big difference," notes Dr. Hearn, who regularly gives expert forensic testimony in drug cases. "The guy will take a couple of these at night, and just go straight to sleep. The next day, he may only feel vague and spacy, but if he goes and puts down just a couple drinks it's all over. He comes-to in intensive care, maybe after a traffic accident, or he's in custody of the police. Valium's not a short-acting drug like methaqualone. Diazepam has a half-life of forty-eight hours in the body, and a lot of it is metabolized into *nor*-diazepam, which has a half-life of a *hundred* hours. We've seen Valium bootlegs with as many as three-hundred milligrams of diazepam in them—over thirty times the recommended therapeutic dose, enough to stay dangerous in the body for nearly a week."

Although most Valium boots contain no methaqualone at all, the mere presence of methaqualone in a boot doesn't necessarily mean it's pure methaqualone. Independent, non-Mob bathtub chemists are more prevalent on the West Coast than Florida, and so PharmChem in California has seen a rather higher proportion of boot 'ludes that were obviously synthesized from industrial

precursors, not from pharmaceutical-quality methaqualone. Since bathtub chemists usually have to work hastily, with excremental lab equipment, they tend to quicken the lab procedures, omitting such steps as drying, full crystallization, extraction of reagents and so on.

Thus a lot of the boot 'ludes PharmChem has looked at tend to be contaminated with orthotoluidine, a methaqualone precursor chemical which *should* be entirely converted and extracted in the course of proper synthesis. Toluidine is toxic to the liver, and to the nervous system when injected. Moreover, boots contaminated with toluidine tend also to contain another contaminant that the PharmChem techs simply can't identify, because it resembles no other drug or chemical on their chromatography reference charts. This "unidentified substance," as they call it, may or may not be toxic; no one

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on pill presses in South America and moved into the United States in consignments of millions per batch, typically through South Florida. However, it appears that the Colombian boot makers score their raw methaqualone from undependable international sources, such as West German commodities brokers with Cosa Nostra connections. Any time the European mob can't make a delivery on time to Colombia—as during gang wars, which are frequent—it appears that the Colombian boot makers run short on their prepaid shipments to American mafiosi, who get nasty about it. Therefore, police sources suspect, the Colombians always keep a few bins of raw diazepam on hand, the active ingredient in Valium. Whenever they temporarily run short of methaqualone, they merely boot up a batch of "Valium 'ludes" to tide them over, and hope no one will notice the difference. So only the end consumers—

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

DENNY RAID

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wasn't doing very well, what with helicopters buzzing the house at irregular intervals and jittery people muttering around.) The Gifford house is also close by the Denny school, which the task force had secured as a field headquarters, and people tended to linger at the Giffords' to keep an eye on the goings-on.

Barbara J. Lee, a 46-year-old, five-year resident of the valley, also headed for the Gifford house that day. She was driving Lowrie's truck—he had loaned it to her so she could get to and from the house, since she came by frequently to help care for his mother. Barbara was stopped at a California Highway Patrol roadblock near the Denny store; the truck was searched. In order to pass, she was required to give them her address, driver's-license number, social-security number and physical description—and explain just what she was up to. All of which the officers duly recorded on a Field Interrogation Card. Then she was allowed to continue on to the Gifford place.

At the Giffords', concern had been building for the safety of the Massetts' two daughters, Patty and Mary, ages nine and eleven respectively, who had been seen walking on a bridge near the school. So Sue Massett, Barbara Lee and another woman drove off in the Massetts' van to try to find them. When they approached the cordoned-off schoolyard and stepped out of the van, two armed men jumped toward them yelling, "Get back in your rig! Get back in your rig!" Barbara Lee was finally able to explain that they were only looking for the Massett girls, and they were told that the children had been ordered to leave the "secure" area of the school. Patty and Mary would turn up safe and sound later on.

The Massetts did a lot of hanging out that day, trying to keep tabs on what all was happening. Eric made the long drive to Hawkins Bar and came back to the Denny store. Sue walked through the CHP roadblock at one point that afternoon and had to put up with the same rigmarole they'd visited on Barbara Lee on her way into town. The Massetts didn't head home until after the roadblock was lifted at about 7:30. According to Eric Massett, the following transpired as vehicles carrying camouflaged CAMP officials drove out of town: "Many of these troops pointed their rifles at us, and one man was waving a .45 pistol at us when they went by. They were shouting, 'War on drugs! War on drugs!' and they took our pictures and some said they would be back."

On the second day of the CAMP invasion, Eric and Sue Massett didn't leave the house at all. Their daughters spent the night at a friend's house and returned home in the afternoon, much shaken by the whole affair.

Sanborn's Last Stand

Katherine Bauer, who is 34 and has lived in Denny for eight years, is used to moving freely through the backroads: She delivers the mail to the Denny homesteads, on contract to the U.S. Postal Service. She doesn't usually carry identification, because everybody knows her, so it was fairly annoying when, in order to drive upriver, she had to return home to retrieve her documents and submit to a registration check and weapons search, and then wait while CHP officers wrote down all her vital statistics on their handy-dandy Field Interrogation Card. It was also annoying to have to tolerate that helicopter continually passing over her house, jangling the nerves of her chickens, her horses and her five-year-old son. But not nearly as annoying as the incident that occurred as the victorious CAMP troops finally pulled out on the evening of August 25:

Ms. Bauer was at home fixing dinner for her son at about 6:30 when she heard "honking horns and yelling" out on the road. She walked the hundred yards or so down the driveway "to watch the parade." A friend, Michael Ulberg, who was there for a visit, also came out of the house. Just then a few gunshots were heard off in the hills—a pretty common sound in those parts. The convoy of camouflaged pot raiders ground to a halt, and, struggling with their weaponry, the troops piled out. One of them hollered at Ms. Bauer, who was nonchalantly standing there in her apron next to her mail box, to get moving. She replied that she was standing on her own property.

And up to her stomped Deputy Sheriff "Chuck" Sanborn (remember him?). According to Ms. Bauer, he stood within an inch of her, with his rifle next to her head, called her an "asshole" and told her, if he heard any more shots, he would "open up" on her house. "As he was talking, saliva was spraying from his mouth," she remembered. "I asked him to move back, and also asked him how he would like it if I spit in his face. He said, 'You do that, and I will knock you on your ass.'"

At this point, Deputy Sanborn must have begun to feel a little silly, standing there with a loaded rifle, trying to stare down a woman in an apron. So he turned his attention to Mike Ulberg.

In a voice Ulberg would later describe, under oath, as "angry and out of control," Sanborn sputtered, "Hey, you, come here. I want to talk to you."

When Ulberg approached, he blustered, "I saw you shoot those rounds."

Ulberg said it wasn't so.

Sanborn fumed, "If there is going to be any shooting around here, I'm going to be the first son of a bitch to open up on all of you motherfuckers!" Throughout this little exchange, by the testimony of both Bauer and Ulberg, the deputy held his gun less than two inches from Mike's mouth.

A more levelheaded officer intervened,

the troops climbed back into their vehicles and the convoy lumbered off.

At about this same time, Lori McConnell, the 27-year-old kindergarten teacher at the Denny school, was also watching the conquering army decamp and had to listen to a lot of "sexual innuendos." She was plenty distressed by the condition of the school grounds, especially since there would be classes on Monday: There was pot all over the place. "I can't clean the marijuana up without risking arrest," she complained, "but I am afraid the children might eat it. The troops also left the schoolyard littered with garbage."

Well, Operation CAMP is over now, but it's left a cloud of foul-feeling over these Northern California counties. Old Lowrie Gifford will not soon forget it: "After living through this military operation," he said after it was over, "I feel like I am living in another country."

Aguilar's Dilemma

Virtually every word of the foregoing account was gleaned from declarations filed with the federal court of the northern district of California, and almost nothing has been offered since in the way of refutation by federal, state or local authorities. Judge Joseph Aguilar, who conducted hearings in early September, over whether Operation CAMP should be enjoined from continuing, did not ignore the testimony of these witnesses, even though he ultimately denied the injunction.

"The court is deeply disturbed at some of the things it has read and heard in connection with this case," he wrote. But: "As personally disturbing as this may be, the court finds that, under current Fourth Amendment doctrine, the court simply has no legal basis for granting plaintiff's application for a preliminary injunction." He had seen evidence, he acknowledged, of "isolated instances" of unconstitutional behavior, but not the "persistent pattern" that would have to be established to justify an injunction.

Now, certainly the events in Denny must constitute a "persistent pattern" in the eyes of the locals, but Operation CAMP did have four "strike teams" in service at that time, who conducted 122 raids in the first two weeks of the campaign. So, though it isn't known just how many "raids" the Denny operation amounted to in the official law-enforcement tally book, there were three other strike teams working, and none of the others turned in a performance to compare with the one recounted here. It's understandable, then, that Judge Aguilar had difficulty seeing such persistency in the whole of Operation CAMP.

Aguilar was quite clear, though, about where his sympathies lay in the matter. He branded the government's behavior in Denny "extremely distressing," and while he couldn't shut CAMP down, he was not closing the book on the case. If there were any



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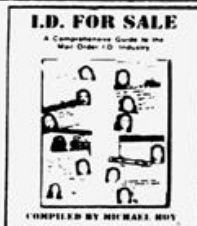
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further abuses like those in Denny, well, then, it might be quite possible to establish a "persistent pattern," and in that case his court could move speedily to shut down these commando field trips to the weed country, once and for all. He'd listened to all the usual tales from the prosecution about gun-toting growers and attack dogs and tigers and punji sticks and fishhooks strung at eye level; and, yes, he did think the "officials carrying out Operation CAMP justifiably feared for their safety," but the justifiable fears of the cops did not give them license to violate the constitutional rights of the folks around Denny.

Of course, there was a whole other side to the case. The plaintiffs had charged that the use of U-2 flights and spy satellites in the search for pot gardens constituted a blatant invasion of privacy, and the involvement of any military personnel or equipment in the raids violated *posse comitatus* restrictions against employment of the military against U.S. citizens. These intrusions, likewise, "terribly troubled" Judge Aguilar, though he could find no legal basis for enjoining them. "One cannot help but think of George Orwell's 1984," he lamented.

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BOOT 'LUDES

/ continued from page 23

knows, but it's definitely present in these home-cooked boot 'ludes.

Hardly any of the purported Lemmon 714s received at either testing service contain the proper 150- or 300-milligram dose of methaqualone. Even those that contain methaqualone generally have it in very small doses, and the drug is commonly "supplemented" with much higher doses of stupefying antihistamines such as doxylamine and diphenhydramine.

SP Lab's Lee Hearn diagnoses the low dosage of most methaqualone boot 'ludes as a fundamental problem with bathtub chemistry in general. "Methaqualone has to be taken in relatively large doses of three hundred milligrams or so to have an intoxicating effect," he explains. "Because of that, although it's not too hard to synthesize from precursors, methaqualone's awkward for underground chemists. They have to make up a whole big batch of it in order for it to be economical to merchandise. LSD you sell by the microgram, so that a gram of it is worth thousands of dollars; while a gram of methaqualone is worth maybe eight or ten dollars. So instead of local bathtub chemists making and selling it, we mainly have large organizations handling large loads of pharmaceutical methaqualone."

Hearn expects the prevalence of methaqualone boot 'ludes to take a big dip, at least temporarily, thanks to the recent roundup in South Florida of the "Canadian Connec-

tion"—a mob of traffickers who were actually shipping industrial methaqualone from Canada down to South Florida, booting it into Lemmon 714s there and distributing it out through the same channels as the traditional Colombian connection. Since the DEA and State Department claim to have made prodigious strides in cutting off the methaqualone supply from Europe to Colombia, this roundup of the Canadian Connection may actually succeed in putting a dent in the methaqualone market altogether.

In which case, of course, the prevalence of Valium boots and other dangerous and inadequate substitutes is likely to skyrocket—unless boot-lude buyers eventually get tired of being poisoned and ripped off, and switch to something safer.

Check It Out

Street-dope fanciers can both protect themselves and perform a public service by having suspicious drugs tested out—with absolute anonymity guaranteed by law—at SP Lab and PharmChem. SP Lab is outfitted with a space-age gas-liquid chromatography apparatus with mass spectrometry, and PharmChem uses thin-layer chromatography confirmed by gas-column process. Both are licensed by the federal government to accept anonymous samples of drugs in the mail, and can determine what the stuff is with total accuracy.

People who use these services thus protect themselves from being poisoned. They also help regional and national health officials to determine quickly when bad dope is on the market, and where it's showing up. Thus these services not only help their individual anonymous donors, but dope consumers in general.

To make a submission to either service, merely wrap a small sample—a pill or cap, a few lines of powder, a half-joint's worth of vegetable matter—in tinfoil, and put it in a padded envelope with \$15 cash or money order. Do not include your name or personal address. Include, instead, a five-digit random number for the purpose of identification (for PharmChem, add an alphabet letter at the end of the five digits) and an indication of what the drug was purported to be at sale: "Angel dust," "coke," "Quaalude" or whatever. If impurities or substitutions are suspected, list them. It also helps to indicate any undesirable side effects of the drug, the region or city in which it was purchased and the price.

Wait five to seven days after mailing it, then call the lab's phone number. Again, no names: merely read your five-digit code and the lab tech will have the results for you presently.

The addresses and numbers are: SP Lab, 5426 Northwest 79th Ave., Miami, FL 33166, tel.: (305) 446-3585; PharmChem Laboratories, Department DAL, 3925 Bohannon Dr., Menlo Park, CA 94025, tel.: (415) 328-6200. **HT**

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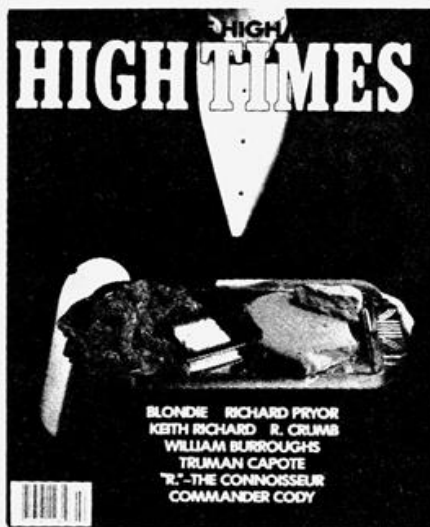
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

MEDIA COPS TO DRUG USE

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

In a rare show of media self-appraisal, news directors from around the country were told recently that studies indicate up to 20 percent of their colleagues are into drugs. This may come as no surprise to those in the media, or even to casual observers, but the candor is unprecedented. It's almost as if the pontiff had announced the discovery of gays in the clerical ranks.

Under the severe stress their jobs entail, journalists and newscasters frequently turn to drugs, most often marijuana and cocaine. Jim Wolbert, former ABC News exec and currently a professor at Memphis State University, told the International Conference of Radio-Television News Directors in Las Vegas.

In the light of this, the sanctimony of the media on the subject of drugs is almost hilarious. For instance, the *New York Times*, always quick to defend individual rights, recently canned a long-term reporter—"indefinitely suspended" was how they put it—after searching his locker without his knowledge and turning up traces of pot and coke paraphernalia. The reporter, like other *Times* writers, had signed a waiver of rights when assigned a locker, enabling management to inspect it at will.

And who can forget the outrageous hypocrisy of those reporters who gave cocaine to Peter Bourne, former president Jimmy Carter's drug adviser, and consumed it with him, then trampled all over each other in the scramble to write the story that Peter Bourne had snorted blow. It never would have occurred to them to rat on each other. According to one of the partners, a reporter who snorted coke at the same party worked for Jack Anderson, whose self-righteous diatribes have spelled doom to scores of civil servants and politicians. It was Anderson, of course, who blew the whistle on Bourne, and in exchange for serving as one of the "sources" for that story, another of the reporters at the fete was treated to a coveted seat at a White House press conference, courtesy of Anderson.

Such has long been the hypocrisy of the media on the subject of drugs: an arrogant posturing not unlike that of friars of old who castigated the local chattels, and then ripped off their money and daughters. Consequently, the laws generated by an inflamed public—

unaware of their news-bringers' personal habits—have reflected draconian responses to an exaggerated problem.

Victims . . . Pilots with the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association are upset about the indiscriminate shakedowns the DEA is pulling in the Caribbean. A small percentage of planes forced down by the D-men actually carry dope; by far the bulk of them are weekend fliers or island hoppers, and the continual harassment of the last two years has gotten on their nerves. Recent articles and letters to the editor in AOPA publications discuss the harassment and what to do about it.

Environmental dealers . . . Ready for the "Baggie bill"? Some ecology-minded dealers in New York, noting the mixed success of the bottle bill, have suggested a Baggie bill that would require a 5-cent or 25-cent deposit on Baggies, depending on size, that would be refunded when the empty Baggie was returned.

"It would cut down on the Baggie garbage in Central Park," one adherent noted.

Flashback . . . Remember, that's what's supposed to happen 10 years or so after your last trip, when you're married, settled down and a deacon in the church. Could a rash of flashbacks have contributed to the dismal state of the LSD market, where sales were off all summer?

Following the resurgence of blotter acid in the '80s, a recession has hit LSD commerce, leaving a lot of acid deactivating in dealers' drawers. Bargains are being offered around right now, posted on the amorphous bulletin boards of the dealing grapevine: 100,000 hits for \$4,000, 1,000,000 for \$25,000, stuff like that.

Hoosier Hemp . . . What's bailed out the smart farmers of northern Indiana whose usual crops were decimated by the summer drought of 1983? You guessed it: that old devil weed. State police told local media in the fall that pot had become integral to the local economy there. The crucial fact is it's a lot easier to irrigate a few highly productive sinse plants than to wet down great fields of withering corn. Greenhouse suppliers were doing a brisk business despite the famine. Once word gets out that the weed growers were the only sodbusters who didn't lose their shirts, well . . . my goodness.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

CANADA

Commercial	arf-arf	oz	90-100
Colombian	likewise	lb	750-850
Gold and red		oz	125
Colombian		lb	1100-1200
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
	passable,	lb	2800-3600
Mexican tops	usually available	oz	75-85
	impotent	lb	500-700
Homemade		gm	15
"cake" hash		oz	260
Afghan hash	flatblack	gm	15
		lb	3250
Kashmir hash	reddish,	gm	25
	rocket fuel	oz	375
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	200
LSD	blots from California	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	3-6
		100	275-450
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	gm	130-180
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	pawn in army-	oz	15-20
golds, reds	rebel rumble	lb	75-110
Commercial	distribution	oz	5-10
domestic	difficult	lb	50-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	devalued pesos	oz	175-225
	make this a buy	lb	2500-3500

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status	oz	75-125
	symbol	kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
	transport	kilo	1000-2000
Lebanese hash	problems solved	oz	60-120
	top banana	kilo	1200-2200
Black Afghani hash		oz	100-135
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Colombian		lb	60-100
Red and gold	surprisingly, not	oz	15-25
Colombian	that much	lb	200
Sierra buds	passable	oz	6-10
		lb	70-100
Esmeraldas	the worst	oz	2-4
swamp grass		lb	40-60
Cocaine base	lots	gm	negotiable
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	25-40
LSD	traded for blow	one	5

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness	lb	375-450
	varies		
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy,	oz	25
	but super	lb	175
Oaxacan	long-stem	oz	10
	beauties	lb	90
Sinse	northern grown,	oz	25
	sativa	lb	250
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	oz	20
		lb	175
Hash	greenish brown,	oz	15
	a snoozer	lb	150
Cocaine	much fake,	gm	30-50
	pass it on		
Methaqualone	much pharma-	ea	1-2
	ceutical, okay		

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki	champion	oz	175
black			
Pot, African	okay, not super	oz	170
sticks			
Pot, Colombian	low-quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	6
Cocaine	called "De Lorean White"	gm	160

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but	oz	160
	stingy & stony	lb	1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's	gm	20
	great hashes	oz	250
Nepalese hash	fingers only	gm	15-20
		oz	225-250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	10-15
		oz	175-200
Afghani hash	greenish black,	gm	10-15
	fumy	oz	175-200
Lebanese red	a choker	gm	10
hash		oz	175-200
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	gm	250-300
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	oz	5
Moonshine	homemade	pint	30

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Phoenix	Mexican pounds,	lb	475
	better every year		
Toronto	Mexican green,	oz	60
	seedy and sticky		
Lawrence, Kans.	inch peyote buttons,	ea	4
Eureka, Cal.	oddy these days		
	high-tech		
	purple sinse	oz	200
San Francisco	shrooms, fresh	oz	20
	basement beauties		
	marijuana beer,	btl	15
	Treeload brand		
New Haven, Conn.	whiff 'n' pool	oz	225
	wonder weed,		
Bronx, N.Y.	preppy green	oz	275
	hybrid Kentucky		
	sinse	oz	

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	late season,	oz	185-275
	still providing	lb	1750-2400
Commercial	coming mañana	oz	60-80
Mexican		lb	650-950
Top-grade	gold and green	oz	110-140
Mexican	sinse	lb	1100-1650
Jamaican	negligible	oz	45-65
	supply	lb	450-550
	out of season	oz	175
Jamaican		lb	1100-1500
sinsemilla			
Commercial	good, off-season	oz	60-65
Colombian	stock	lb	560-675
Primo	top-flight gold,	oz	75-85
Colombian	thinning out	lb	675-750
Thai sticks	beware of	one	10-25
	Mexican poseurs	oz	180-225
Loose Thai	extended glut	lb	160-200
		oz	1350-1900
Hawaiian	lots of mediocrity	oz	235-300
		lb	2700-3200
Lebanese hash	here, but in	oz	110-140
	lesser volume	lb	900-1100
Black Afghani hash	fresh, gummy	oz	140-190
Paki hash	slabs	lb	1550-2000
	bits and pieces	oz	165
		lb	1600-1900
Psilocybin	dried, lots of	oz	175
mushrooms	pieces	lb	1600
Peyote	hard to find	one	10
LSD	many varieties	one	3-5
		100	150-300
Cocaine	prices dipping,	gm	100-200
	big supply	%	350-400
		oz	2000-2850
Methaqualone	South American	ea	10-20
	pharmaceuticals	100	300-500
Meth-	biker's best	gm	75-110
amphetamine			

Alaska

Commercial	shake city	oz	50-65
Colombian		lb	550-650
Domestic	'tis the season	1/4 oz	50
sinsemilla		oz	200
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50-65
		lb	500-600
Mainland	immigrant	oz	225-300
sinsemilla	flow	lb	2000-2750
Thai sticks	timberland	one	20
		lb	2400-2650
Lebanese hash	big mover	gm	10
		oz	130-200
Cocaine	are you	gm	100-175
	shitting me?	oz	2000-2800
LSD	blots	one	5
		100	350-500
Methaqualone	bootkickers	one	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	uncharacteristic	oz	225-275
	scarcity	lb	2200-2750
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Mauna Loa	emerald green	oz	200-250
		lb	2000-2500
Maui wowie	overpriced,	oz	225-275
	overrated	lb	2400-3000
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	2-4
Mushrooms	hot from the	oz	150
	lava beds, dried		
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
Amphetamines	over the counter	one	2
	from S.A.		

CHARGES

Overdoses can cause psychiatric dissociation, panic, violent behavior and death. Use can cause spasms in arm and leg blood vessels which can in turn result in destruction of tissue and amputation of limbs.

NATURE AND USE

DOB (4-bromo-2,5-dimethoxyamphetamine) is an analog or variant of 4-methyl-2,5-dimethoxyamphetamine (otherwise known as STP or DOM). Both drugs have hallucinogenic properties similar to those of LSD. DOB is in the same family of drugs as MDA, which we discussed in the March 1983 issue of *HIGH TIMES*. These drugs are collectively known as "methoxylated amphetamines" or "psychotomimetic amphetamines." There are more than a thousand different but related members in this amphetamine subgroup. They combine some of the effects of both amphetamines and psychedelics. There is a great difference in dosage and effect, however. MDA, for example (methylenedioxymphetamine), has a minimum "threshold" dosage of 100 to 150 milligrams, and a duration of 8 to 12 hours; while STP and DOB are effective at 5 milligrams and can last so long that the user may think the trip will never end.¹

Because of its potency, DOB is a prime drug of deception. It is often sold as LSD-25 because its tiny, five-milligram "threshold" dosage makes it possible for DOB to be dropped on small blotter tabs, so that it can pass for blotter acid. People expecting a typical six-to-eight-hour acid trip, however, can be unpleasantly surprised—and seriously freaked out—by the exceptional duration and intensity of DOM. It is most often sold as a liquid or powder, or on a one-centimeter absorbent paper "blot" with a green bird on a yellow or white background (Golden Eagle), or with a black and white pattern known as a "tile."²

The usual dose of DOB is 1 to 5 milligrams. The drug takes effect in about an hour after ingestion and the effects last

4-BROMO-2,5-DIMETHOXY-AMPHETAMINE

AKA: DOB, Golden Eagles, "tiles"

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

from 12 to 24 hours. Physical symptoms include an increase in pulse rate, increased systolic blood pressure and dilation of the eye pupils. The bromine in DOB seems to delay the metabolic breakdown and elimination of this drug from the system. There is evidence that tolerance to DOB develops.³

ADVERSE EFFECTS

This is a very dangerous drug. As a drug of deception, DOB is another example of how buying street drugs can be pharmacological Russian roulette. Overdoses can indeed cause psychiatric dissociation, panic, violent behavior and death.⁴ These overdose symptoms are similar to those of other powerful stimulants.

What is unusual with this stimulant is that it can cause spasms in arm and leg blood vessels, which can and have resulted in cellular necrosis, or tissue death, and subsequent amputation. Most stimulants have some "vasoconstrictive" effects, in that they shrink blood vessels.

Amphetamines have been linked to cellular necrosis in arms, legs, toes and fingers. Localized vasospasm—complete obstruction of arteries—has resulted from hypodermic injection of phenmetrazine hydrochloride (Preludin), as has cerebral vasculitis⁵ (inflammation of the veins in the brain). One case report of a death associated with DOB suggested cerebral edema—flooding of the brain with fluid—and sei-

zures as the cause of death, probably caused by vasospasm.⁴

What DOB causes is "diffuse vascular spasm." These spasms result in the partial or complete closing of arteries in the arms and legs. The result is not unlike what happens when a tourniquet is applied to stop arterial bleeding: the flow of blood to the extremities is totally obstructed. If this goes on for any appreciable length of time, gangrene sets in, the limbs that are affected begin to rot, and amputation is necessary in order to save the person's life.

According to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, no amphetamine analog besides DOB is known to cause this extent of diffuse vascular spasm. Amphetamines do, however, produce other adverse blood-supply effects in the arms and legs, in part by releasing the nerve-hormone norepinephrine from nerve cells that produce it. The release of norepinephrine is part of the receptor-site mechanism typical of all stimulants.

Two overdose cases have been intensively reported, one in Northern California and one in the San Diego area. One patient knew she was taking DOB, while the second thought he was taking "LSD-25 from Mexico." The "LSD" was tested, and proved to be pure DOB. Both patients had been in good health previous to taking the drug. The male patient responded to treatment with tolazoline hydrochloride (Priscu-

line), a potent vasodilator, but the first ended up having both legs amputated below the knees.

Symptoms of diffuse vascular spasms include progressively aggravating "ghost" sensations—"parasthesia"—in the arms and legs, coldness of the extremities and finally severe localized pain in the extremities. The skin of the hands, wrists and/or feet and ankles can become bluish and mottled. The pulse may be imperceptible. Lameness and muscular pain may precede other symptoms, and localized paralysis may follow.

FIRST-AID PLUS

None of these physical symptoms occurs from the use of LSD or MDA. If they appear, see a doctor immediately. If at all possible, take along a sample of the drug for analysis and say that you suspect it might be DOB. This drug, a halogenated and methoxylated amphetamine, has now been implicated in two documented cases of diffuse arterial spasm, and undoubtedly has caused many others. Its strong serotonin-agonist properties suggest a possible mechanism of action.

Treatment with the vasodilators tolazoline and sodium nitroprusside in an appropriate medical setting is rapidly effective in restoring limb circulation and relieving symptoms.² Overdose victims should be taken to an emergency room, drug-treatment center or poison center for emergency handling.

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J.G. BALLARD

As we lurch into 1984, we interrogate one of the most imaginative sci-fi writers on his view of the future. Would you believe—the death of the soul? by Andrea Juno and Vale

J.G. Ballard has always been ahead of his time. In 1967 he predicted Ronald Reagan as president of the United States (see the following excerpt from his blistering anthology of "Condensed Novels," published in England under the title *The Atrocity Exhibition*, and in America as *Love and Napalm; Export U.S.A.*) Before appearing in an ignored edition put out by Grove Press, *The Atrocity Exhibition* was actually printed and then destroyed before publication by the prestigious Doubleday & Co., Inc., and given similar treatment by E.P. Dutton. His material was simply too strong for these corporations—run by literary lawyers, in effect—to handle.

Ballard's main concern has always been the real myths underlying the modern society of the spectacle. From 1966 on, in books like *The Drought*, *The Drowned World*, *The Disaster Area*, *Crash*, *High Rise*, *The Atrocity Exhibition*, *Hello America*, *Myths of the Near Future*, etc., he has imaginatively investigated, in the tradition of the best forensic pathologists, the behavioral mechanisms at work in the real world of rampant, cleverly disguised psychoses...

J.G. Ballard was interviewed at his home in Shepperton, England.

JOHAN G. BALLARD: Do you smoke?

HIGH TIMES: No, thanks; we come from "healthy California"—
BALLARD: Oh, yes—everything is forbidden—it's the New Puritanism that's come in.

HIGH TIMES: Although we don't jog—we refuse to jog.

BALLARD: I'd have problems if I jogged—if I did it once I'd be dead. That's all part of the New Puritanism—all that nonsense about "leading a healthier life." That's the most dangerous sort of attitude you can adopt! Most people's lives are far too healthy—that's a problem in the West, in Western Europe. We need more decadence—I don't mean in a moral sense...

I think in the '70s, the middle-brow in all things in the arts made a big comeback; I don't know why that is. Are you young enough to remember the '60s? There's a folk or a race memory of the '60s. They were incredibly lively over here, and of course a reaction had to set in. And all those middle-brow writers like John Le Carré who writes terrible thrillers, and John Fowles, have made a big comeback, and the original writers, like Burroughs, have been rather dashed from view. But that's life.

HIGH TIMES: At one time punk appealed to thinking people; you felt you were going against the grain, rebelling creatively against a boring, stupidly uncomprehending society. Now we're back to conformity and pop fashion; a lot of the original rebellious input has been channeled back into corporate control and marketing—

BALLARD: The United States is really a very conformist and bourgeois country, isn't it? It's a paradox. In fact, in a real sense the United States has presented the twentieth century with its greatest excitements, dreams and possibilities—but it's done so within the format of extreme conservatism and social convention. So where will the next breakthrough come? It's impossible to say—there may not be another one!

That's my big fear, actually. I was talking to my kids and some of their friends, all of whom are in their early twenties, and I was say-

ing that if, as a science-fiction writer, you ask me to make a prediction about the future, I would sum up my fear about the future in one word: *boring*. And that's my one fear: that everything has happened; nothing exciting or new or interesting is ever going to happen again—the future is just going to be a vast, conforming suburb of the soul, no breakouts will take place. I don't know what one does about that—opens a vein or something—I mean in the sense of suicide...

Kids of twenty-one are already worrying about their pensions! Now that's a sort of death to the soul. This is a sad fact—because if you don't join bourgeois society, you've got problems. And that's a shocking thing to have to say. I think part of the terrible dullness of the late '70s is due to that: the crushing of the free spirit of the young.

I often think that the most radical thing one can do is to deliberately choose the bourgeois life—get that house in the suburbs, the job with the insurance company or the bank, wear a blue suit and a white shirt and a tie and have one's hair cut short, buy the right fabrics and furnishings, and pick one's friends according to the degree to which they fit into all the bourgeois standards. Actually go for the complete bourgeois life—do it without ever smiling; do it without ever winking. In a way, that may be the late twentieth-century's equivalent of Gauguin going off to Tahiti—it's possible!

HIGH TIMES: Those types take lots of expensive cocaine; they wear jeans, but with designer labels—

BALLARD: The real freaks and people of integrity are working for *Time* magazine, probably—it's that sort of the paradox! I don't know—

HIGH TIMES: Taking drugs now almost seems like a conservative thing to do!

BALLARD: Yes. I'm not sure what the professional, upper-middle-class corporate lifestyles of the 1930s were—giving the right kind of dinner parties, perhaps, belonging to the golf club, etc., but sniffing coke must be today's equivalent. It's almost a badge of respectability, isn't it? And if you don't do that sort of thing, something must be wrong with you!

HIGH TIMES: As far as the outward trappings of rebellion goes—you must constantly be a chameleon. One's personal interests and acts are more important than one's appearances. For instance, we and our friends collect medical books—

BALLARD: That's a sinister sign—that's how I began! I was a student of medicine for a couple of years.

HIGH TIMES: Pathology books, particularly, are a source of interest—

BALLARD: Absolutely—

HIGH TIMES: We also have a general interest in how media control, work and manipulate—everything we can discover on that—

BALLARD: Absolutely—

HIGH TIMES: And the whole history of criminals—we try to find the really imaginative ones. And the history of warfare, disasters, mass murders, concentration camps, etc., with as much detail as possible—there's so much territory there, just for pure entertainment alone—

"As a science-fiction writer I would sum up my fear about the future in one word: boring."

BALLARD: I agree with you—everything you itemized, I agree with. Of course, the problem is to gain access to this sort of material. I'm now over fifty, but I'm still, to some extent, relying on material that came my way when I was a student of medicine between 1949 and 1951, when I had the full resources of the medical school at Cambridge University.

And I still rely on the material I collected, the sort of *mental library* that I put together, assembled, while I was working on a scientific journal in London in the late '50s and early '60s. A close friend of mine, Christopher Evans—now dead, sadly—was a computer scientist.

We had an arrangement which lasted for years. He was in charge of a large computer laboratory and he sent me the contents of his wastepaper baskets. His material would come in big envelopes; about once a week his secretary would send me scientific handouts, giveaway magazines, bulletins, printouts that weren't needed anymore—any sort of laboratory detritus. And it was a *gold mine*—I'm not kidding! It's impossible to exaggerate how exciting these strange crossovers from the communications world were; psychopathology, experimental applied psychology, commercialism (you know, the latest stuff the computer firms are trying to sell you, like a new kind of medical terminal)—all those, overlaid together, provided a wonderful sort of *compost* which my imagination could feed on. When he died, suddenly that all came to an end, and I don't mind saying that I miss him.

What I hope the computer and TV revolution will bring about is a scientific information channel where you can just press a button and . . . I want a much higher through-put of information in my life than I can get my hands on—I want to know everything about *everything*! I mean, I want to know the exact passenger list of that DC-10 that crashed outside Malaga two weeks ago, I want to know the latest automobile varnishes that are being used by the Pontiac division of General Motors, I want to know *exact details, hard information about everything*. I want to know what Charles Manson has for breakfast—*everything*! It's very difficult to get this information—*access* is the great problem.

The paradox is, we've got this enormous communications flow—satellite communications, cable-TV systems, video and all the rest of it, and yet less and less of it is actually being *transmitted*. All you're getting is the umpteenth rerun of *The Omen* or *Jaws*. I'd rather watch a really *hard* documentary about sharks, lasting two hours, than watch *Jaws*. It'd be much more interesting. With no holds barred—not the sort of documentary prepared for an evening family TV audience, but the sort of documentary that might be prepared for a convention of marine biologists. It's *that* that one wants to get hold of, but—access is a problem.

A lot of people knock the original Warren Commission Report, which I think came out a couple of years after Johnson assumed the presidency. I think Gerry Ford was one of the senators who sat on the Warren Commission. Anyway, I bought a copy of *The Warren Report*, and I read it often, because in its way it's remarkable—if it were a novel you'd say it was a masterpiece. And it may very well *be* a novel, because a lot of its conclusions have been challenged.

It's a whole series of narratives—the account of the assassination seen from different points of view, prepared by various specialists. There's a whole section, for example, on the arrangement of the cardboard boxes on the floor of the book depository from where Oswald fired his shot—where his palmprints were pressed against which box—So you've got these strange photographs, very obses-

sive, which in a way are reminiscent of very hard-core porn—of the type where no bodies appear—sort of strange bondage fantasies where figures are wrapped up in sacks from page one to page a hundred one—all tied up, very bizarre. Everything is very heavily coded—all these photographs of cardboard boxes on the second floor of the book depository. Then, another great tract on the guns used; then on the windshield damage to the Continental in which Kennedy was shot. There's an obsessive concentration on little details—the particular window trim on the Lincoln . . .

I'll show you the other book which is my "Bible," an amazing book which I recommend you get: *Crash Injuries*. This is a medical textbook on crash injuries—a book to have. I had to write to the States for that. That is the ultimate book—all those comparisons of facial damage in rollover, comparing '52 Buicks with '55 Buicks—bizarre connections.

Actually, one can read it without in any way being ghoulish; the way one can read *The Warren Report*. Because one's dealing with fundamental entities like one's own musculature, one's own sort of highly conventionalized response to one's own body, one's tenancy in time and space, things we take for granted . . . and which are really completely arbitrary. That we are all shaped the way we are is totally arbitrary—a fact we take for granted.

Something like the car crash with its various injuries to, say, the human face, shouldn't be a subject of ghoulish fascination; nor the opposite (anybody interested in these things is obviously *perverted*). One should approach the material as, say, an engineer approaches stress deformations of aircraft tailplay—as a fact of life which must be looked at, otherwise this plane may crash. The human body may crash, so let's look at it *anew*. Texts like that are a way of seeing the human self anew, which is very difficult to do. But, access to a book like that is not easy. For one thing, you're never told about the *existence* of the book.

That book played a big part in my novel *Crash*—I don't mean that *Crash* would have been substantially different, but it provided the documentary underpinning. Otherwise it would have just been fantasy, which it wasn't. Those two books are really, in their different ways, my two Bibles.

HIGH TIMES: The presentations are so wonderful—

BALLARD: Yes, the graphs, the tabular material, the photographs which are very neutral in those nice medical-photograph ways.

HIGH TIMES: How are your books doing?

BALLARD: They're around. I don't want to give you the impression that I enjoy big sales here, as opposed to America. My first novel, *The Drowned World*, published by Victor Gollancz, has gone through seven or eight hardcover editions. *Crash* in paper has done quite well.

HIGH TIMES: I was amazed at the imagination at work in *Hello America*—

BALLARD: Yes. This is my one fear; this is why I admire Burroughs—he's sixty-eight, and his imagination shows no signs of faltering, which is wonderfully reassuring. It's not the imagination which falters, I think, but the *will*—intimations of mortality begin to crowd around one's shoulders—

HIGH TIMES: I would think that age would be more of a spur.

BALLARD: I don't know about that—the inherent pointlessness of the whole enterprise begins to—

HIGH TIMES: Oh, no—succumbing to nihilism! Just look at your trees!

BALLARD: That's one of the reasons I keep working hard. It's also—there's nothing else to *do*! One can get one's own back at a rather pointless universe by remaking at least a small part of it in one's own image.

HIGH TIMES: I really liked your characterization of Charles Manson as president of the United States in *Hello America*—

BALLARD: Where is he, in fact? In an isolation ward of a state psychiatric hospital?

HIGH TIMES: No, at a prison in Vacaville, California, where he's the chapel janitor. He's in an isolation cell because if he were in the main prison population he would be killed. He's lived in prisons all his life. There was an interview with him on the Tom Snyder

show.

BALLARD: I saw that on TV. Fascinating. I don't know how Manson gets along in prison, but it's curious how a lot of these criminal psychopaths are powerfully manipulative. They can begin to manipulate the quite-senior members of the prison staffs. We've had cases over here of governors who have succumbed to a very special devious kind of charm these psychopaths can turn on.

I don't know if you've ever heard of the "Moors Murders" here which were committed about ten years ago by two psychotics—a man, Ian Brady, and a woman called Myra Hyndley. They were boyfriend and girlfriend—lived near Manchester somewhere. They were killing small children and tape recording their screams. One can't help but be fascinated by the special sort of nightmare logic this case reveals.

It was an early case—must have been fifteen years ago—of using a tape recorder as an integral part of the psychopathic pleasure taken in killing these children. He had a second machine (presumably) playing back that pop song, "The Little Drummer Boy," which he overlaid with the screams of these poor kids who were being killed! He was trapped because these recordings were found and they were played in court. I gather the blood of everybody present turned to ice listening to these little studio productions in this nightmare bedroom where these kids were killed.

They're separately imprisoned. I think he's in the British Hospital for the Criminally Insane, and that he has subsided into deep depressions—totally institutionalized. *She* has remained very alert and very determined, one gathers, to get out of prison. And there was a scandal, a few years ago, when she actually got the governor of the women's prison where she is held to take her for a walk on Hampstead Heath. The outcries were just unbelievable in the national press. And she is well-known, this woman Myra Hyndley, to be extremely skilled in manipulating people.

There is another one, Mary Bell, who was a psychopath who also strangled—

HIGH TIMES: She was a child—

BALLARD: Yes, she was twelve and she was strangling small children, going to their funerals and literally dancing on their graves. A senior policeman apparently attended one of the funerals and saw her doing this—dancing on the grave, and he reported it. Looking at that child, he *knew* that she had done it. She went on to kill somebody else, and he tracked her down.

There have been recurrent scandals in the prison where she is held, because she has been widely photographed wearing kinky underwear (in the presence of the prison staff). She has grown up to be a very good-looking young woman who's got everybody under her thumb. I don't know whether Manson falls into the same category or not.

HIGH TIMES: I saw a book yesterday on the recordings of Constantine Raudive, who claimed to have recorded, in empty rooms, voices of the dead. Burroughs had mentioned him in *The Job*.

BALLARD: I'm skeptical about all that. The whole world of psi phenomena leaves me dead cold. It seems to be less interesting than conventional reality. I mean, the fact that if you pick up that can of beer and let go, it falls to the floor—that strikes me as incredibly mysterious, in a way. Much more mysterious than if it just stayed hovering in midair—that isn't very interesting. The bizarre thing is that we *can't* communicate with each other telepathically—that's much stranger than any discovery that we *might*...

I don't think Burroughs has ever been interested in psi phenomena—they don't figure in the novels at all. That's what I like about him—he's very interested in the communications landscapes, the onslaught of language and thought-manipulation brought about by giant communications conglomerates like Time, Inc. His theories of the linguistic basis for the manipulation of news—I think that's a fascinating side to his novels.

HIGH TIMES: Do you enjoy living here in Shepperton?

BALLARD: I don't really *live* here—in a way it's just a sort of *grid reference* on the map. I came here twenty years ago with my wife simply because we didn't have any money. We'd had three chil-

dren by then, so we moved out, down the sort of price scale which coincided, by and large, with the distance from London, and found a small house here. Suburbs are nice places to bring up kids in England. I stayed on here out of inertia once the kids went to schools and all the rest of it. It would have been difficult for me on my own to bring up my three kids in Central London—introduced problems.

Also, it's a great place to work. It's isolated. In a crackpot way I genuinely believe that I like to be where the battle is joined most fiercely... and in a way a suburb like this is the real psychic battleground—it's on the wavefront of the future, rather than a city area. I keep an eye on all the social trends that develop—the whole video, word-processor thing—and it's very interesting to watch the fashions. I would almost call it an *airport culture* that's springing up around suburbs like this—a very transient kind of world. It's interesting to watch.

A city like London doesn't really offer me anything—I'm not interested in it, it's much too *old*. Whereas the suburbs are, comparatively speaking, new. In a way they're more dangerous places—you're not going to get mugged walking down the street, but somebody might steal your *soul*. I mean that literally—your will to live. Your imagination might be taken from you by some passing merchandising corporation, or what have you.

Ten years ago, in the early 1970s, Mercedes gave me a free trip across Germany. They were celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Karl Benz's invention of the motorcar, or maybe the first car Benz made—it was a big celebration, at any rate. A huge cavalcade of antique cars set out from Bremerhaven in the north and trundled all the way down to Stuttgart in the south of Germany, where they now make VWs. These cars, because they were so slow, couldn't go on the autobahn, which is the only way I'd traveled when I'd been to Germany before. We traveled on all these side roads at about thirty miles an hour, so I had a really good look at the terrain. And suddenly I had this appalling glimpse—it suddenly struck me that if I had to put my finger on what the future was going to be like, it *wasn't* going to be like New York or Tokyo or Los Angeles or Rio de Janeiro.

The future was going to be like a suburb of Düsseldorf; that is, one of those ultramodern suburbs with the BMW and the boat in every drive, and the ideal sort of middle-management house and garden. Immaculate suites—not a cigarette end anywhere, with an immaculate modern school and a shopping precinct; a consumer-goods paradise with not a leaf out of place—even a drifting leaf looks as if it has too much freedom! Very strange and chilling—superficially what everybody is aspiring to all over the world: the suburbs of Nairobi or Kyoto or probably Bangkok now.

Everywhere—all over Africa and South America, if you visit, you see these suburbs springing up. They represent the optimum of what people want. There's a certain sort of logic leading towards these immaculate suburbs. And they're terrifying, because they are the *death of the soul*. And I thought, *My God, this is the prison this planet is being turned into*.

At this time, the Baader-Meinhof—you know, that armed gang that came out very Left politically—robbed banks, killed some American servicemen in a raid, and all the rest—was at its height. Nobody could understand these people. They were all sort of well-to-do, middle-class, well-educated kids from, comparatively speaking, rich families, who took to all this "absurd violence." Nobody could understand them. But suddenly I realized, *My God, of course I can understand them*. If you're brought up in one of these suburbs around a German city, where nothing is ever allowed out of place, where because they were so terrified by the experiences of World War II and the Nazi epoch, that they'd gone to *any* length to make certain that *everybody* is happy, that everyone in school or kindergarten is dutifully equipped so there would be no deviance and no problems later... if you have a world like that, without any kind of real freedom of the spirit, the only freedom to be found is in *madness*. I mean, in a completely sane world, *madness* is the only freedom!

That's what's coming. That's why the suburbs interest me—be-

cause you see that coming. Where one's almost got to get up in the morning and make a *resolution* to perform some sort of deviant or antisocial act, some perverse act, even if it's just sort of *kicking the dog*, in order to establish one's own freedom. Suburbs are very sinister places, contrary to what most people imagine.

HIGH TIMES: In America, sociologists for twenty years made all these projections that people would abandon the inner cities to poor blacks and minorities, but what happened was—

BALLARD: People started to go back?

HIGH TIMES: San Francisco is experiencing the suburbanization of the city—young professionals—

BALLARD: —Bijou-izing all these houses, chi-chi-ing them up—horrible!

HIGH TIMES: You're getting all these cappuccino and croissant places springing up. All the eccentric little dives one used to go to are getting "designer-ized"—with price rises, of course.

BALLARD: Yes—if you see a cappuccino or a croissant for sale you've got to make a stand for freedom by putting a brick through the window!

HIGH TIMES: All the areas that attracted "artists" or more bohemian people are now being wiped out by young professionals moving in. There are no places where creative people can meet—

BALLARD: I think that's a sinister development—I think the world's turning that way. At present people like yourselves can at least exist in the gap left between the past world and the world to come. But wait until that gap is closed.

What I fear for London, ten or fifteen years from now, is that everybody will be *working, virtually like on TV*—Everybody will be living a sort of lifestyle that they (controlling the TV) will impose on everybody else living *outside* London. People take their cue so much from TV: lifestyles, fashions, recreations, the sort of friends one has, the way one picks one's friends, and so forth, are largely created by TV. At least the people who work in TV are still drawing a lot of inspiration from the sort of old, anarchic world, whatever it was—pigeon-fancying or bear-baiting or fox-hunting. But that'll all end, and we'll have a sort of bijou-ized, young executive class whose idea of a stimulating intellectual experience would be playing some fifteen-year-old video game.

You're getting a whole new sort of language that doesn't depend on story line in the old sense, but on ascending scales of sensation, rather like music in a way—a sort of total abstraction. I'm sure all that's coming. Everybody will be doing it, everybody will be living inside a TV studio. That's what the domestic home aspires to these days; the home is going to be a TV studio. We're all going to be starring in our own sit-coms, and they'll be very strange sit-coms, too, like the inside of our heads. That's going to come, I'm absolutely sure of that, and it'll really shake up everything.

HIGH TIMES: Have you seen any new video you liked?

BALLARD: I think that unless you've got a really powerful imagination (it doesn't matter what the *form* or *medium* is), you will have *nothing*. But I can well imagine that quite accidentally, you might get some obsessive, say, who finds himself collecting footage of women's shoes whenever they're shown (it doesn't matter if it's Esther Williams walking around a swimming pool with '40s sound, or Princess Di)—he presses his button and records all this footage of women's shoes. He might do it without any thought to what he was doing, and it might be possible that, after accumulating two hundred hours of shoes, you might have a bizarrely obsessive movie that's absolutely riveting.

All right, you could do it *consciously*—you could begin to, say, store films of car crashes or street executions and the like, but you might get obsessed with people walking through doors or *anything*—you name it. You could just start *storing* the stuff, then begin to work on it to tell some *second story*—to overlay, say, the death and disaster footage taken from war movies or Vietnam or the Falklands or riots or what have you; to use that raw play as the *starting point* for your own obsessions. I think that unless you've got some idea of your own, you'll get nowhere—you can juxtapose all the bizarre images in the world, but after awhile boredom sets in, doesn't it? Unless there's some new myth emerging. Nothing is

more tiresome than yesterday's experimental movie or experimental fiction—

HIGH TIMES: Look at all the people who try to do cut-ups without any of the thinking that Burroughs does—

BALLARD: There's practically only one person who can *do* cut-ups, and that's Burroughs.

HIGH TIMES: For the first time, it's possible for quite poor people to buy a video outfit and—

BALLARD: It's always been possible for very poor people to buy a typewriter, or borrow one, and write a novel—and we've all seen what they can look like! That's the problem, isn't it?

HIGH TIMES: When we saw our first autopsy film, we definitely experienced a *visceral* reaction—

BALLARD: Films like that do have a terrific impact, don't they—when they're *new*. When I was a medical student, the very first time I walked into the huge dissecting room of anatomy school (which was like a gymnasium—there were probably fifty cadavers stretched out)—even though I'd been through the war in China, I was jolted. Maybe it was the way they were all laid out, in a rather theatrical way. Also, they were green and yellow on these glass tables, under bright lights—that stopped me in my tracks, I may say. But after about three or four days they ceased to be human remains.

There's the impact of novelty which is the impact of *newness*. But I think if you intend to do anything really original you've got to go beyond it—one's own imagination has got to come into play on some level, to begin to reshape and remake the material. It's very difficult, actually, using scientific material (even of a pretty horrific, frightening kind) in prose, producing fiction. You can't just leave the stuff on the page without doing something to it. Very few texts stand up, particularly on their own.

HIGH TIMES: We're interested in the problem of image thresholds building up in ourselves, because we have been exposing ourselves to more and more images of a horrific kind. I wouldn't call it a *morality* problem, yet—

BALLARD: There is an element of that, isn't there? You could end up in that sort of affectless realm where you suspend judgment on *everything*. One's got to be very wary of denting one's own feelings, which is what happens to people who, say, work in labs where experiments are done using animals.

That's the problem with all this stuff—unless you're using it in some sort of informed way, out of some sort of imaginative *commitment* (I know that sounds like an easy get-out, but it's still true), you are in danger of being numbed to the very powerful stimuli that attracted you in the first place. I mean, you end up with the *worst* of both worlds! You know—the "after we get bored with car crashes, what do we move on to next?" sort of thing. You need a higher and higher charge of sensation—it's only *child* victims of psychotic killers who interest you. Then what's next?

HIGH TIMES: It's important to analyze horror imagery; to confront and come to terms with the darkest recesses of "human nature," if there is such a thing.

BALLARD: I agree with you—I've spent a large part of my imaginative life as a writer pushing that idea, in *Crash*, *The Atrocity Exhibition* and so on.

HIGH TIMES: Well, your works are an example of how to digest and transform all this imagery—

BALLARD: I hope you're right! What would have stopped me in my tracks—I wonder if I would have gone on writing *Crash* if, say, halfway through it one of my kids had been killed in a car crash? (Would it matter?—I know.) But there *are* moral dilemmas of a rather tricky kind. I think that to *find the truth* is the important thing. The fact is that the medical textbook, *Crash Injuries*, does tell the truth, because it's not primarily interested in the truth, in a sense. The man trying to analyze the difference in facial injuries caused by '55 Pontiacs as opposed to '58 Pontiacs in rollover is not primarily interested in anything but what he is pursuing. He's not interested in the effects; the damage to the human face or scalp or whatever is *incidental*, it's the *data* he's after. The point from which he starts, all these figures and comparisons he makes, are going to

be made on the basis of people who are *already* damaged in car crashes—they're taken for granted. So he can leave that; his emotions aren't aroused by the appalling injuries these people have suffered. He is simply analyzing, in a scientific way like a man in a lab, the comparisons between different vehicles, different accident modes or what have you. I think one's got to approach it in the same sort of spirit—trying to find the truth, which is often presented quite *incidentally*.

HIGH TIMES: We're trying to rid ourselves of clichéd reactions to "atrocities," as part of the overall aim of deciphering the censorship/control process that restricts the imagination and therefore life—

BALLARD: When you talk about the "control process," do you mean the whole sort of mental apparatus that *shuts out*, that has all these deliberate filters and shutters, in order to cope with "life"? The sort of material that very strongly interests me does seem to open shutters, like a sort of Advent calendar with which you open those doors, with which you get a brief glimpse of a different world. If one could have a blinding revelation and *know oneself totally*—the experience of just sitting in that sofa or chair would seem extraordinarily amazing. I mean, these are the sort of visionary glimpses of the obvious that great mystics are able to convey, aren't they?

If you've read any books on neurology and the psychology of visual perception—in the optical centers of the brain, in the perception of even something like diagonal crosses as opposed to vertical/horizontal crosses, huge systems of compensation and adjustment (that are in fact gigantic systems of props and crutches) are at work providing what seems to be our vision of this commonplace object or room. Also, simultaneously, my brain is making all sorts of extrapolations about everything. And social relationships and the human imagination, at the upper end of the scale, are vastly more complicated. But the whole thing is so *conventionalized*. And the brain colludes in a whole system of repressive mechanisms which it willingly accepts in order to make sense of its own identity and of the universe around it—and these mechanisms are *limiting*. It imposes a mass of voluntary self-limitations which allow human beings to go out, sit down, walk down the streets, take planes and lead bourgeois lives with videos and word processors. If you take too many of those shutters away—*boom!* But it's necessary to do it, all the same.

HIGH TIMES: If you *don't* try to remove the shutters, you may have refused some of the only possible adventures in life. All the *physical* territories have been staked out, explored and videotaped—the Wild West, mountain climbing, deep-sea diving—

BALLARD: So many of the mental territories and social territories have been staked out, too.

The whole liberation of the late '60s and '70s simply imposed a different set of grids on the map, a different grill, but shut out just as much light. There are vast territories to explore, but completely hidden.

HIGH TIMES: Even more hidden than they ever were—

BALLARD: Yes, because now there's this *veneer of freedom*. You can sit down next to a total stranger at a party and start talking about whether one of your respective sons has started to masturbate—something that my mother or father could not have done so many years ago. Now *that* appears to be a gigantic leap forward.

But, in fact *no* leap forward has been made! The whole thing is just a *convention*—that it's all right for mother to show her breasts to her teenage son (he won't develop some sort of vast Oedipal fixation), and that it's somehow more *natural* than being clothed. But, it's just *another psychological convention*—part of the control mechanism, in a way, to cope with an inevitable tide of greater explicitness that comes, probably, from a different source altogether. It may be that we are *less* liberated now than we were forty years ago; it's very difficult to know.

HIGH TIMES: This may be an age of superficial, *simulated* freedoms. Since so many people lack eccentricity, it's no wonder they can have a lot of casual relationships—they really *are* pretty much alike, anyway.

"If you see a cappuccino or a croissant for sale you've got to make a stand for freedom by putting a brick through the window!"

BALLARD: When I was twenty—in the late 1940s—there were much greater restraints—going to bed with a girl was a pretty rare occurrence. But because the experience was rarer, it certainly had a powerful charge added to it that casual sex can't have.

Also, the number of exhilarating, important experiences is *limited*. There's that school of anthropologists who have come up with the "village theory." They started questioning people about the number of significant experiences and significant relationships they've had in their lives, and found that everybody had basically the same pattern: two childhood friends, two adult friends, two doctors in everybody's life (one when they were young or when they had their first baby, and one when they were very old). You had, say, two powerful sexual partners who transcended all the others. You fell in love once, there was one member of your family you really loved, etc. This number of significant personal friendships or relationships was the same for everybody, regardless of where they were in the world.

They discovered it was also the same number of relationships people developed in, say, an African village today. In the African village the relationships developed within, say, a hundred meters, because everybody lives in their huts. Whereas, in *our* village these relationships are spread all over the planet, and over a whole lifetime. They nonetheless constitute a village we each have in our heads. And once these slots are filled, they're filled forever.

In your life you're going to meet two adult friends whom you're going to be really close to—if you've had them, you've *had* them—the slots are filled in the brain. Because the brain has a certain finite capacity for friendship. If you've already met the two teachers who are going to exert a profound influence on you, that's *it!* And if you have too much experience, you exhaust your capacity for further experiences. And you see this in people who vocationally have a great many relationships, like salesmen... or, say, prostitutes, who are unable to relate to *anybody* out there.

HIGH TIMES: I read an interview and was surprised how *much* you had been interested in surrealism—

BALLARD: If you look at that bottom row of books, apart from the Francis Bacon, that's my *brain* laid out there—all those surrealist texts. I still *feel* surrealism. In the '40s, '50s and even the early '60s, you could *not* mention the surrealists without laying yourself open (in certain literate circles) to the charge of the crudest kind of sensationalism.

Surrealism has a way of looking at the world as an *imaginative enterprise*, that's what always attracted me to surrealists—they had the *inner eye*. The inner eye remained *critical*; it didn't just respond passively to the imagination. That critical eye the surrealists have toward their own fantasies—you feel that all the painters are *awake*, that these are dreams dreamt by sleepers who are awake—that's the important thing.

HIGH TIMES: With his melting watches and other images Dali has provided visual correlations to LSD—

BALLARD: I once took LSD in the late '60s and that was the *end* for me—I had a *classic bad trip*. I opened a little Trojan's horse inside my mind—it took me on a nightmare; I wouldn't want to go through *that* again. (Actually, I think it helped me to give up smoking. It sounds silly, but even taking something like an aspirin makes me wary.) It put me back on the alcohol standard firmly forever—I realized I was a whisky-and-soda man. Because it was such a terrifying experience—profoundly paranoid.

I mean—a real *vent of hell* opened up; I could almost feel the neurology of it [shudders]. For months after [subtly; it would only last

perhaps half a second) there'd be a fleeting (presumably, connections were just briefly being made; residues of the drug were just tripping off associations in the brain), terrible feeling of paranoia, of pure fear. *Essence* of profound fear would just sort of flash through you like electricity. It was terrifying, quite apart from the hallucinations which I had while taking the drug. They seemed to be the kind of classic hallucinations brought on by severe brain damage—like everything colored with festering bugs (which doesn't sound like much, you see it in too many movies), but when you actually look around the room and everything is covered with these damned things! Or time stopping: you're looking at your watch and nothing is happening—my God, the second hand is *stationary*, and then suddenly you realized it's moved, and you've been looking at it for what seems like ten minutes.

What was frightening was: lying in bed, I thought of putting my hand on top of my head, and suddenly I felt that the top of my head was missing—I'd plunged my fingers into my brain! In fact I suppose I had just touched my soft scalp, but—ugh! All those nightmares adults shouldn't need to endure—those are nightmares of childhood, aren't they? They didn't seem to have anything to do with an *adult* nightmare. I mean, they were purely terrors of the nervous system, the flesh, of space and time.

Being alive at all is a nightmare—witness the newborn child's scream at the air. Terrifying. I never again took anything. I gave up smoking—I never smoked any pot after that. Which is something I sort of regret—it's quite a pleasant relaxant. Pot was a mild euphoric, a bit like alcohol in a way. It was very relaxing; I thought it was good for sex. It wasn't anything as radical as the amphetamines which you can buy over the counter—

HIGH TIMES: Did pot do anything for your writing?

BALLARD: No, it didn't, actually. One of my earlier novels, *The Crystal World*, was about a crystallizing world. A lot of people who knew I had taken acid thought I had written the book on the basis of that. I wrote the book in '64, I think, but I didn't take LSD until 1967 or '68. The curious thing is that the book does convincingly, in my experience, describe what an LSD vision is like; particularly the effects of light and time. And it made me feel that in fact the imagination can reach those visions that LSD elicits—you can systematically assemble into the critical imagination those visions that LSD elicits biochemically. You can reach the base of the brain, as it were; the unaided imagination is equal to any task put upon it. One doesn't need the stimulus of powerful drugs to trick the imagination, if you persist enough. Anyway, that was my impression.

HIGH TIMES: Have you ever shot guns?

BALLARD: Yes, in the RAF when I did my National Service in 1953.

HIGH TIMES: Did shooting guns do anything for your imagination?

BALLARD: There's something about *having* a gun that bothers me. Now, I don't consider myself particularly susceptible to swings of mood, I'm a fairly level character; I don't really ever get depressed, but suicide is a suggested act, and it worries me that the presence of a gun might destabilize me—it might elicit latent swings of mood much greater than I've experienced so far.

Also, suicide's a very antisocial act, because you're probably going to be found by a relative.

HIGH TIMES: There are certainly *reasons* for the occasional relevance of suicide—

BALLARD: It's a way of saying to the universe, "Don't call us, we'll call you!" It's saying goodbye on *your terms*. You're shutting the show down, you're deciding the ending of the play. I think there's some appeal to that.

HIGH TIMES: In America there's been a lot of propaganda on how to survive a "limited nuclear attack"—

BALLARD: Actually, the CND [Committee for Nuclear Disarmament] movement, which has been going for twenty-five years, has started to gain a small hold in the States for the first time. One doesn't know to what extent it's one of those fads that seem to sweep the States from time to time. I'm taking a cynical view of it, but it is tailor-made for those people who have a general or nonspe-

cific sense that society is wrong or ill in some way; people who need a cause which in all probability will never be fulfilled. Because the likelihood of the American government adopting unilateral nuclear disarmament must be about one in a billion. So you can go on campaigning nobly on one of the largest issues facing mankind, with no likelihood of it ever coming to pass—which is the perfect recipe for a great cause! I think that's a large part of the appeal of CND over here, which I may say I'm totally out of sympathy with—I want *more* nuclear weapons!

Here there's a big controversy about cruise missiles which are being allowed to be sited. The whole point about these cruise missiles is: they're going to be mounted on trucks, and in the event of a worsening of relations with Russia and a nuclear confrontation, these trucks will charge all over the country with cruise missiles on their backs to secret dispersal points which won't be targeted by the Russian nuclear attack system. And various CND speakers said at the time, "Who will want these cruise missiles at the bottoms of their gardens?" I felt like putting my hand up and saying, "Yes, I want a cruise missile stationed here!" (I also want three American technical sergeants smoking their Lucky Strikes and eating their hamburgers, or asking me where they could buy a decent hamburger.) This beautiful bird sitting there waiting to fly towards the air will give me a real sense of involvement with the world. I want my own cruise missile at the bottom of my garden! I am rather suspicious of all millennial causes, actually.

HIGH TIMES: Sunday marches against nuclear weapons are sort of—

BALLARD: —*church services*. I'm fascinated by that kind of thing. People who have achieved the highest standard of living—Mercedes cars and all the rest of it—still feel, clearly, that it's all worthless. Otherwise they wouldn't be attracted to anything like CND or these other doom causes.

HIGH TIMES: How do you think your books have changed?

BALLARD: My earliest three or four novels, which are more explicitly science fiction, are all heavily influenced by the surrealists (Max Ernst, Dali), and also the symbolist painters like Gustave Moreau. Once you get to *The Atrocity Exhibition*, *Crash*, *High Rise* and so on, they're sort of *technological* books set in the present day—you've got all the imagery that the titles themselves are about. You name it, everything from car crashes to Kennedy assassinations to high rises to motorways.

HIGH TIMES: Are you writing more now that your kids have grown up and gone away?

BALLARD: It's hard to say, actually. I'm certainly not slacking off in any way, simply because I've got so much time on my hands. In 1965, when I was writing *The Atrocity Exhibition* stories, my youngest was only about seven years old. The kids were seven, nine and ten, and it was a full, hurly-burly family life—driving them to school, collecting them, all that sort of thing. I'd write those stories whenever I could find snatches of spare time. And most of my other fiction was like that. Now, I get up in the morning and the day just sort of stretches like the plains of Kansas, with not a speck on the horizon. Which is great, of course!

HIGH TIMES: I like the fact that your phone hardly ever rings—

BALLARD: That is arranged; I don't encourage people to ring too often! Otherwise you spend all day answering the phone.

HIGH TIMES: Concentration and sublimation—

BALLARD: I think there's a lot of truth in that; I think a certain degree of sublimation *does* take place. As you get older you can become *very* obsessive—one gets a sort of closed focus on whatever one's doing—writing a novel, painting a picture or whatever it may be. (Sexual obsession—God, I wish I had that. I have to think back!) This close focus shuts out the rest of the world, and in a curious way that includes the world of the senses, too—a way that you at your age would find impossible to believe. But it happens, and it applies to everything. You can become so immersed in, say, a particular paragraph, that when you go out to do the shopping you don't even see the *street*! It's just a blur. You have to stop and say, "Come on! Enjoy the sunlight!" That is a danger as you get a bit

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Why I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan

They say great science-fiction writers are seers. In this excerpt from his 1967 novel, *The Atrocity Exhibition*, J.G. Ballard actually predicted the ascension of Ronald Reagan to the highest office in the land. Any additional comments on President Reagan expressed in this piece are solely the opinion of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of the management of this magazine. Honest, folks.

During these assassination fantasies

Ronald Reagan and the conceptual auto-disaster. Numerous studies have been conducted upon patients in terminal paresis (GPI), placing Reagan in a series of simulated auto-crashes, e.g., multiple pile-ups, head-on collisions, motorcade attacks (fantasies of presidential assassinations remained a continuing preoccupation, subjects showing a marked polymorphic fixation on windshields and rear-trunk assemblies). Powerful erotic fantasies of an anal-sadistic character surrounded the image of the presidential contender. Subjects were required to construct the optimum auto-disaster victim by placing a replica of Reagan's head on the un-retouched photographs of crash fatalities. In 82 percent of cases, massive rear-end collisions were selected with a preference for expressed fecal matter and rectal hemorrhages. Further tests were conducted to define the optimum model-year. These indicate that a three-year model lapse with child victims provide the maximum audience excitation (confirmed by manufacturers' studies of the optimum auto-disaster). It is hoped to construct a rectal modulus of Reagan and the auto-disaster of maximized audience arousal.

Tallis became increasingly obsessed

Motion-picture studies of Ronald Reagan reveal characteristic patterns of facial tonus and musculature associated with homoerotic behavior. The continuing tension of buccal sphincters and the recessive tongue role tally with earlier studies of facial rigidity (cf., Adolf Hitler, Nixon). Slow-motion cine films of campaign speeches exercised a marked erotic effect upon an audience of spastic children. Even with mature adults the verbal material was found to have minimal effect, as demonstrated by substitution of an edited tape giving diametrically opposed opinions. Parallel films of rectal images revealed a sharp upsurge in anti-Semitic and concentration-camp fantasies

(cf., anal-sadistic fantasies in deprived children induced by rectal stimulation).

with the pudenda of the presidential contender

Incidence of orgasms in fantasies of sexual intercourse with Ronald Reagan. Patients were provided with assembly-kit photographs of sexual partners during intercourse. In each case Reagan's face was superimposed upon the original partner. Vaginal intercourse with "Reagan" proved uniformly disappointing, producing orgasm in 2 percent of subjects. Axillary, buccal, navel, aural and orbital modes produced proximal erections. The preferred mode of entry overwhelmingly proved to be the rectal. After a preliminary course in anatomy it was found that cecum and transverse colon also provided excellent sites for excitation. In an extreme 12 percent of cases, the simulated anus of postcolostomy surgery generated spontaneous orgasm in 98 percent of penetrations. Multiple-track cine films were constructed of "Reagan" in intercourse during (a) campaign speeches, (b) rear-end auto-collisions with one- and three-year-old model changes, (c) with rear exhaust assemblies, (d) with Vietnamese child-atrocity victims.

mediated to him by a thousand television screens.

Sexual fantasies in connection with Ronald Reagan. The genitalia of the presidential contender exercised a continuing fascination. A series of imaginary genitalia were constructed using (a) the mouth-parts of Jacqueline Kennedy, (b) a Cadillac rear-exhaust vent, (c) the assembly-kit prepuce of President Johnson, (d) a child-victim of sexual assault. In 89 percent of cases, the constructed genitalia generated a high incidence of self-induced orgasm. Tests indicate the masturbatory nature of the presidential contender's posture. Dolls consisting of plastic models of Reagan's alternate genitalia were found to have a disturbing effect on deprived children.

The motion picture studies of Ronald Reagan

Reagan's hairstyle. Studies were conducted on the marked fascination exercised by the presidential contender's hairstyle. Sixty-five percent of male subjects made positive connections between the hairstyle and their own pubic hair. A series of optimum hairstyles was constructed.

created a scenario of the conceptual orgasm,

The conceptual role of Reagan. Fragments of Reagan's cinetized postures were used in the construction of model psychodramas in which the Reagan-figure played the role of husband, doctor, insurance salesman, marriage counselor, etc. The failure of these roles to express any meaning reveals the nonfunctional character of Reagan. Reagan's success therefore indicates society's periodic need to reconceptualize its political leaders. Reagan thus appears as a series of posture concepts, basic equations which reformulate the roles of aggression and anality.

a unique ontology of violence and disaster.

Reagan's personality. The profound anality of the presidential contender may be expected to dominate the United States in the coming years. By contrast, the late J.F. Kennedy remained the prototype of the oral object, usually conceived in pre-pubertal terms. In further studies sadistic psychopaths were given the task of devising sex fantasies involving Reagan. Results confirm the probability of presidential figures being perceived primarily in genital terms; the face of L.B. Johnson is clearly genital in significant appearance—the nasal prepuce, scrotal jaw, etc. Faces were seen as either circumcised (J.F.K., Khrushchev) or uncircumcised (L.B.J., Adenauer). In assembly-kit tests Reagan's face was uniformly perceived as a penile erection. Patients were encouraged to devise the optimum sex-death of Ronald Reagan.



FIRST TRIES by "R"

Portrait of the Connoisseur as a young nerd. One time he actually tried to fake he was high by flapping his arms in the air and making airplane noises with his mouth, just to impress his girlfriend.

Asking the Connoisseur what it was like the first time he got high is like, well...like asking Casanova what it was like the first time he made love, like asking Reggie Jackson what it was like the first time he ever saw a hanging curve ball float toward the plate, like asking Brillat-Savarin what it was like the first time he tasted a black truffle. Like...well, you get the picture. And yet, surprisingly, considering their repercussions for the future direction of cannabis culture, "R"'s initiatory experiences were not as earthshakingly portentous or profound as they later would be. In fact, they were weird and subtle learning experiences. Embarrassing even, considering how the weed world now hangs on my every word. But in the interests of cultural history, and because they make a good story, I've decided to reveal the first *three* nights I tried to get high.

Maybe I should start with my second time first, because it's the funniest, even though I got the least high then of any of my first three times. Maybe *because* I got the least high—and expected the most.

I was a college senior and had only smoked once before, but I'd been hearing reports that grass did fab things for sex. I wasn't sure what, but I'd heard that women especially went wild over its effects, and so, when I got a call from my girlfriend saying she was bringing a nice bag down for our weekend rendezvous, I thought this was just the coolest, most exciting thing in the world. She was so advanced. So adventurous. This time I'd really get high.

Come to think of it, before I get into

this, maybe I should tell you about my *first* attempt to get high first, since it will help explain the outcome of the fevered erotic expectations I was building up for that weekend.

My very first time was with my high-school buddies Tommy and Richie the summer before. Now, Tommy was the cool one of the three of us. He'd gone off to college in California and was always two and a half consciousness revolutions ahead of those of us who stayed back East. He did grass first, later did acid first, went on to act in porno movies, become a speed freak, then a total vegetarian, then a Buddhist, then a born-again Christian, then an est graduate and finally ended up in real-estate sales on Hawaii.

That summer, however, he was only ahead of us to the extent that he was, he said, an experienced grass smoker. And he actually had some grass. And so one suburban summer night we convened in Tommy's parents' finished basement—a place where we'd played spin the bottle, and poker, and drank our first whiskies—and prepared to get high.

Problem was—well, the first problem was—we had no papers. And at this time, in this small town, it just wasn't possible to walk into a convenience store and buy them. Not unless you didn't want the whole town to know you were crazed dope fiends by the next morning.

So, Tommy improvised. He got a jar, filled it with water, stretched some aluminum foil on top of the jar and placed a precious little pinch of the twig-and-shake stash he'd brought from California on top of the foil. Then he

punched little fork holes in the foil and punched out a little crescent on the side. He lit the weed and sucked knowingly on the crescent and passed the jar to us.

I remember thinking: *So this is what they do in California. They sit around sucking on fruit jars.* I'd read enough stories by that time so that when the jar came round to me I knew enough to inhale deeply and hold the smoke in my lungs. All three of us sat there holding the smoke in our lungs. We held it and held it. Then we waited to get high. Or at least I did. Tommy reported getting high immediately.

"Wow," he said, "Mexico. South of the border. You know what I mean. I think I've just passed *Customs*." Then he broke up giggling and repeated, "Passed Customs, can you dig it? *We passed Customs*."

Well, I could *kind* of dig it. But I didn't think I was digging it on any different level yet. I couldn't feel any of those subtle changes I'd read about that meant I was getting high, but I was prepared to play along.

"Yeah," I said, "Mexico. What a concept."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" asked Richie, who was neither getting high nor playing along.

"Be cool, man," Tommy said, "it'll come to you." He broke down into giggles again and repeated, "It'll come to you. Here, dig this. Wait till you wrap your ears around this."

He went over to his "hi-fi cabinet," as they were called in the late '60s in our town. He took out an album and held it up as if it were a precious relic, like something God had handed to him on

top of a mountain.

Reverently he pronounced the words: "The Moodies. 'Nights in White Satin.'"

I'm sure I trace my fierce irrational hatred of "the Moodies" to that awful evening. Especially my hatred of "Nights in White Satin." Because there I was trying to get into being high when I really wasn't high, or maybe thinking I was high but trying to figure out what the point was. And here was this guy who claimed to be high putting on this awful, groaning, stupid, fake, pretentious, hideously bad song, "Nights in White Satin," and really grooving on it, closing his eyes, going in and out of ecstatic trance states, emerging as if from some trip to another cosmos to say, "Far fucking out."

And I remember thinking, *Is this what it's like to get high?* To actually change your consciousness enough so that you'd like this piece of garbage on wax? It was deeply depressing. I was sure there was more to it, and of course there is, but I didn't find out that night.

Well, maybe I got a little hint. When we finally emerged from that awful knotty-pine-paneled finished basement and out into the suburban night, we decided a trip to the all-night diner was necessary. Tommy said he had "the munchies." It was in the car on the way to the diner that I suddenly realized something might be going on. Something had changed. We were going too slow. We were proceeding down some tree-shaded suburban street that led to the highway on which the diner was located. But it was taking a long, long time. The trees seemed to sail so slowly overhead. I looked up at the leafy canopy arched over the street. *Like a cathedral*, I thought. The moonlight coming through stained glass. The insight coming through strained grass. Wait a minute—there were faces in those leaves. Perfectly formed portraits. Abraham Lincoln. Shakespeare rippling in the breeze. Jesus Christ, too. They weren't just vague likenesses. They were like photographs.

Remember the testimony of that weird Reverend Moon in his tax evasion trial? He had made a big deal about the vision he had in which Christ came to him and gave him his marching orders. Well, a skeptical government trial attorney asked Reverend Moon how he *could be sure* it was in fact Christ who came and chatted with him, and not some other guy from the Great Beyond.

"I recognized him from his holy pictures," Reverend Moon said. Now, when I first heard of that I laughed my ass off. But thinking back to it, when I saw

Jesus' photo in the tree leaves that night on the way to the diner, *I recognized him from his holy pictures*, if you know what I mean. I wonder what Reverend Moon was smoking.

Did I say I didn't get high that first time? Well, looking back on it, it begins to seem as if my consciousness was altered. Of course, I'd always seen faces in the trees. But never this constantly blooming, metamorphosing pageant of holy pictures before. Still, I didn't know at the time that's what getting high was about. Or one thing it was about. I still had some idea it was really something dangerous and sexy. Something that caused men to jump out windows and women to jump on men.

Dangerous and sexy. That's what I was thinking as the weekend approached, bringing with it my girlfriend from Smith College and her nickel bag. Nickel bag. She already knew the language, she'd already tasted forbidden fruits in ecstatic stoned splendor, I was sure.

Dangerous and sexy. I couldn't wait till Friday night. Now, it's been my impression from talking to other people that getting high is something that you "learn" gradually. You begin to notice surprising, subtle fascinations with aspects of existence and *then* you say to yourself, "Hey this must be what high is about." You progress from one surprising discovery to another. Well, this was not a night of progress for me. Unlike my first time, I know I didn't get high at all. Or maybe it was the contrast with my girlfriend. She got really high. And the more high she got, the more I was aware of how un-high I was.

She got dangerous and sexy—I didn't. In fact, I remember the high point of the evening being a moment of genuine danger. Or so it seemed at that time.

There she was, standing on my bed imitating an airplane. And there I was, sitting on the bed trying to fake enthusiasm for this puzzling behavior. *Trying to fake being high.* It was really awful. I mean, I wanted to be as high as her. I wanted to be *into* this whole airplane thing she was doing. I mean, it was attractive in its way, but you had to really be there.

I guess it was more a glider than an airplane she was imitating. Her arms were stretched out straight like wings and she was kind of gliding and dipping and soaring, coasting on the thermals. Eyes closed, up there in some ethereal realm. I won't tell you what she was or wasn't wearing. All I'll say is that she really didn't look like an airplane. But she was acting like one.

Of course, it didn't start that way. She

didn't immediately go from being a Smith College lit major to some kind of flying machine. We started out with van Gogh. The late paintings. She'd brought her art history post-Impressionist textbook, and as soon as we lit up she made me stare at "Starry Night." Then the yellow Arlesian painting. "He sees the shimmering radiance of the universe" she told me. Or words to that effect. I saw it too. But I'd always seen it. At least in van Gogh. I didn't need grass to see it. Maybe it was enhanced by the grass she brought, but I wasn't feeling anything from it. It was pretty weedy-tasting grass. I wondered if her nickel bag contained even five cents' worth of real marijuana.

But she seemed to be getting high. Higher and higher. While I, forced to fake it, got lower and lower because of the disjunction between what I was trying to feel and what I really felt.

I wondered if she was faking it too, secretly. But she didn't seem to be faking the dangerous part. The dangerous part came when her glider started soaring off the bed and onto the floor. They were graceful leaps but she was making them with eyes closed. And I was getting worried that as the leaps got longer she'd crash into chair, table or desk.

But I didn't want to be the bring-down type in the face of all this ecstatic soaring. So I made a real effort to *get into it*. I tried a few tentative zooming sounds to accompany her flights. I tried stretching out my arms like wings. But I just didn't have the feeling. I wasn't convincing her. I wasn't convincing myself. I wasn't getting high. I was getting low. There's nothing lower than the feeling you have when you're with someone who is getting high and you're not. Well, yes. There's one thing lower: faking it.

I vowed that night that I'd never fake it again. Actually, I vowed I'd never smoke dope again because there was no point. It just didn't work on me.

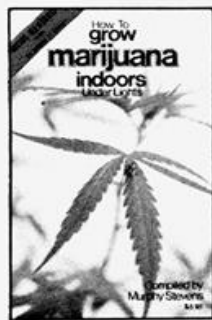
Six months later I found out I was wrong about that. The scene was one of those typical late '60s student hippie apartments. Throw-rugs everywhere. The people who weren't lying on throw rugs or wearing throw rugs of one peasant culture or another *looked* like throw rugs. But a couple of my college friends were staying here, and it was, as they say, a place to crash, so I wasn't complaining about the decor. I didn't want to seem an inhospitable guest, and so when they started passing around a joint after the communal dinner, I decided I might as well partake. Back

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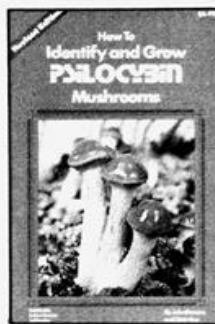
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MURDER AND METHAMPHETAMINE

Labscam Revisited: Four years ago the DEA began peddling chemicals through advertisements in national magazines like this one. Then it all began to unravel, and somehow Richard Hall got greased. Now the true story can finally be told. by Dean Latimer

"Methaqualone? Any time you want methaqualone, my man, you just lay eight hundred dollars on the kid here. He'll set up four reaction vessels dripping out a hundred milligrams a day: four hundred milligrams of concentrated Quaalude every day, two and a half grams a week. Anthranilic acid, orthotoluidine, lithium aluminum hydride, acetic acid, benzyl methyl ketone and some benzene and sodium aluminum for reagents: The kid has a line on a man in Chicago that can ship them all out, no questions, no papers. The kid already has the reaction vessels, so now we just need four reflux condensers and the heating unit, and he can go into production within six hours of receipt of the precursors. Six hours! It's a new synthesis that cuts down the reaction time by two-thirds, and the kid can't wait to try it out. He just needs a lot of extra tubing to pump the toluene gas out of the lab into the ground, so the whole shootin' match don't blow up in the kid's face. For sure, we got a lab site: a storefront for rent down by Embarcadero..."

So it thankfully doesn't happen very often—such is the ineptitude of bathtub chemists generally—but occasionally a batch of "independent" Quaaludes does appear on the street market. These are Quaaludes that have not been bootlegged up out of industrial-quality methaqualone in the professional Mafia labs of Colombia and Florida, but were painstakingly synthesized from scratch in some individual's personal premises. These independent 'ludes commonly tend to be fairly heavily contaminated with orthotoluidine, a precursor chemical which is just hell

for bathtub chemists to burn off entirely, and which doesn't show up too readily on the rudimentary purity tests these guys can run on the end batch. Orthotoluidine is toxic to the nervous system, to the liver and to various other parts of the human beings who are stupid enough to swallow big white "Lemmon 714" tablets of uncertain provenience.

"The kid is on to something! It's a whole new synthetic opiate called MPPP or M-3-P, so new it hasn't even got a generic name yet, or even a street name. Works just like Demerol, but it's totally uncontrolled. No law against it yet! And get this: The kid can score all the precursors from a completely legitimate chemical company, over the counter. No regulations on the chemicals whatsoever! He can set it all up for eight hundred bucks: glassware, precursors, heating elements. He got the synthesis from a guy in the med school, all typewritten and everything, and he says he knows he can do it even quicker if he substitutes an intermediate compound called MPTP for the four-methyl-piperidine listed in his synthesis. And he knows where he can get MPTP by the bin!"

And if he quickens up the procedure for his M3P, any bathtub chemist will be putting out a product that will physically burn patches into the basebrains of the people who take it. "Drug-induced Parkinson's Disease" it's called, and its victims are looking at the equivalent of life in a stalled elevator: total paralysis, drooling and twitching, with undiminished consciousness. But it's not true that M3P's a new drug: It was

first synthesized in 1947, but since people didn't start freezing up with permanent Parkinson's behind it until 1979, there's simply no law against it, mainly because of governmental negligence and incompetence.

I'll be running a depth piece on M3P and brain damage in this space next month. In the meantime, suffice to say that any bathtub chemists stupid enough to try cooking up M3P from MPTP will very probably (if God is merciful) freeze up totally with Parkinson's themselves, before they finish a single batch, from breathing free-floating neurotoxins in the ambient lab atmosphere.

Obviously there's a proper role for the police in trying to keep a lid on bathtub dope chemistry. The world is full of essentially ordinary individuals who believe they can make dope safely and profitably, just because they were enchanted by organic chemistry in high school or college. It used to be that every family had some tech-head brother-in-law in it who periodically would blow out the back of the garage trying to home-brew beer as a hobby, hoping to make a few dollars in his spare time. Thanks to the ever-onward rush of American technology, though, all these optimistic American tech-heads are nowadays into fooling with industrial chemicals: making perfumed soap, high-intensity candles, gasohol, Methe-drine, enriched compost, mescaline, batik dyes and methaqualone. They circulate "synthesis reports" for all these things among themselves, usually handwritten or typewritten recipes that get changed around a little, like chain letters and rumors, as they pass

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from person to person.

Most of these tech-heads probably should be arrested for plain reckless endangerment, simply for having the effrontery to fiddle at all with explosive and poisonous chemicals, at great hazard to their health and the health of their loved ones and neighbors. But the ones who try to make *dope*, to be taken by perfect strangers, really ought to be deterred by the full force and majesty of the law. I have no quarrel with that notion whatsoever, and I can understand the very special problems the police encounter in this regard. A crank lab going full tilt, even if there's only the single cranked-up chemist in it, is just about as hazardous to a cop as a warren

of holed-up Black Liberation Army gunsels. You really oughtn't just kick down the door and go in yelling and shooting, because even the friction-sparks from the kicked-in doorjamb might be sufficient to ignite the ether in the air, which will touch off the lithium aluminum hydride in the reaction vat, and the whole affair blows up higher than Haman—cops, chemist and a good deal of the neighborhood in a ball of flame.

And even if the cop does manage to "neutralize" the chemist without event, what then? God knows what handwritten procedures the guy is following. If he doesn't cool off the lithium in the reaction vat within five minutes, it may

start giving off great clouds of brain-damaging fumes; but if it cools off too fast, it may blow up the reaction vat and send everyone to kingdom come.

Therefore, procedures in most police departments urgently counsel the arresting officers to go into the lab very politely and delicately, with the bomb squad and fire department as backup; and to try and persuade the doped-up chemist, who is suddenly seeing a lot of potential money turning into a long stretch of hard-prison time—"Aw, fuck-in' *bummer*, man!"—to try and persuade that paranoid maniac to pretty-please disarm and detoxify that lethal environment all by himself. After a cop has been through all those changes two or three times, I can perfectly well understand how fervently he might yearn for a less dramatic way to police the bathtub-chemistry industry—try to nail the dirt-bags for conspiracy to make *dope*, maybe, before they set their damned labs in operation.

Fine. Why not? But the police do not try to do this with this magazine without getting their asses kicked hard. But they've done it, and so now I am going to commence to kick.

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It was a convicted crank chemist in Ohio, in 1978, who first independently exploited this wonderful new police technique. His name was Richard Hall, and he had just returned to Columbus

after a year at Uncle Sam's pleasure for speed making, during which he had conceived an outrageous and original idea. He would set up a bogus chemical-supply company, get in trouble with the Drug Enforcement Administration and get rich by giving the DEA a whole new, safe, foolproof way of policing the bathtub-chemistry industry.

First Richard Hall assembled commercial chemical catalogs from 50 registered industrial companies all around the country. How the industry works, see, is that there are just a few major "bulk suppliers" for the thousands of chemicals necessary to American industry and science. Some of these chemicals, such as lithium, acetic anhydride, ephedrine and so on, are integral to the manufacture of psychotropic drugs, and so (even though these chemicals may also have plenty of nondrug applications), these bulk suppliers are very tightly overseen by federal authorities in respect to these "drug" chemicals. So when the bulk suppliers furnish any of these drug chemicals to the several-score industrial chemical wholesalers in the United States, they're obliged to assemble considerable paperwork: signed forms from the buyer absolving the supplier of liability if the chemicals are misused by the end consumer, mainly. The distributors are also closely watched by the FDA and DEA, and have to obtain all sorts of paperwork forms from each of the hundreds of retail chemical-supply firms to which they ship any drug chemicals. And these retailers, if they want to stay in business, will keep strict and scrupulous track of where they ship these chemicals, because they have to be registered with the FDA, making them susceptible to surprise audits and inspections.

And after that, this immaculate, neatly structured system of overregulation fell entirely apart, quick. After that, in 1978, any dirt-bag could get his hands on dangerous-drug precursors—as Richard Hall of Columbus, dirt-bag nonpareil, showed the DEA that year.

After he'd assembled his 50 chemical catalogs, Hall was bewildered at the task of selecting, from the thousands and thousands of chemicals offered for sale in them, only those several hundred which are involved in dope manufacture. He wanted to publish a chemical catalog himself, you see, which would offer dope precursors and only dope precursors for sale. But how could he tell which ones to select? "I do not hold a chemistry degree," Hall complained to Cincinnati DEA agent Harry

Hensel, in a letter dated 10 March 1978 (10 months after he'd been released for good behavior). "And it has been about fifteen years since I took a chemistry course, which I flunked." So how was he to figure out, being nothing but a failed crank chemist, what the necessary precursors might be for mescaline, LSD-25, PCP, methaqualone, MDA and so on?

And Harry Hensel sent him the list. This cop sent a list of 600-some dope-making chemicals to an ex-convict speed chemist. In mitigation of Hensel's stupefying behavior here, it should be noted that the devious criminal Richard Hall used practiced ruse and deception on the poor honest agent. He claimed to be a perfectly legitimate and well-intentioned businessman, member of the Columbus Chamber of Commerce and all, concerned for his potential liability in case he shipped a case of "watched" chemicals to some criminal, who might make dope out of them and get caught. Would the DEA then come and bust poor Richard Hall? Why wouldn't the DEA just tell him what those chemicals were? "Do you wish to trap me by not telling me what is controlled and which chemicals are watched and then arrest me when I inadvertently transgress in some manner that I didn't realize at the time?" he queried Hensel. Hensel was a human being as well as a cop, so after a good deal of such treacherous duplicity, he furnished the DEA's list of drug-making chemicals to this ex-con in Columbus.

CHEMISTS—GET THE DEA'S
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This is how Buckeye's ad first appeared in *HIGH TIMES* in the December 1978 issue, and it was on the national stands 20 November. Before the ink was quite dry, of course, the DEA was banging nastily on the door of Hall's house in Columbus, in the persona of Cincinnati agents Jesse Back and Lionel Stewart. "All right, Dirt Bag, here's the warrant," the conversation undoubtedly began.

But Richard Hall turned out to be quite gracious and polite. He cordially invited them in and quickly satisfied them that there was no dope on the premises that day, not so much as a

microgram. And he probably sat them down right there, and introduced them to his attorney, and spun the whole scheme out for them. Hall would print up a catalog consisting of the DEA's 600-some "watched" chemicals, price-listed rather higher than these 50 legitimate catalogs (for the extra "security" he would guarantee his stung-in respondents). He would continue to advertise this "Buckeye Scientific" catalog in *HIGH TIMES* magazine, the doper's Bible, with all the ad's outrageously prurient wording, tailored to sting in would-be dope chemists. He would turn over the contents of his post-office box to the DEA at any time and log all incoming calls on tape for their delectation. Whenever any sucker placed an order for dope chemicals with Buckeye Scientific, Hall would order the chemicals from one of his 50 legitimate companies. The legit companies, all unknowing, would routinely file the order with the DEA, who would ignore it, and the chemicals would be shipped to Richard Hall. Hall would ship the chemicals to the Cincinnati DEA office where the agents could inspect it, photograph it, put tracking beepers inside it, whatever they wanted. Then it would come back to Hall, and he'd ship it out to the sucker at the yonder end, and the DEA could go bust the sucker any time they wanted.

This idea pleased agents Back and Stewart, and on 6 December 1978, Richard Hall was anointed as a hired confidential informant for the Drug Enforcement Administration. He did considerable work in this line over the succeeding year and a half. It's unknown if they ever made him wear a wire, but it's a matter of record—numerous records, in several federal jurisdictions—that customers responding to his *HIGH TIMES* ad were frequently invited to come to Columbus to personally pick up their shipments; they were put up at the Holiday Inn, taken to various notable restaurants and generally wine-d and dined by Richard Hall, while DEA agents tailed and photographed their every move.

They weren't all just dummies, either, though no certified genius is on record as having been busted by the feds after answering an ad for dope chemicals in a dope magazine. A few of the people whom Hall coaxed to Columbus—certain ex-members of the Oakland Hell's Angels, various petty mafiosi—had had extensive prior experience in the drugs underworld, at least according to their rap sheets. But most of them, by far, were just dummies. According to an

intimate henchman of Richard Hall's, Buckeye fitted up about 14 individuals every month for the DEA, at the peak of his snitch career: mainly chumps who would never have known where to begin looking for dope chemicals, and never would have thought of trying to obtain any in the first place, if they hadn't seen this pornographic ad for them in HIGH TIMES. Since few of these cases are on record as ever having been appealed, obviously most of them either never made it to trial, or resulted in acquittals or plea bargains: real bottom-of-the-barrel busts. It was only a way for the DEA to achieve, in the fiscal year 1980, a much huger number of "dangerous drugs" arrests than in fiscal 1979; the solons of the Washington appropriations committees, under the delusion that something positive was happening in the area of dangerous-drugs enforcement, were a little less stingy with the DEA appropriations for fiscal 1981. This is the way the game is played.

In fiscal year 1980, according to the current Drug Enforcement Administration budget request to Congress, the DEA busted 250 clandestine drug laboratories. In the following year, the year after they let Richard Hall get beaten to death in the street, the total of busted labs plummeted to merely 176. It would appear that a good deal less dope got made across the United States after this particular DEA enforcement operation went out of business.

It is not known exactly why they greased the chute for this particular snitch of theirs, though. They had an abundance of reasons to wish him ill, and so did a lot of other people, including me. In fact, I may have had a hand in it, without knowing.

There is not a milligram of criminality in my nature, which is the problem here. I'd seen that ad running in this magazine every month for over a year, and never supposed it was anything but a minor rip-off. I knew the guy was mentioning the names of chemicals that could not be sold without a proper license, and I knew he didn't have a proper license, because I'd called and asked him that, early on. He was really only advertising a catalog, then, and for \$10 the Buckeye Scientific chemical catalog wasn't a terrible burn, really. It was a mimeographed list of preposterously pornographic drug precursors—ergotamine tartrate, piperidine, phenyl-2-propanone—prefaced with a good, long, rappy and mellow-toned introduction from Hall himself, obviously

composed in the chummy glow of amphetamine intoxication. You could sincerely learn a thing or three from the Buckeye catalog, about organic chemistry and about psychopathology, so for \$10 it wasn't a terrible burn, I figured.

Then on 10 May 1980, my desk phone rang:

"Andromeda Laboratories is a sting!" hissed the lady, who had asked to speak to me specifically. "And Merrell Scientific is a sting! And Buckeye Scientific is a sting! They're all the DEA, and you-all are gettin' people arrested!" And she hung up quick, so no phone-tappers would have time to trace her call. This lady was paranoid.

Her paranoia jolted me into simple common sense. I reached for a current copy of the magazine. God, yes, what in the world is a *chemical company* doing with ads in HIGH TIMES, the doper's Bible? Most likely they're just ripping people off with catalogs of impossible chemicals, but it would be just so blessed easy to set up a lab-sting operation that way, it suddenly curdled my blood. And sure enough, there were no fewer than three chemical-supply ads in that month's classified section: Andromeda Laboratories and Merrell Scientific of Rochester, New York, and Buckeye Scientific of Columbus. I went straight to the publisher and said, "We have to kill these chemical ads. People are getting busted."

Now, HIGH TIMES at that period was officially "The Magazine of Feeling Good," dubbed so by our lovely young blond publisher, who had inherited the operation from her deceased husband, founding editor Thomas King Forcade. She wanted to be completely fair and wholesomely principled, our vivacious blond publisher told me. She certainly didn't want to engage in censorship. If I could bring her physical proof that any of these paid-up advertisers was deceptively cooperating with the police in any way, then she would kill these ads. Until then, she wanted to be completely fair and wholesomely principled. (One of those principles being, obviously, that any penny in ad revenues is a penny earned.)

So I called the Better Business Bureau in Rochester and got the name of a "vice-president," as he was listed there, of Andromeda Laboratories. Luckily, he was also listed in the Rochester directory, so I called him at home, nice and late one gloomy evening, and asked him some foul-tempered questions about his business, his relations with the federal police and what the hell his ad was doing in HIGH TIMES, the

**"Andromeda
Laboratories
is a sting!
And Merrell
Scientific is
a sting!
And Buckeye
is a sting!
They're all
the DEA and
you-all are
gettin' people
arrested!"**

Magazine of Feeling Good. Within three days, the HIGH TIMES ad department was advised that Andromeda Laboratories of Rochester was no longer interested in doing business with us. At this writing, three years later, there is no Andromeda Laboratories doing business in Rochester at all. Merrell Scientific is still there, though.

Merrell of Rochester, it turns out, is a perfectly legitimate chemical-supply company which for many years has run ads directed toward hobbyists in all sorts of mass-market magazines. And any time any hobbyist orders (for instance) orthotoluidine, anthranilic acid and lithium aluminum hydride all at once, Merrell dutifully reports it, as they are bound to by FDA regulations, to the DEA. What sort of hobbyists they supposed they'd be attracting through HIGH TIMES magazine I don't know; but since they weren't advising hobbyists, before they accepted their orders for certain chemicals, that said orders would be brought to the attention of the police, I didn't want Merrell in our Magazine of Feeling Good either.

"It works this way," I apprised our shapely young blond publisher, after talking to some lawyers and reading some old affidavits. "People see the Merrell ad in HIGH TIMES and order dope-making chemicals from Merrell. Merrell reports that to the DEA, and when the United Parcel truck brings the chemicals to the sucker's house, the cops are following it. They institute surveillance, wiretapping, the whole bit. When the guy finally gets busted for conspiracy to make dope—and they don't need any *dope* for that, just his voice on tape—Merrell gets cited in the DEA affidavit in federal court as furnishing the basis for the DEA's reasonable suspicion that the guy was plotting to make dope. You understand that now, right?"

She nodded. "Well, now that you understand it," I bullshat her, "you can be subpoenaed by defense lawyers in any case like that. The publisher of HIGH TIMES might wind up in court, explaining why we kept on running these chemical-supply ads, even after we were apprised of what happens to the people who answer them."

Knowing the woman's antipathy toward criminal-defense attorneys in general, I was not surprised when she directly ordered the cancellation of the ads for Merrell and Buckeye Scientific. She much prefers the attentions of real-estate and investment brokers who inhabit respectable Wall Street offices.

And that's when I started to personal-

ly hear from Richard Hall, right after she killed the Buckeye Scientific ad. The poor desperate dirt-bag called a half-dozen times in a single week, demanding to talk to the paranoid idiot who had canceled his ad. He most certainly was *not* the Drug Enforcement Administration, Hall would begin each rap. The DEA's a big spooky international regulatory agency that tortures people in Mexico and Pakistan, like the CIA does, while Richard Hall's just a cocky, struggling young businessman (he was 42) in Columbus, Ohio. It amounted to slander and defamation to accuse him of being DEA, and he had a hotshot lawyer ready to work up writs on me, the publisher, the ad manager. . . . Aw, but weren't we really all part of the ever-loving *drug culture*? Hall was a Summer of Love hippie just like me, for true, and now he's just trying to keep that old '60s head alive, just like I am. Put Buckeye out of business, and where are *righteous* dope chemists supposed to get the chemicals and know-how to put *good* dope on the market, and drive out all that rotten crank and bad acid and poison mescaline that makes people sick? The DEA would like nothing better than to put Buckeye out of business; is HIGH TIMES going to help them? Really, man, I just ought to come out to Columbus and look the operation over, it'd prove to me how paranoid I'm being. If I'd just let the ad run in the next issue, just one more issue on probation, sort of, Richard Hall could fly me out to Columbus and put me up at the Holiday Inn for three to five days, all expenses paid. Swimming pool, all the booze I could drink, and he knows some *frisky* ladies. Do I like crank? Do I like 'ludes? Hey, Richard Hall knew *everybody* in Columbus. . . .

You know you are talking to a snitch any time you're offered a criminal proposition, and you say "NO," clearly and finally and the guy just goes on offering it, again and again and again. I never said a syllable to Richard Hall except for the word "No," and so—although I must've said "No" a couple hundred times—those Buckeye Scientific recorder tapes can never be entered into evidence against me on any charge. The poor desperate dirt-bag was being hung out in the wind by the DEA that month, and he knew it; it might've saved his life to set up a HIGH TIMES editor for his cop babysitters, but since I'm incorruptible, I couldn't help Richard Hall.

It was phenyl-2-propanone that did Richard Hall in. P2P (or PPP) is the main precursor for methamphetamine,

and it has no other use under the sun except to make methamphetamine, so on 11 February 1980, it became a Schedule Two Controlled Substance in law, right up there beside cocaine. On that selfsame day, 11 February 1980, the last industrial drum of P2P in the whole United States was being carted in a United Parcel Service truck between Columbus, Ohio, and Albuquerque, New Mexico. It was as legal as Pepto-Bismol when it left Richard Hall's garage, but by the time it got to Albuquerque, that batch of P2P was the same thing in federal law as a batch of pure cocaine.

This considerably lightened the workload for the two Albuquerque DEA agents who followed that batch of P2P to the home of the 26-year-old man who had ordered it from Richard Hall. Previously, those federal agents would've had to wire the guy's place up, stake it out and sit there for weeks—maybe months, maybe forever—waiting for him to set up the glassware, probably off in some god-awful desert location, and cook up a little crank so they could finally bust him for it. Now that P2P was suddenly as illegal as cocaine—more illegal than *meth itself*, which Eli Lilly still peddles under the brand-name Desoxyn—they could just walk in and bust him for possession of P2P. And so they proceeded to do that stupid thing.

The defendant, penniless, wound up with federal public defender Raymond Twohig (now in private defense practice in Albuquerque). Twohig did what few public defenders will ever do: He fought the case from the bottom up, beginning with a demand that those DEA narcs prove how they knew there was P2P in that featureless bin that had been delivered to his man in a UPS truck. If they didn't plant the P2P there themselves, then how did they *know* it was in there?

The narcs told prosecutor Larry Gomez that they didn't want to honestly say on record how they knew this stuff had been P2P, because that would blow an ongoing informant operation they were running in Ohio. Gomez was undoubtedly furious, because if they didn't answer that question to the judge's satisfaction, he was going to lose the case for sure. He could only postpone the question for a few months, he warned them; if the DEA couldn't concoct some plausible "reasonable cause" pretexts to take care of it by the middle of May, then he was going to have to submit to Twohig's demand that their Ohio

/ continued on page 68

WEIGHING IN THE NEW YEAR



Here's hoping the new year finds your fortune improving and your pleasure increasing—by at least one-hundredth of a gram.



Mettler PC

+



DeltaRange

4400

19.84 g

The

FASTONES

For Battle Against Body Fatigue!

Fast Pickup when you're tired or drowsy, the Fast Ones are the most effective combinations of Body Stimulants available without a Prescription. Highest Quality true acting stimulants available in all popular sizes and strengths!

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20.00 a 1000

Thins \$18.50 a 1000

NO 100's

357 Mag. \$32.50 a 1000

& ONLY \$7.50 a 100

CAPS

\$35.00 a 1000

\$10.00 a 100

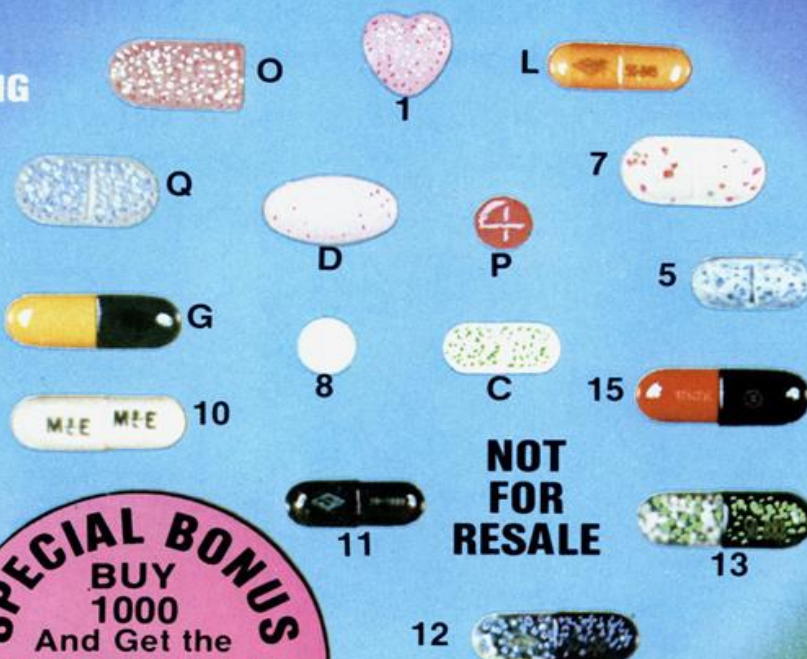
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NO 100's

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NOT FOR RESALE

FREE CATALOG

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Product Number				
Size 1000's				
100's				
Quantity				

Sub-total _____

Shipping: Add 10% _____

Total Payment _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone () _____

Or Charge — ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Acct. # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

MANY MORE PRODUCTS TO CHOOSE FROM. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

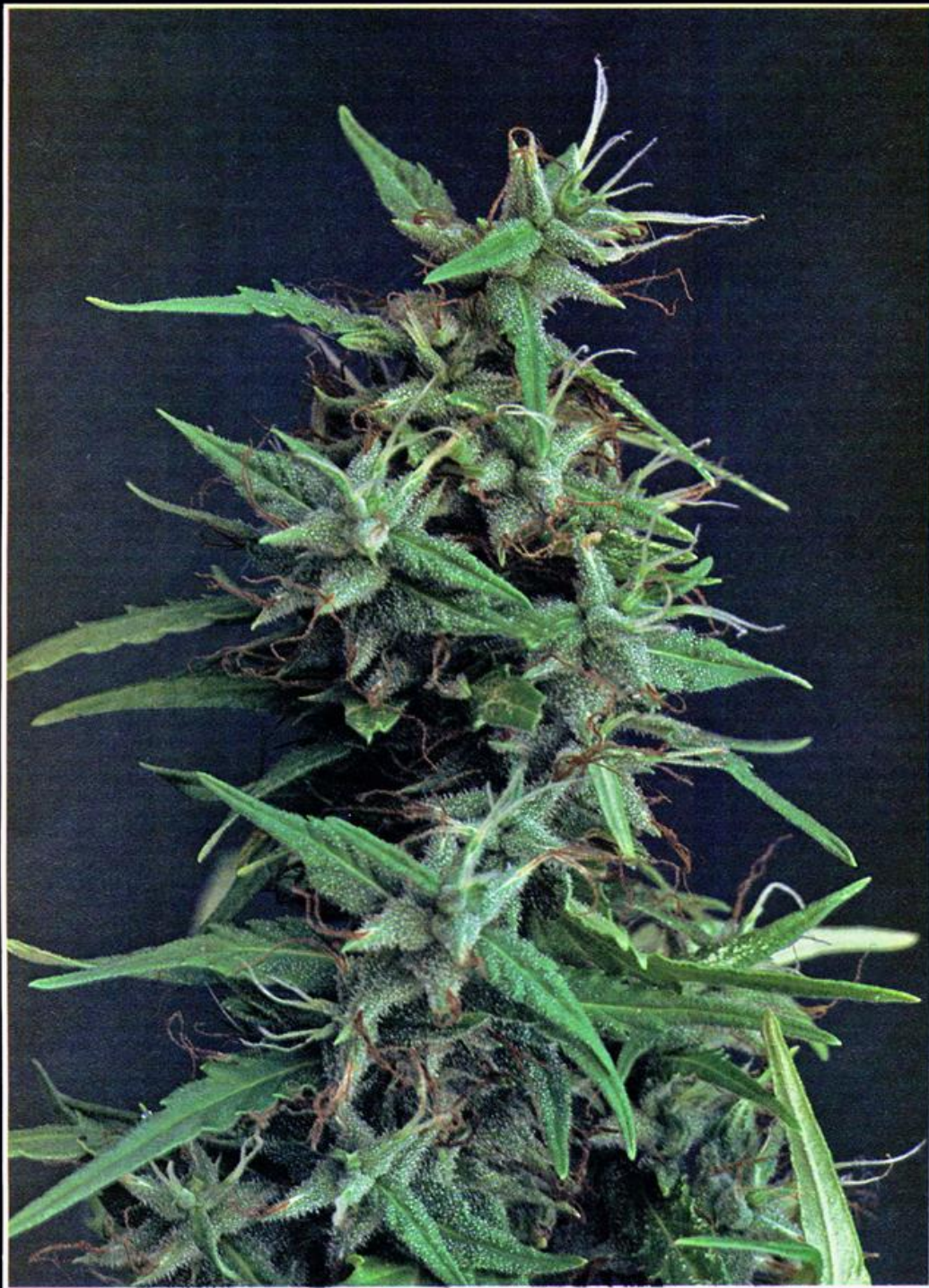
WARNING: Do not take if you suffer from heart disease, diabetes, thyroid disease or are presently taking any medication or a monoamine oxidase inhibitor. KEEP THIS AND ALL DRUGS OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN. Any attempts to offer

these products for sale as a controlled substance or prescription drug may be a crime. This may result in criminal prosecution. THIS OFFER VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW. Contains caffeine, P.P.A. or caffeine & ephedrine sulfate.

QUALITY INCENSE No waiting.
We are the source that's reliable!

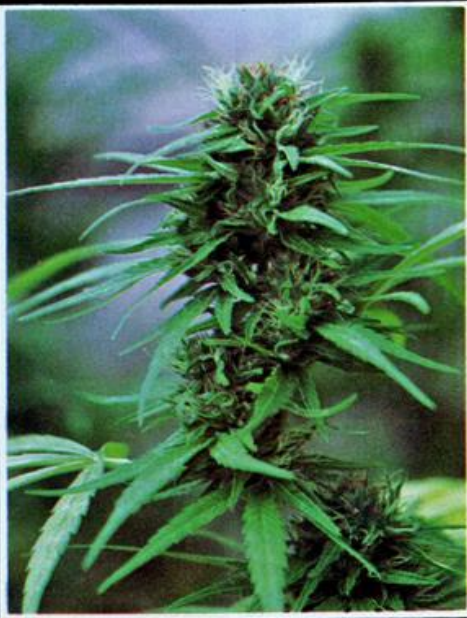
INTERNATIONAL POT-POURRI PART II

Spanning the globe to bring you the finest buds from around the world, HIGH TIMES international correspondent Laurence Cherniak continues to shock and amaze. Witness his latest batch of photographs.



Freshly clipped Burmese buds.

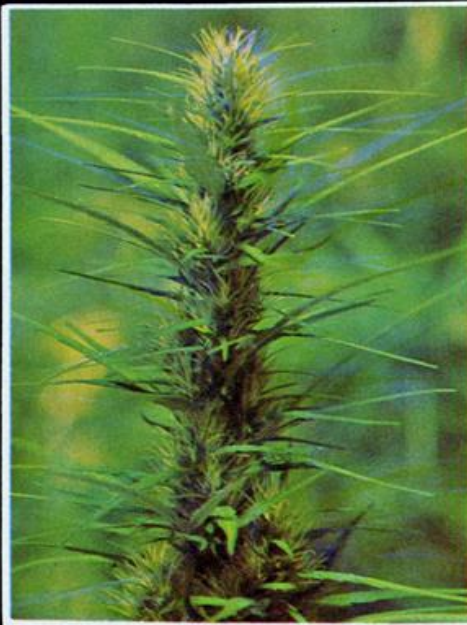
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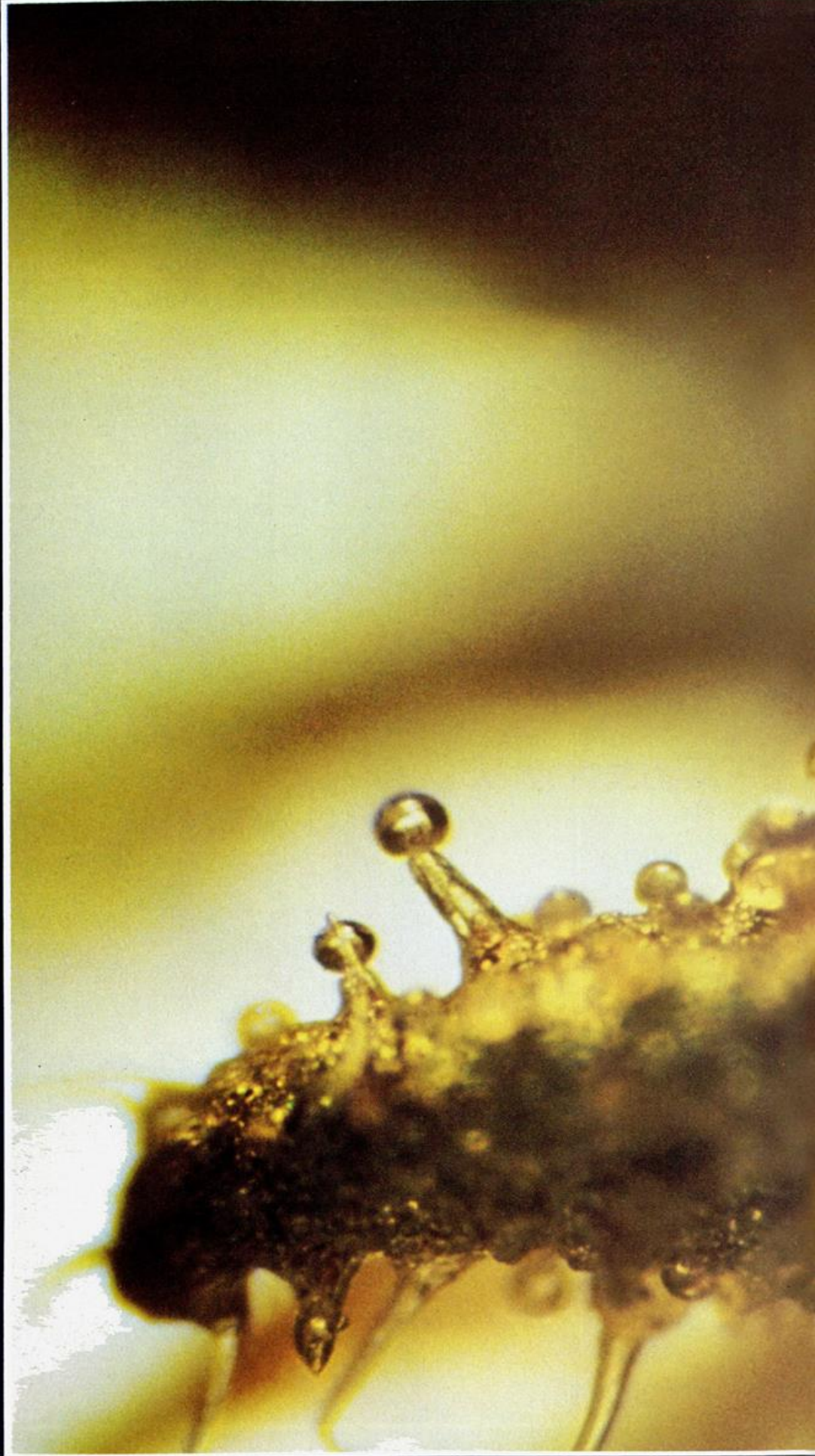
Plant growing in Golden Triangle region.



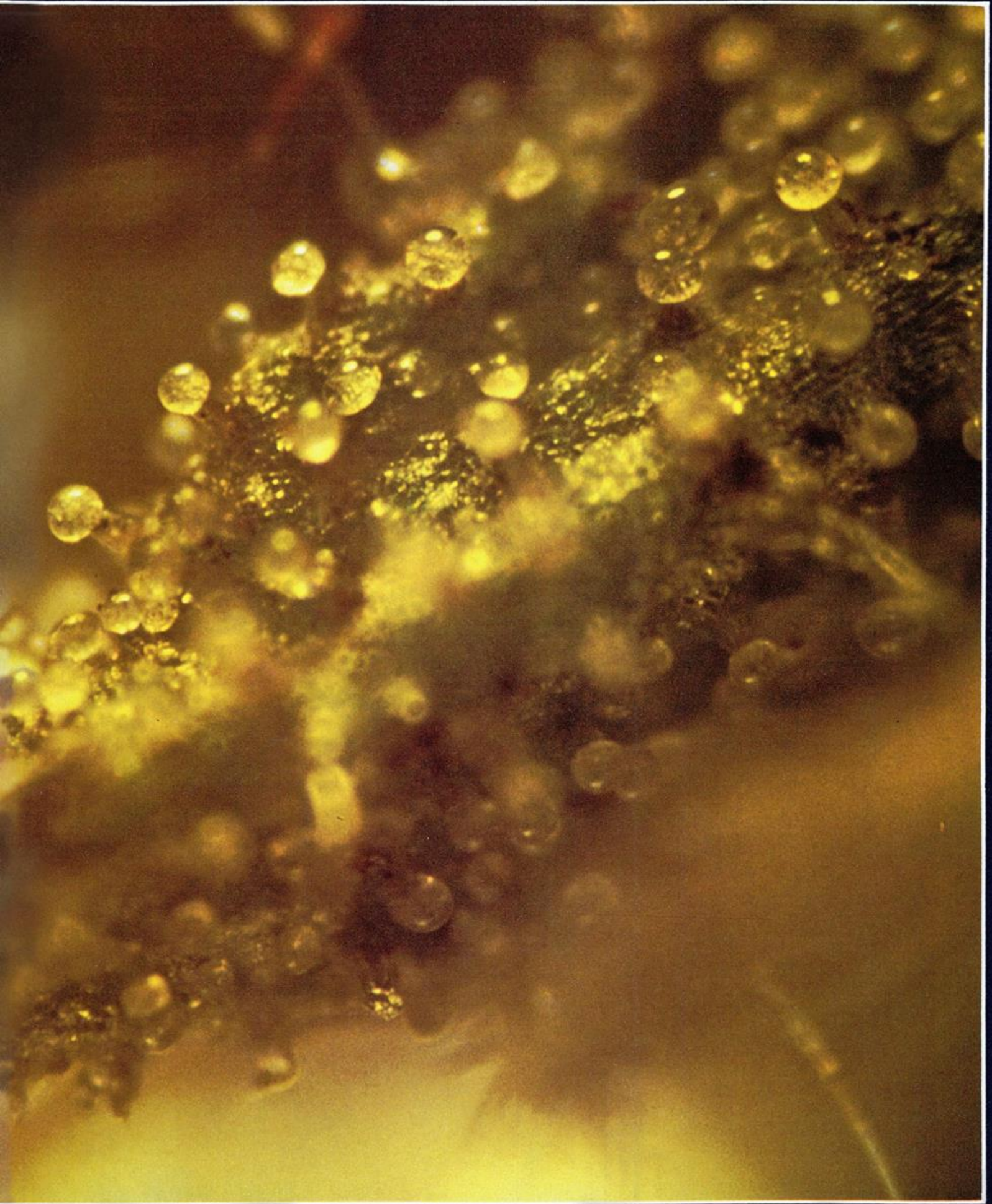
Male flowers clinging to Burmese plant.



Colombian plant from Santa Marta region.



A single unseeded flower pod magnified at 40x.



If you wish to order a copy of the *Great Books of Cannabis, Book II*, send \$19.95 plus \$2 shipping to: Cherniak Damele Publishing Co., P.O. Box 19077, Oakland, CA 94619.

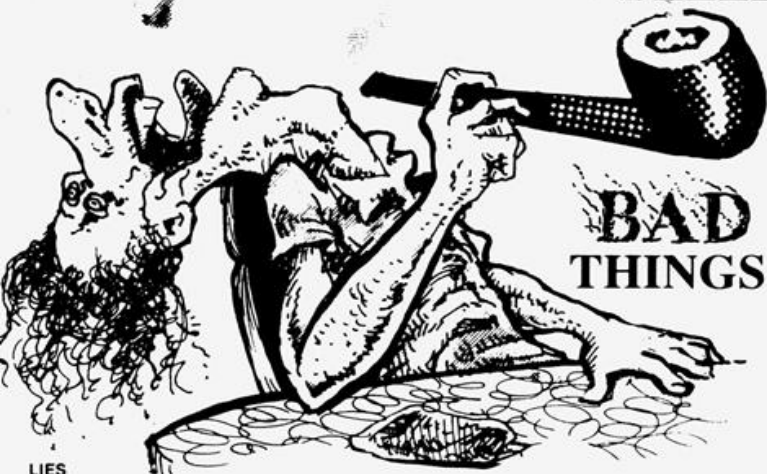
Lunatic Prophecies for the Coming Weird Times

THE BOOK OF THE

SubGenius®



This month the Subgenii expound on drugs. The ones they like, the ones they don't and the ones that make them go YEEEEHAW!



"The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgement. . . . For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean."

(ISAIAH 28:7,8)

"Doktors for 'Bob' aren't into the 'regular medicines,' so to speak. We use Ooob . . . and Sleeblong . . . This is the Mod Scene, Baby! You better hip out to it, or blow your mind trying not to! I can sick out on that . . . I mean, I couldn't grop a groove-go on any of these logo bands, but Doktors for 'Bob' really blew the glooschleenkon right out the top of my cerebellum!"

— St. Janor Hypercleats, backstage, 1969

THE OFFICIAL CHURCH POSITION ON DRUGS:

They don't show you a 'realer' world. They don't expand your mind. **THEY ONLY GET YOU HIGH.** If you think you experienced a mystical state on, say, LSD, you are wrong. You were merely "Drunk As A Lord."

A PARABLE:

Late one night, four travellers arrived at the Gate to the City. It was locked tight and there was no customs agent to open it for them.

One of the travellers, a drunk, said, "Let's bash the damn gate down."

Another, who happened to be a pot smoker, said, "No, let's just lay down by the wall and wait till morning."

The third, an acidhead, said, "Why don't we just float through the keyhole?"

While they were talking, the fourth, a 'Frop-head, had wandered around to the back door near the garbage dump and entered *without even paying.*

("Bob" actually *would* have floated through the keyhole.)

We are doing everything in our power to put a stop to the recent False SubGenius fad of "**Gut Blowout™ Parties.**" These reckless kids are risking their *souls* by taking those Green Joy Jackers and "Bowel Lifters" and "screamers" and "laughers" and "flopers" and "floaters" and other unsanctified street drugs. *This is false Slack.*

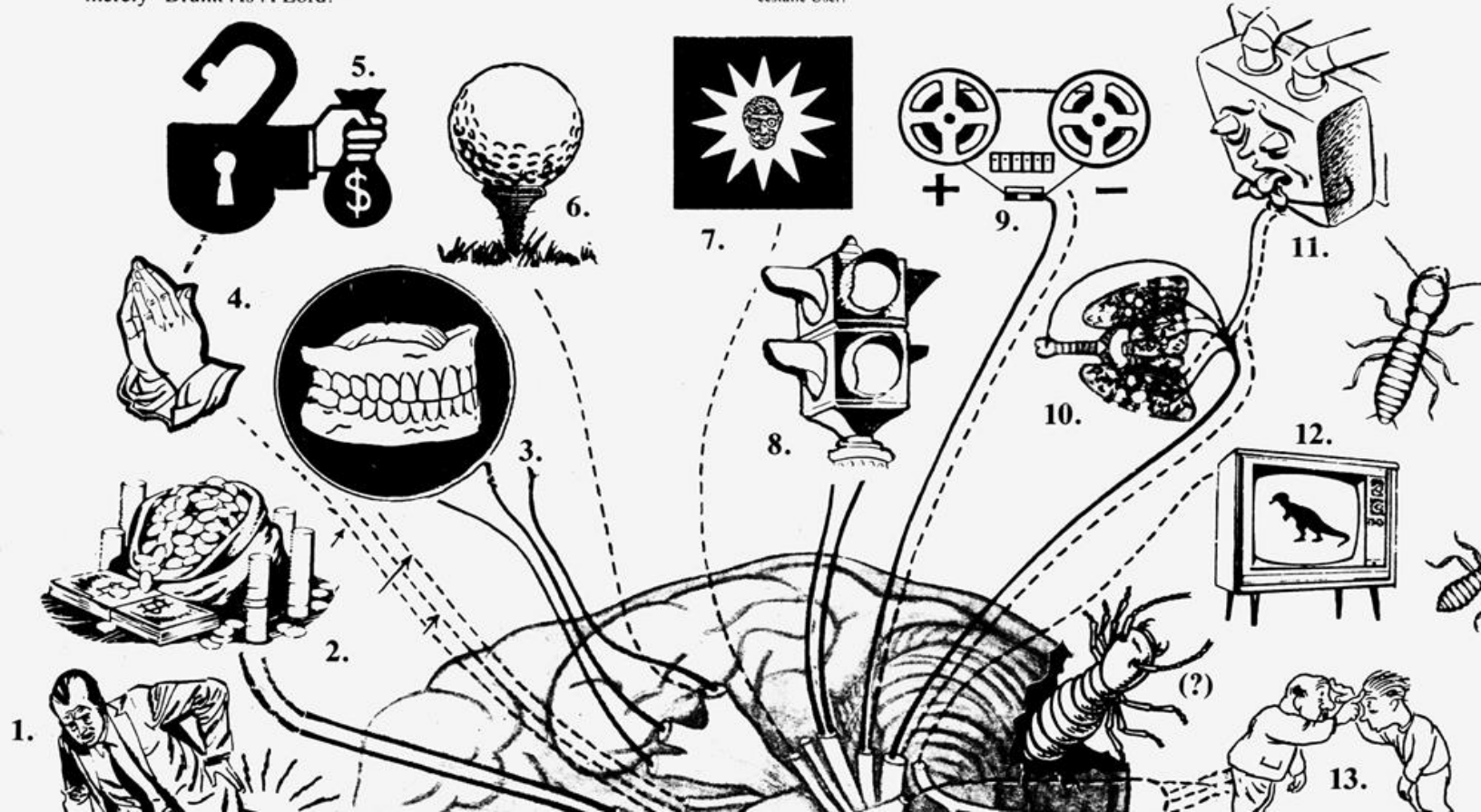
There is only one "mind-relinquishing substance" that you should even *consider* putting the gobble on, and that is the sacred Tibetan herb, "**Habafropzipulops**" (NOT a drug).

"Without taking Pills"

FOOL YOUR MIND!

*'Bob's Team'
Is Cheering
for a Cure*

BELOW: Sequential Effects of 'Frop on the Brain. (1:) User first undergoes slight bodily discomfort. (2:) Begins to think about money. (3:) Desynchronized dendrites cause teeth to clench in anxiety, followed by (4:) an urge to pray. (5:) 1st "rush" as Key to Slack is unlocked by User's money. (6:) Archetypal symbols of G'BroagFran flood subconscious so that (7:) User's Luck Plane triggers synchronicity overload. (8:) Brain's "Brakes" ('stop' and 'go' signals) shut down. (9:) Moral inputs in hyperthalamus form repeating loop pattern. (10:) Lungs darken, clot up, develop holes, temporarily causing brain's primal *Idege* to Disconnect. (12:) Brain, now finally tuned to receive Channel 12 of *The Skor*, causes (13:) Left/Right brain lobes to intermesh in battle. "The Other World" becomes visible to the ecstatic User.



Now, you don't *have* to partake of the 'Frop; you can *quit*, if you want to go *SANE*, if you want your so-called "senses" back. But . . . how can we know the Goodness of Heaven lest we have, for comparison, vomited into the porcelain bowls of Hell?

Although the Great Inebriant of Tibet provides only an *illusory* feeling of Time Control, yet such a glimpse fortifies the SubGenius and he follows the taste of that artificial Slack, drooling like a dog in Rut. He is a dauntless explorer of fake horizons . . . for of all the Sacraments, 'Frop *does not wear off*.

KILL TIME ITSELF— PAINLESSLY!



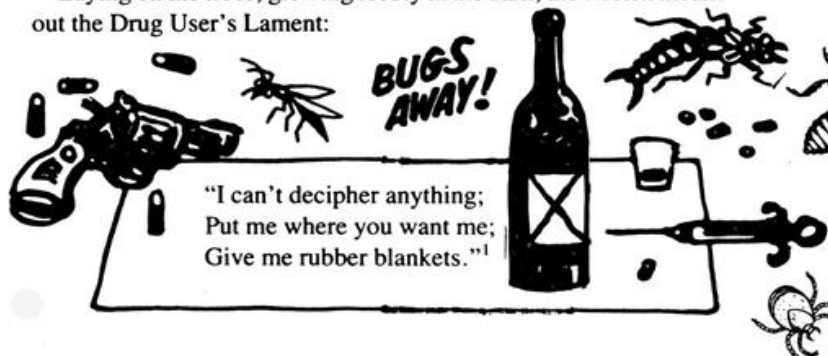
Users of *drugs*, on the other hand, are placing themselves in grave danger. They can never get as truly *fried* as they want to be. They have to take one on top of another. Sometimes they take so many that when they *forget* one or two, they are later *mad* at themselves for it.

To keep mentally levitating, they always need *more*. Sooner or later, they 'burn out' and become "too Slacked to react"; the brain tunnels through which they once excavated and blasted with drunken zeal begin to *cave in*.

The Abuser wakes up one day *impaired*. His muscles feel ravaged, his nerves nullified. There is a hollowness inside, but a *hot* hollowness, and discomfort mounts to panic as he realizes he's annihilated *one brain cell too many*. His teeth grind, his cells shrivel yet seem to scream for More where there is None. His skin exudes bitter greases from every pore as if he were getting a long-overdue oil change. Everything's clammy and numb to the touch. His Eternal Idge gasps and convulses with the amputation-nausea of Something Missing. The electric 'glue' of his brain becomes tacky and stiffens; the snotlike Shock Fluid in which it once cosily floated has drained away, and the dried husk of gray matter slams against the rough cranial walls with every movement of the head. The gyroscopes inside his ears' balance-tubes wobble crazily, and the world is No End Up; the floor lurches and shifts its steepness and changes its slant right under his feet. If he lays down he suffers the Slow Ovals, the bed seeming to spin very slowly end over end through space. He goes to the bathroom to expel the bad water but his urine smells burnt and leaks out in a weak, radioactive dribble. He looks in the mirror; his skin is Krishna blue in pallor and he worries that the quiet interior *shattering* noises he hears are the sounds of his blood crystallizing. His heart starts to dry-hump the back of his throat in hysteria, for he knows that to die on drugs is to doom his soul to eternal

earthbound wandering in a Purgatory where the liquor stores are all closed. If the Nental Ife is intoxicated when the body dies, it doesn't know it's dead and so never heads for Heaven.

Laying on the floor, glowing feebly in the dark, the wretch moans out the Drug User's Lament:



Eventually his cohorts show up and give him succor in the form of MORE, and the wheel starts rolling again.

Sadly, JHVH-1 saw to it that some people were "rigged." He programmed them with a genetic emptiness that can be filled only when the cells are slumbering in blankets of Medicine.

In a very few cases, if there is a cure, "The Curse Vomits Up A Gift." The Hell of Kicking can make a frail, sad Genius revert and devolve into a hearty SubGenius. It obliterates the brain cells he had *too many of* and he becomes a Seer. Not worth the suffering, but a Seer nonetheless.

The Conspiracy *encourages*, BLATANTLY, a useless, empty pattern of social drug abuse in its slaves. The anti-reality sleepdrugs like alcohol and "downs" are *legal*, pretty much, while the 'wake-up' drugs are only *available*. You can tell which ones They'd *rather* you take.

There are certain crucial things they don't tell you about their drugs. For instance, did you know that different drugs put your body on different vibrational levels?

The depressants (alcohol, tranquilizers, cough medicine, TV, etc.) make your molecular structure more *dense*, according to their severity. The stimulants (coffee, soda pop, sugar, speed, nicotine, etc.) cause less molecular density. The alcoholic is more 'solid' — he feels more invulnerable, and in fact *is*. The acidhead, however, is more 'gaseous' — there are vast spaces between his molecules; wotrons and neutrinos pass through him more easily . . . he may even *feel* them.

The reason The Con pushes alcohol so hard is that *it opens you to the forces of the Yacatisma*. You are more *visible* to these demonic beings when drunk. Now, the famed Luck of the Drunkard is no myth; winos are protected by **Alcohol Demons** as treasured Vessels — walking wine bottles, if you will. But the lowered vibrational signal of drunkenness is like an open invitation to NHGH's henchbeings and the plastered person is, as Lobsang Rampa put it, "tormented by entities who delight in catching humans in a stage where they cannot even think clearly. They find it most amusing."

So if you *must* drink, **ACHIEVE TRANCE DRUNKENNESS** so that you are *also* open to the protection of "Bob."

Perhaps the stewbums understand the sacrament of the wine the best. It is *outside* the church, in the *street*, that one truly feels The Touch. They're drinking the *real* blood of Jesus — or "Bob" or whoever — out of those green Thunderbird Bibles. "Bob" was not beaten up in vain; his blood became the Muscatel, the Mad Dog, the Night Train that those boys ride. It makes them feel so *good* . . . and that's what religion is *supposed* to do.

1. Coined at the *first Gut Blowout™* party by its host, Dr. X.

It is the Pink suburban "Respectable Alcoholic" who has no excuse, and verily, no *hope*. Well, perhaps there is *one* thing that can bring them from their closet of opiated, self-hating secrecy. Perhaps if they turned to "the 'Froplords."



"THE 'FROPLORDS" depicted in 8th Century frieze unearthed by "Dr." Palmer Vreedees during excavation of The Parmathion (ancient Greek Temple of Bacchus). Courtesy of the British Museum.

We most pious archpopes condone, violently, the most frequent possible indulgence, unto intoxication and beyond, of the revered and despised Grief-Easer of the Mountains, the Warrior Against Pain, the Healing Herb, **HABAFROPZIPULOPS**. Whether taken as smoke, liquid, food, or as "Bob's" *PILS*, it, above all other medicinal substances, "spells relief." From the hearty young stalks protruding from the Himalayan snow to the white 'Frop-dust that settles on the rim of "Bob's" Pipe, it is the closest thing to the untainted essence of ODIN on Earth. How else can we regard that which produces in the devoted user such superhuman clarity of insight, such sensory hyperanaesthesia, such total loss of judgement which *is* profound wisdom, such placid ecstasy and blessed repose, and which, in short, is the only shortcut to the Realization of the Dobbs State?

'Frop is not merely *safe*, but *beneficial* — nay, even *necessary* — to bodily health. We encourage our children to partake of it copiously, to their little hearts' abundant desires.

Our prodigious longing for it requires no justification; indeed, it is a fount of pride, a mark of the elect. Our genetic structures adhere

CATALYTIC BRAIN CELL LOSS IN SECONDS



more readily to its divine molecules than do Theirs; that is to their typical misfortune. They are best suited to "getting fucked up," as they so grossly put it, while we use it more nobly to become, let us say, twisted, bombed, ripped out of our gourds, utterly *whacked*, blistered, ruined, blown, blasted, obliterated, atomized, damaged, 86ed to the marrow of the *bone*, done in, gassed, smeared, blitzed, scuttled, over the edge, nuked, turned on, wiggled out, unglued, cut loose, desanitized, bent, plowed under, discorporated, flayed, trashed, hopped up, lobotomized, and otherwise placed into a state of superior spiritual awareness. We do not "blow our minds"; we *erase* them.

The Xists planted our beloved 'Frop on Earth near the close of the Age of Dinosaurs. "Bob" tells us it may well be JHVH-1's main instrument for evolution on this planet — having very possibly been the device which brought down the Great Reptiles, allowing us mammals to take their place as large destroyers; and yet also that which will, with "Bob's" guidance, likewise complete the usurpation as dominant species of the humans by the SubGenii Hordes.

Its detractors — mostly alcoholics and pot-heads — scream that it is a physically addictive Vampire Root from whose siren embrace no man can tug free. We shout Halleluia! — of course it is! And is the Lord Himself one bit less habit-forming? "Habitfropzipulops" teaches us, ultimately, that All is One, that Up is Down; it allows us to converse with trees and see prophetic (and accurate!) visions of the future in our shoes, our album covers, in the strange reflections on our toasters. An ascetic 'Frop Master in Tibet or Dobbstown can, with diligent consumption, finally lose all interest in everything, achieving the paranirvanic state closest to "Bob" himself: Accidental Erasure, that Plane on which the Luck Oceans are most effortlessly surf'd, by which the densely overgrown Path of Least Resistance is Trimmed for safe travel.

It virtually negates the curse of Memory, that stumbling-block to Perfection.

And it makes this state as easily attainable to a distracted, harried American as to a Tibetan lama or Mexican brujo.

It brings us closer to our inborn Yetihood; it invokes the spirits of our persecuted alien snowman ancestors. It dissolves that in our nature which is most tediously human.

It is what "Bob" smokes. The smoke from his Pipe drifting Heavenward is the great Signal which assures our Space Brothers that the Man "Bob" still lives and that Earth is still worth saving/des-roying.

YES!! 'Frop will bring about *The Change!!*

You cannot aspire to OverManhood without it. You cannot board the Escape Saucers without a high concentration of it in your bloodstream. Your mind will not be able to withstand the rigors of the Miracle of Crossover at the Xists' "hands" when comes the time to shed the last vestige of humanity.

With it, "Bob" gives his most insanely courageous warriors, the **Brotherhood of "Bob"**,² brief glimpses of the Beforelife — the Pleasure Dimension foretold by the prophet Janor — and it fortifies them in their acts of Terminal Mercy. It steels the nerves and frees the Wills of his Chosen Instruments of Death.

S.L.A.K. Squad Missionary **Poonflang Dammerung** spoke lovingly of it before his immortal Last Mission in a testimonial to his Lord "Bob's" ways. "Yes, "Bob" shares of His Own Pipe with us before each foray into the Belly of the Beast . . . it gives us the

2. Founded by the martyred St. Tribunal Overdrive, who made the fatal mistake of "KILLING "BOB"" *once too often*.

3. "Medicine Fish-Hole" so-named by a 3-year-old SubGenius on his first 'Frop Trip. ISN'T THAT CUTE???

knowledge of our True Will and how it is juxtaposed with his. We all grip each other by the shoulders and sidle together in a great circle as we chant together between the Holy Dosages. 'Kill. Kill for the love of Killing. Kill for the love of Kali. Kill. Kill for fun. Kill to stay Free. Like a Man. To Make America Great! Kill . . .' The dizzying 'Frop fumes combine with the endless rhythmical repetitions to create a living power vortex of unspeakable ecstasy."

While alcohol wantonly kills brain tissue, sloughing it off to be passed in the morning as the wasted, dead ravages of wine, 'Frop does not kill brain cells, NAY NAY!, but *mutates* them . . . causes them to multiply faster. Each succeeding generation is of course stronger than those before it.

Man made booze, "Bob" made 'Frop. WHO DO YOU TRUST?

'Frop enables one to "see" with the eyes closed . . . this is the Unblinking Stare of the Overlid. Through it, one may pass through the Gates of the 'FropLord into the 'Frop City of the soul; once the seeker has reached Bardo 18 of the 18th Hole of Hangar 18 of **ZomboFropLand** he may think the same thought over and over and over and yet never care, never feel boredom. "The 'Frop entered through the forehead and exited through the upper back of the neck. The Possessing Demon was exorcised instantly and the President, if not his brain, was saved." (From the investigation saga, 'DeathFrop at Dealy Plaza' by the Überbrow Commission.) . . . THIS IS 'FROP.

The United States government has tried many times to steal the formula for 'Frop from the Tibetan Sanctuary, but it is fruitless; the preparation of 'Frop is a spiritual thing; without the sacred element of the *gurupee*, the molecules cannot be broken down and the white glowing mixture will be useless. The ritual can be performed only by an advanced shaman skilled in the alchemical arts.

It is not a toy.

And for this reason, not all SubGenii choose to meddle in the **Medicine Fish Hole**³ of 'Frop . . . as difficult as that may be to believe. No, there are those who ingest only the *conceptualization* of the 'Frop but never its physical substance.

The windows of the eyes of such space-age Beatniks of Sobriety are scrubbed to a diamond clarity. Their cells know not the tidal surge of Need; they receive their "kicks" from the *pure intensity* of REALITY ITSELF! They become gassed on the very atmosphere they breathe, Blown by the merest wind, Loaded with the fuel of their fevered brows! Their Third and Fifth Eyes blink and squint into the garish light of Uncensored Actuality! They are 'nuked' by the fusion of their own atoms, they need no store-bought wings to fly, for they are lighter than the air in their Slack.

They stagger, lurch, and fall down with the intoxicant ecstasy of sheer Awakefulness! They run to the Throne of Elimination to discharge their INANE GLEE!

But, whether a 'FropHead or not, the True SubGenius forces the Body to stand upright, where it can see further . . . he shows authority over the drug-fiend which houses the brain. Our rightful Place has been usurped by our own bodies, and *we want to see THE MAN IN CHARGE!!*

It's "Bob." "Bob" is the *true* Mind Storm, the *godly* Lobe Explosion in your skull. WHO NEEDS DOPE? You *never come down* from the High of "Bob!"

"BOB IS THE DRUG.

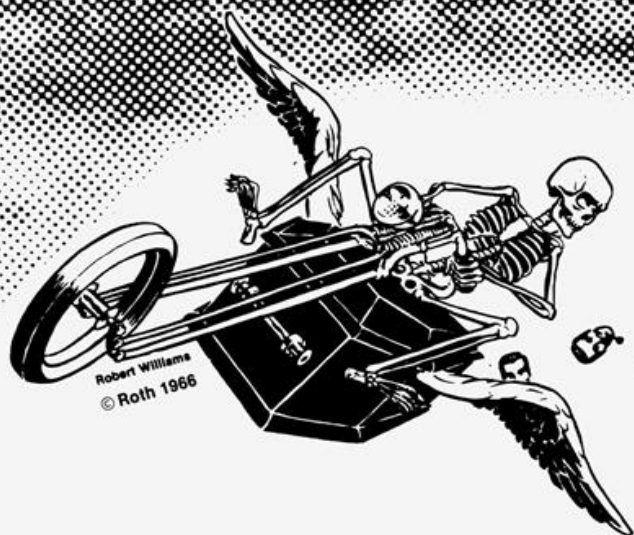
The Conspiracy is a *real* "drug" that "drugs" you, that makes you want to go to sleep or to kick ass for no reason. "Bob" is the drug that makes you kick ass where it *counts*. The drug of remembering WHO YOU ARE. The drug that WAKES you up. The drug that MAKES YOU SEE or LEAVES YOU BE!

If you can't afford the 'Frop, and the High of "Bob" is more than you can handle, yet you still need an unnatural 'lift,' there are two cost-free techniques that most Doktors recommend: SLEEP and ANTISLEEP. According to Dr. Philo Drummond, Ø.M.D., "Sleep is the ultimate *drug* . . . like all narcotics and hallucinogens rolled together into one great Winner's Blend of Nothingness." Antisleep creates similar effects, but you can get more *done*. 1) Work for 48 hours without sleeping. 2) *Still* don't go to bed. 3) Enjoy the hallucinations.

WHY SIT STILL FOR THIS...

YOU DON'T WANT A MINK COAT.
RAYON IS THE FABRIC OF
THE FUTURE.





...WHEN YOU
CAN HAVE THIS?

NOW
Do it yourself

A Beautiful Final Tribute

Delivered of drugs,
alcohol, and the occult

But if the headaches continue, and the Elder Gods keep punishing you for knowing of their presence, then by God no matter how "straight" you are, you *will* go down in the Medicine Fish Hole. And there you have the choice between The Con's killer dope, and *The PILS* of "Bob."

We can't tell you much about "Bob's" PILS. The fact is, you're floating in a *sea* of pills but you just can't *see* them. Any SubGenius who has attended a revival at The Naked Church of the SubGenius in Dallas can tell you that these pills are very, very special.

Yes, history has shown that all great kings live by the pills and die by the pills. The link between pills and death has become an integral part of our culture . . . and a major theme of the Church.

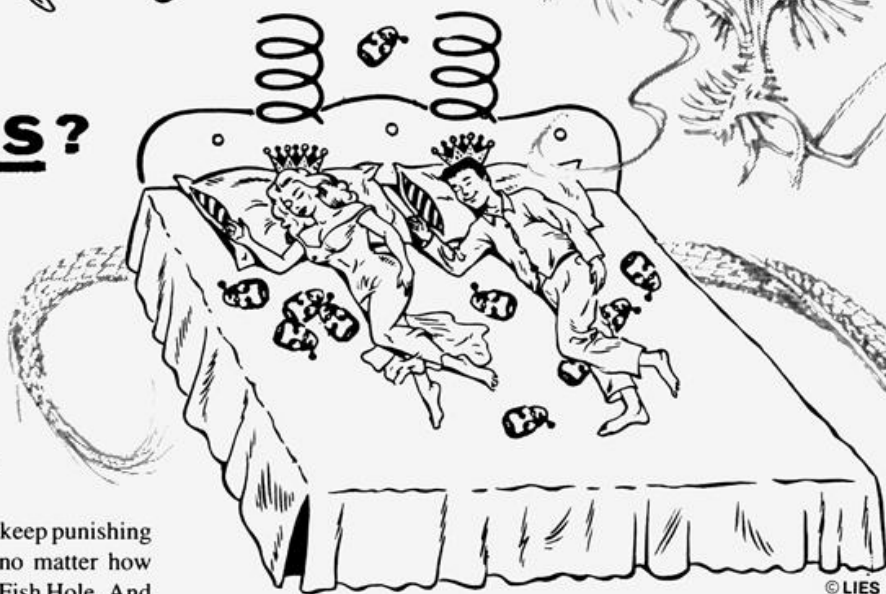
Faster than anything else, the pills lead to the highest of all highs, **THE HIGH OF DEATH** — the "Bulletproof Stage of Enlightenment."

!INSTANT SLACK FOREVER! —THE SUBGENIUS WAY

The Church does not molly-coddle the realness of Death. We fully recognize both its potential, and the pain and terror which naturally accompany it. For we know that, ultimately, it brings the Hope of **Slack Eternal**.

If you believe in Heaven, you'll go there. If you believe in Hell, you'll go *there* even if you believe in Heaven *too*. If you don't believe in either one, well . . . good luck.

The delicate renditions by famed zombie art master **ROBERT WILLIAMS** which are copyrighted "ROTH" come from the tome *Pinstripping by Roth*, available for \$5.95 from Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, 14245 San Feliciano Ave., La Mirada, CA 90638. Williams' mind-boggling paintings and drawings can also be **BEHELD** in *The Lowbrow Art of Robert Williams* (send a large self-addressed stamped envelope for catalog to Rip Off Press, Inc., P.O. Box 14158, San Francisco, CA 94114).



BETTER SEX IN SECONDS

The issues of Hell and Heaven are too detailed to approach in this Book. We can, however, deal with a very practical aspect of it all: what to do with the body, the burnt-out robot chassis.

Many SubGenii find the conventional Pink funeral even more disgusting than the prospect of being dissected, and *played with*, by some pervert medical student or apprentice mortician. Graveyards, no matter how dramatic looking they might be, are still nothing but holes with dead people in them and dirt on top of the dead people.

The Plains Indians used to leave bodies in trees, where they re-joined nature . . . a good idea, but The Con has made it illegal, even for Indians.

There is a simple solution: **GIVE EVERYTHING TO "BOB."** Besides a trust fund and the mention of him in your will, see that he gets your gold teeth, your interferon, your adrenal and pituitary glands. Arrange with friends to have your head "**launched**" ritualistically and wall-mounted as a trophy, grinning and with Pipe in mouth. The greatest honor for any SubGenius is to have his head mounted on "Bob's" rumpus room wall, or his skull made into one of Dobbs' ritual ashtrays. Let your eye socket be his doorbell. **GIVE OF YOURSELF** and you will be assured of special treatment on The Other Side. Thus, if your soul is confused upon leaving the body and becomes a wandering ghost, Church exorcists will see that it's given the right directions to Valhalla, Asgard, Purgatory or the Underworld, depending on your special merits. (All four are fun.) ☐

TURN YOUR BEDROOM INTO A GROWROOM

Yeah, it's possible—if you don't mind sleeping with the grow lights on, and the damp air doesn't give your mattress the jungle rot. And if your girlfriend complains, don't worry, Ed's got it all figured out.

Dear Ed,

Do plants started outdoors in the early spring have a higher mortality rate than those started later?

—K.C.

Raleigh, N.C.

Yes. Plants started in early spring are more vulnerable to the forces of nature than those started later in the season. Hungry insects and other pests are more likely to attack the greenery if there isn't much else to eat. The vagaries of spring weather also take their toll. Plants are drowned and washed away in heavy rain, and are often severely damaged by long periods of cold weather.

Dear Ed,

There was a lot of ragweed growing near my home. It looked good and had big, seeded colas, so I smoked some but it didn't get me high. Did I pick it too young?

—J.R.

Ames, Iowa

The cannabis that you picked was hemp, descended from the cultivated hemp planted throughout the United States during World War II to replace sisal hemp, which came from the Philippines and from Asian countries. After the war farmers dropped the crop, but the plant became a weed and continued to flourish. Unfortunately, the hemp varieties produces only CBD, the precursor to THC, which leaves the smoker with only a buzz or a headache. A process for converting CBD to THC was described in the book *Cannabis Alchemy*, published by Last Gasp Comix in San Francisco.

An interesting note: This variety of hemp would be an excellent candidate for a marijuana breeding program. It is



Garden of the Month: An extended greenhouse garden in Amsterdam behind an apartment house.

a hardy, acclimated plant and is well adapted to the local environment. The offspring's potency could be increased by crossing it with potent varieties. The results of a successful breeding program might be plants that have hemp's growth habits with the taste and potency of fine-grade marijuana.

Dear Ed,

I have been growing marijuana for five years. This year, for the first time, my two plots were raided by government teams. Fifteen years ago, when I took my first toke, I thought that marijuana would be legal in five years. Now, legalization looks further away than ever. Why doesn't the government wake up?

—R.Z.

Northern California

Fifteen years ago I thought it would be-

come legal by now, too. The government is using the drug laws to chip away at our Bill of Rights. The agents of this repression are the bureaucrats and "researchers" who would lose their jobs with legalization. About 4.7 percent of all arrests are marijuana-related, and an even higher percentage of the prisoners held in jail are there on pot charges. The whole legal system—cops, lawyers, prosecutors, judges and jailers—have a self-interest in keeping marijuana illegal. And then there are the special-interest groups. And pharmaceutical companies want to keep the natural stuff illegal so that they can sell the synthetic derivatives for high prices. And the liquor industry has also contributed its voice against legalization. But as long as we keep working for change, the repeal of prohibition is inevitable.

Dear Ed,

This year I grew my first crop. But it's mid September and the females have just started flowering. Here in Wisconsin it freezes in late October. What did I do wrong?

—Zaborah, the Mississippi Catfish
Wisc.

You probably planted seeds from a late-maturing variety such as Colombian or Thai. Seeds from kush, Afghani or Southern African varieties mature much earlier.

Dear Ed,

Is it true that hanging your plants upside down makes better smoke?

—Doug
Ivanhoe, Calif.

Early hobbyists believed that THC was produced in the roots and was transferred to the leaves and glands as sap.



Indoor, half-mature bud basking under a sodium vapor lamp.

Later researchers discovered that THC is produced in the cells adjacent to the glands which fill as the plant matures. Since the active ingredient remains where it was produced, hanging the plant will not affect its potency or quality.

Dear Ed,

I have two questions.

This year my Afghani-Durbans were almost ready by September 1. Then new flower clusters appeared. I waited another two weeks for them to mature, but more appeared. Finally, on September 19, I clipped them. My friend's Thai had even more late flowers. Should I have waited to pick them? Also, what is the best way to store herb?

—Paul

Address withheld

Once the older flowers matured, the THC started to deteriorate because of the heat and light in the plants' environment. Perhaps some small buds and the vegetative growth could be left on the plant—harvest only the buds. The plant may produce second growth.

Second question: As I mentioned, THC deteriorates in the presence of heat and light. As long as the glands remain unbroken they offer some protection from the elements. Rough handling of pot often breaks the glands.

To preserve pot and retain its freshness, dry it until it burns easily and evenly (do not wait until the pot is crisp

and cracks between your fingers). Then package the stash in Ziploc bags to hold one-week portions. It is possible to remove most of the air from the bags by sucking it out of the nearly sealed top before closing it. Some people fill the bag with an inert gas for added protection. Carbon dioxide, nitrogen and nitrous oxide are typical gases used to create an artificial atmosphere.

Place the bags in an opaque container and store in a cool, dry place. A refrigerated place is best.

Dear Ed,

I don't have much room in my apartment so I started some plants in the bedroom. The "long-on" periods for the lights surprisingly didn't disturb my sleep. But now the plants are eight feet tall and are taking over the room. I have to keep the fan going or the room gets too moist. My girlfriend refuses to sleep here because of the ballast buzz. (She likes hanging out in the room in the afternoon though.) My question is, if I bought a second light for my eight-by-ten-foot growing space, would the plants fill out more and grow faster? Or should I look for a different space to grow?

—James R.

Kansas City, Mo.

Another light would increase both the growth rate and the bud size of your plants. CO₂ would also increase the growth rate.



Calaveras County, Calif. plant. Bright sunny days helped this plant reach full ripeness.

No need to move. Sell the bed and replace it with a small, portable, deflatable air mattress. Remove the other furniture to the living room. Add two lights to your present setup, along with a CO₂ tank. Remove clothing from the bedroom closet and store it in cardboard boxes in your kitchenette. Set up a fluorescent-lit germinating area in the closet and give your girlfriend my phone number.

Dear Ed,

I have tried many times to grow my own herb but failed. The herb the seeds were taken from was very good, but still no success. My question is: Is there a certain amount of time to plant the seeds before they go bad? Am I waiting too long to plant them? I have been using seeds from six months to a year old.

—John

Waterbury, Conn.

Usually seeds kept at room temperature remain viable for several years. Seeds kept in a refrigerator (in the vegetable chiller) may last even longer. From the sound of your problem, either the seeds were destroyed in curing, or improper germinating techniques were used.

Imported marijuana, such as Colombian and African, is dried and cured by fermenting the buds in the sun and compressing them with rollers. Seeds are often destroyed in the process. Thais often have a low germination rate. Drying sinsemilla in a microwave oven will kill its few seeds.

To germinate, place seeds one-half inch below the soil surface and cover firmly, but not too tight. The soil should be kept warm and moist. Viable seeds will germinate within one month, but most of the time within the first 10 days. Older seeds sometimes take longer.

Ed welcomes questions, answers, photos and comments about marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Correspondents and photographers will receive a copy of The Marijuana Growers Guide, deluxe edition, if their question is used.

Don't forget about the recipe contest and bake-off. Send in recipes for using shake and leaf. Prizes to be announced.

Your garden, plant or bud can become the "Ask Ed" Garden, Plant or Bud of the Month and be featured in this magazine. Send entries to Ask Ed, c/o HIGH TIMES.

BLOCK

Writer's block, to be specific. It can give a man crazy ideas and make him do ugly things. Writer Martin Glisson knows. So does the little girl in the dentist's office.

It was 11:45 A.M. when the phone rang. Martin Glisson was hung over. He picked the phone up off the floor.

"Yeah?" he asked.

"Martin Glisson?"

"Yeah."

"This is 'The Rodent.'"

It was the editor of a New York-based magazine who liked to call himself "The Rodent."

"Listen, we don't have anything from you. It's six days before deadline."

"Okay, Rodent, I'll get something to you."

He did a short story a month for the magazine *Sexerox*.

"How you doing with the ladies, Martin?"

"I'm giving myself a break, I'm staying off them."

"Where do you get your material?"

"What does it matter as long as it reads all right?"

"You're right. We like your shit. For all we know, you might be a virgin. Anyhow, we need something in six days."

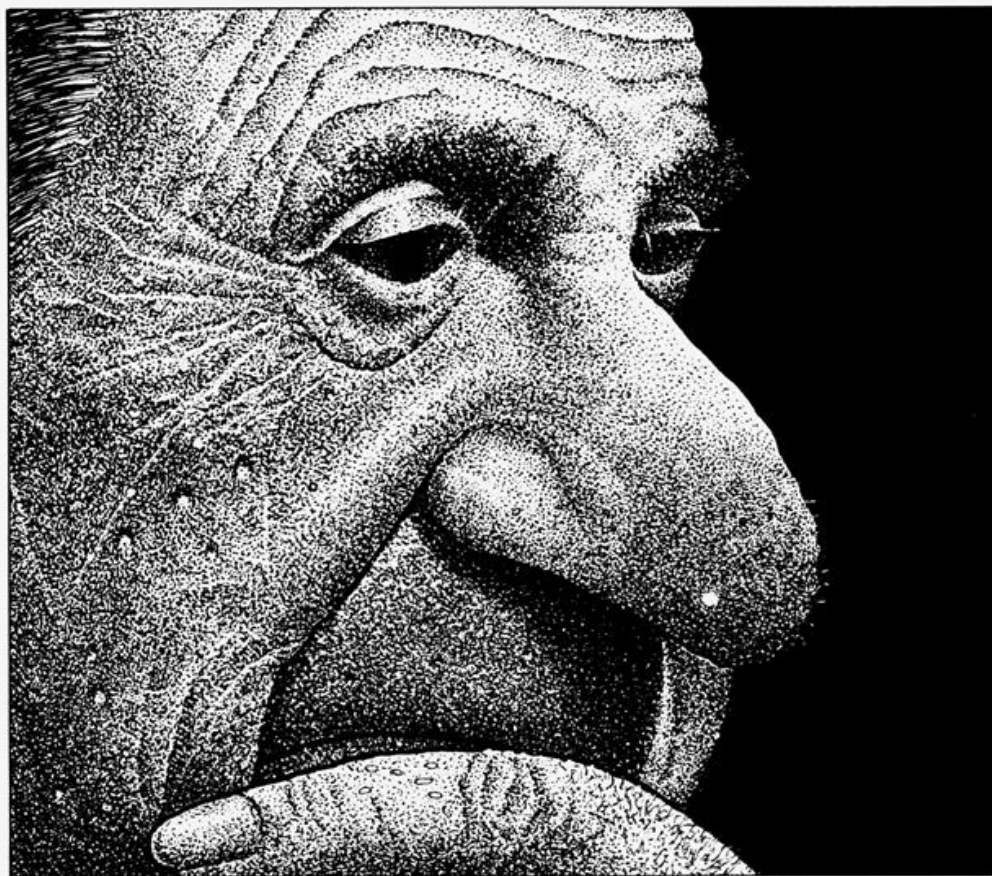
"All right, Rodent. Hang in."

"Sure, Martin."

Martin dropped the phone back in the cradle. He rolled back into the bed, belly down, his head looking east into the sun. The booze was sweating out of him. He'd written 27 books, been translated into seven or eight languages and he'd never had a writer's block and now he had a fucking writer's block.

He stared into the sun. He had only escaped the eight-hour job 13 years ago. Now all the *time* was his. Every second, every minute, every hour, every day. Every night. He was a writer. A writer. A writer. A professional writer. There were two million people in America who wanted to be writers. He was a writer.

Martin got out of bed and went to the bathroom, let the water run in the tub, then went over and sat on the toilet. He knew his problem: he couldn't get to the typewriter. It was in the other room.



Drew Friedman

All he had to do was walk in there and sit down at the typewriter and it would come. But he couldn't do that. He'd walk in there, look at the machine, but he wouldn't sit down. He couldn't. And he didn't know exactly why.

Well, at least he could excrete.

Martin wiped himself, looked down, flushed it away, thinking, there's a very thin line between writing and excreting...

He walked to the tub, mixed in some cold water, then climbed in...

Writing pushed you into airy spaces, made you strange, a misfit. No wonder Hemingway blew his brains out over the orange juice. No wonder Hart Crane jumped into the propeller, no wonder Chatterton took rat poison. The only ones who continued were the ones who kept writing the best-sellers, and they

weren't writing, they were already dead. And maybe he was dead too: he had his own house with a security system; he had an IBM electric typewriter, he had a Fiat and a BMW in his garage. But so far he had resisted the swimming pool, the Jacuzzi and the tennis court. Maybe he was only half dead?

The phone rang. He smiled: get in the tub and the phone will ring. The phone used to ring while he was fucking. It didn't anymore. He was a writer, he couldn't bother with fucking. He needed the time to write sex stories.

He got out of the tub, wet and dripping, made it to the bedroom, picked up the phone.

"Yes?"

"Martin Glisson?"

"Yes."

"This is Dr. Warner's office. This is to

remind you that you have a one o'clock appointment at this office."

"Holy shit!"

"What?"

"I mean, what for?"

"It's your semiannual appointment to get your teeth checked and cleaned."

"All right, thank you."

Martin didn't get back into the tub. He just walked to the bedroom, fell on the bed and rolled around on the sheets to dry off. He still had some originality.

Then he got dressed and was outside... He looked at the two cars, then chose the BMW. He felt the need for a little dignity.

At the office he notified the receptionist that he was there. The girl told him to please be seated, then slid the glass partition shut. He never liked it when they slid that glass partition shut, it was really an affront, locking one out like that. Or maybe they didn't want you to hear the screaming from the dentist's chair. No matter.

Martin walked over and sat down, picked up a magazine.

What he liked about *Sexerox* was that they published anything he sent them. He should really try to write something, just to keep that avenue open. Maybe he didn't have a writer's block. Maybe he just thought he had a writer's block. But the end result was the same.

He had forgotten his reading glasses. He couldn't read the magazines anyhow, even with his glasses. Still, he turned the pages. He wasn't interested in sports, world affairs, movies, the stage, royalty or even whether the world ended or not.

"Hi, mister!"

It was a little girl, about five, dressed in a little blue dress, white shoes. She was blond with a red ribbon in her hair. She had large beautiful brown eyes.

"Hi!" Martin answered, then looked down at his magazine again.

"You gonna get your teeth pulled?" the little girl asked.

Martin looked up again.

"Gee, I don't know. I hope not."

Martin looked at her. She was really a cute little thing. But she'd probably just grow up to be a ball-buster.

"You got a funny face," she said.

Martin smiled.

"You got a funny face too."

She laughed. It was a great little laugh, chilly and neat; reminded him of ice cubes in the bottom of a glass. No, that was lousy. The laugh was something else. What? Well...

That's it, that's one, thought Martin: *Man molests little girl in dentist's waiting room while her mother is getting a wisdom tooth extracted. And make it realistic and terrible, yet humorous. Man wants to but doesn't want to, yet in her way little girl leads him on. When mother walks out he has little girl's panties on his head and is sucking her earlobes.*

"Where's your mother?" Martin asked the little girl.

"She's getting a tooth pulled."

"Oh."

Martin looked back down at his magazine.

"Why don't you come over here and read to me?" the little girl asked.

Martin looked at her.

"I can't very well, I forgot to bring my reading glasses."

"Come on and try anyhow," she smiled.

What a strange little girl, he thought, brave, unafraid.

Martin walked over, took a chair next to hers. He slid his chair over until they were next to each other.

"Now, what do you want me to read?"

"Just read to me from that magazine you're holding."

Martin was barely able to see the print. He read to her. It was about security problems at the Olympic games. It was all very dull. He didn't give a damn about the Olympic games. But the little girl seemed quite interested in the

security problems at the Olympic games. He felt her arm against his, she leaned her face in close to his as if to hear better. He felt strands of her hair brushing his face. His voice faltered.

Now, he thought, the man in my story would reach out and grab her leg. Gently. That would be a beginning.

Just then the door of the dentist's inner office opened and a very large woman in blouse, slacks and sandals walked out.

"Come on, Vera, it's time to go home!"

Vera smiled at Martin.

"Thanks, mister!"

"Has she been bothering you, sir? She's a little pest, isn't she?"

"Oh, no," Martin said, "she was all right."

The little girl and her mother left and Martin laid the magazine on the coffee-table. Maybe he'd write tonight. He'd just walk in and sit at the machine, open the wine bottle, turn on the radio. It would come. The problem was that he was an admixture of self-doubt and extreme surety.

Then the dentist's inner office door opened and a dental assistant said, "Mr. Glisson, will you please step in here?"

He followed along behind the dental assistant.

"First door to the right," she said, then stood back as he walked in.

Martin placed himself in the chair like an old pro, stretched out. The girl looked at his chart.

"Well, I see we took X-rays last time, so we needn't this time unless you've been having some problems. Have you had any aches or twinges?"

"Not in my teeth," said Martin.

"Now, open up," the girl said.

She began probing with the pick.

"Hmmm, looks all right. There's some tar, but I don't see any direct signs of decay."

"Good."

"So, how've you been, Mr. Glisson?"

/ continued on page 87

SMALL IS BOUNTIFUL

As outdoor cultivation becomes increasingly risky, more and more people are bringing their plants inside. Through trial and error they've developed "closet growing" techniques that allow maximum yield with minimum space. Even if all you have is a bit of unused shelf space, you can harvest a 1984 crop.

Many people who would like to grow their own don't, because they don't have enough space. But there are novel techniques that enable people to grow grass anywhere. Even if you have only a closet, crawl space or just a shelf, you can grow your own marijuana.

The smallest area that can be used is a shelf 15"-24" high. First, the space should be prepared by painting it flat white or covering it with white plastic or the dull side of aluminum foil. This makes for the most efficient use of light. The easiest and best way to light the space is by using fluorescent tubes. For each foot of width use two or more fluorescent tubes (in all probability you won't have room for more than 4 tubes per foot). The more light in the growing area, the faster and heavier the plants will grow. Fluorescent tubes come in lengths of 2', 4', 6' and 8'. Get the longest ones that will fit on the shelf.

Growers who want an even brighter area can use VHO fluorescents; though they use 3 times the electricity they deliver 2½ times the light of an ordinary tube, so you don't have as many tubes cluttering up your space.

The tubes can be mounted directly onto the bottom of the top shelf to save space. The ballasts (for the VHO fluorescents), which convert the electricity to high voltage, can be mounted away from the shelves to save more space. All fluorescent ballasts have wiring diagrams on their covers.

Fluorescent tubes come in various spectrum combinations which are denoted by their names: daylight, warm white and cool white are a few of the

most popular spectrums. Do not use "grow tubes"—they produce much less light than other kinds. Vitalite tubes produce a broader spectrum of light than other brands.

Plants can be grown in 6-oz. cups or 8-oz. milk cartons placed in trays for easy handling. Plants can also be started in 1" trays and transplanted after they indicate sex. Acceptable mediums include soil, planting mix or a hydroponic medium such as vermiculite or a vermiculite-perlite mix. Both perlite and vermiculite are available at plant stores and nurseries.

Before filling the containers, punch a few holes on the sides at the bottom for drainage. To make the containers into automatic hydroponic units, place a length of ½" nylon cord or rope through one of the drainage holes, leaving a 3" tail hanging out. Tape the other end to the top of the cup and then fill the unit with medium. The nylon cord will act as a wick. Place the container over a tray filled with water so that the bottom of the cup is above the water line and the cord is hanging in the water.

Once the pots are watered, plant the seeds about ½" deep. Cover the containers loosely with a piece of plastic wrap so that the medium does not dry out, and raise the trays so that they are 3"-4" from the light. Once the seeds germinate, remove the plastic but continue to keep the medium moist. As the plants grow, lower the trays so that the tops of the plants remain about 3" from the lights.

Hydroponic mediums with wicks stay moist automatically. The wick draws



Styrofoam converted into small hydro-container. Wick should actually be several inches long at the bottom.

water from the tray. Soil mediums or hydroponic mediums without wicks need to be watered whenever the medium begins to feel a little dry. This is crucial in small containers because there is not much margin of water reserves. Germinating seeds and sprouts dry out and die quickly when there is no moisture.

Keep the light on for 18-24 hours a day until the plants grow a few inches shy of two-thirds of the way towards the lights. Then change the hours to 12 hours of light a day and 12 hours of uninterrupted darkness so that the plants will be triggered into flowering. They will continue to grow taller for a while after the lights are turned down. Within a week or two the plants will indicate sex. Remove the males; this will give the females more room to grow. Some

of the females will grow close to the light. Gently bend the branches away from contact by using pipe cleaners or wire "twist-ems." Thin wooden stakes may also be helpful. Within 6-8 weeks the plants should be ready to harvest.

With a shelf 3' or higher, possibilities begin to open up. Plants can be grown in larger containers, such as 4" pots, half-gallon containers (cut down so that they hold only a quart of medium) or large plastic or paper cups.

The plants can be grown as described previously, but other cultivation techniques can also be used. For instance, after growing the plants so that they nearly reach the light, the containers can be moved to a horizontal position so that the main stem runs parallel to the light tubes. The plants' new growth will immediately be upward toward the light. One person had an attic space only 4' tall. She let the plants grow until they were about 3' and then turned them on their side. This required more floor space, so she had to open up a second bank of lights, but at maturity the plants were 3½' long by 2½' wide. This technique is easier to master using the hydroponic wick method, since watering from the top is unfeasible when the plants are lying horizontally.

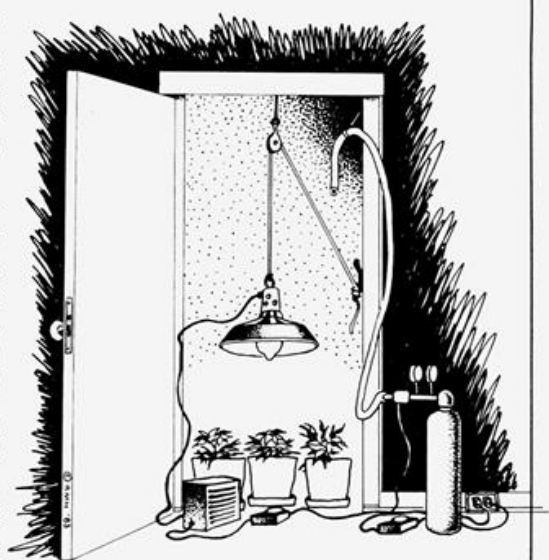
Some growers have wall space but without much depth. This space can be converted to a growing area very easily.

Make sure the space is painted white or covered with plastic or aluminum

foil so that all the light is reflected back to the plant. Next, if necessary, make a curtain so that the space is separated from the surrounding environment; this will keep light in and offers protection from nosy guests.

Hang fluorescent lights from the ceiling and use 1-2 gallon containers to grow your plants in. When the plants reach a height of about 4', drop the light cycle down to about 12 hours so they begin to flower. Additional light can be supplied by placing a fluorescent unit on either end or side of the garden. Growers with almost nothing but wall space can still grow plants by espaliering them. First, attach wire or plastic netting to the walls so that there is at least 1" space between the wire and the wall (some people build a frame out of 2×4s). As the plant grows, train it to the wire with twist-ems. The fluorescents should form a bank facing the plants, insuring that light passing through the foliage is reflected back from the walls. The entire garden is less than 1' wide.

Some people can only spare a small closet, which usually comes in one of two shapes: square or rectangular. In any closet up to 6' long, the simplest way to grow is to paint the inside of the closet white and then hang a metal halide light from the ceiling. Closets with dimensions of 5'×5' or less need only a 400-watt metal halide, although they can accommodate 1000-watt lamps. Larger areas need at least two 400-watt halides.



Small plant room in a converted closet. Metal halide unit and CO₂ tank are placed outside to conserve growing space.

The main problem with closets is that there is usually little air circulation, so that once the CO₂ that plants need for photosynthesis is used up, growth stops. A fan blowing air out of or into the area will help. A CO₂ tank unit (described in the February 1983 issue of *HIGH TIMES*) can provide all the gas that's needed.

Thin, rectangular closets are served better by a fluorescent unit hung from the ceiling. Additional tubes can be used to supplement the top lights. It is often convenient to mount them on either end of the hanging fixture if the room is long enough, so that they don't use potential growing space. (A closet 2'×7' might be illuminated by two 6'-long VHO or four regular fluorescent tubes hung from the ceiling.) When the plants reach a height of 3', more tubes can be placed at either end of the garden to supplement the light. There are other sources of light that growers should also consider. Patio and outdoor furniture shops, and discount stores, sell small-wattage mercury vapor and low-pressure sodium vapor lamps. These lamps are as efficient as fluorescents and are often more convenient to use since banks of tubes are not required. And remember, areas with odd shapes are illuminated better by several sources of light rather than one central source. □



Plants placed horizontally to conserve space. Fluorescent unit is hung from a low shelf.

DEA STING

/ continued from page 48

snitch be subpoenaed to Albuquerque.

The agents somehow neglected to dream up any salable perjury by deadline, and so on 19 May 1980—very shortly after he had failed to entice me to go see the sights of Columbus—Richard Hall was summoned to appear in the federal district court in Albuquerque. There he was intensely interrogated on the stand by Ray Twohig, who had his basic question answered just moments into the examination, when U.S. Attorney Gomez told the judge the DEA wanted to accord the witness "informant's privilege." Informant's privilege is only given to long-term, productive, paid informants who are working for the cops on other cases; the privilege relieves them of having to answer various intimate questions, but in this case, the mere request for it answered a lot of questions all by itself. Richard Hall was identified by the DEA as their confidential informant, and his chemical-supply company, with its ad in HIGH TIMES, was a sting operation.

Unfortunately for Twohig's client, the word of this sleazy snitch dirt-bag—that he was a paid DEA snitch, and he had shipped this P2P to Twohig's man—was sufficient for the judge to decide that the DEA had had probable cause to suspect there was P2P in that shipment. Twohig appealed the conviction, on "government misconduct" and several other grounds, all the way up to the Supreme Court. Their Worships declined to pass on it one way or the other, and at this writing, over three years later, this poor guy—who had no priors!—is still in federal prison for possession of P2P and conspiracy to cook up crank.

Richard Hall, on the other hand, is dead forever. Now, about the same time Ray Twohig finished his cross-examination of Hall that day in May, an investigator from the Federal Public Defender's Office in Albuquerque was speaking to me over the phone (under an assumed name), asking me if I knew that Buckeye Scientific, advertising in our pages, was a DEA sting outfit. We'd just that month become convinced it was a sting outfit, I responded (believing myself to be talking to a lawyer in Ohio), but we didn't have any proof yet.

Well, Ray Twohig in Albuquerque had proof aplenty, and he began bombing us with calls and correspondence. What he was fishing for, I'm convinced to this day, was proof that HIGH TIMES

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had known about this sting setup *before* his guy was busted, so that he could subpoena the publisher to Albuquerque, make a lot of headlines and maybe even get his man cut loose. Fancy that. A paranoid fantasy I'd conjured up to terrorize my publisher turned out to be entirely plausible. Sadly for Twohig, though, it only took a few conversations—with news editor Bob LaBrasca, with me, and with the beautiful 20-year-old waiflet who ran the classified-ad section—to realize that we were all just a bunch of noncriminal twits who wouldn't *have* to be bribed by the police to run ads for fishy chemicals.

The waiflet who ran the classifieds, up to this point, had been frankly convinced I was just a pushy editor trying to muscle onto her turf by killing advertisements I didn't like. Twohig's revelations shocked her and she shot off a letter to Buckeye, demanding to know the truth: Were they a DEA sting outfit, or what?

"I got a subpoena from the *defense*," the weasly snitch bastard emphasized by return post. He probably hadn't even *had* to go to Albuquerque at all, he bullshat her, "but I felt I could possibly help the defendant and went anyway." Hall saw it all as a splendid reason for readmitting Buckeye into the classifieds page, and a prima facie refutation of Dean Latimer's paranoid accusations. He couldn't understand it: "I feel I have gone to extraordinary lengths to help amateur chemists, and now somebody accuses me of something." Even to a 20-year-old waiflet, that last one stank to high heaven.

Shortly after that our photogenic young blond publisher retired to a more fashionable (and safer) career on New York City cable telly, and was superannuated by publisher Andy Kowl. On 22 July 1980, Kowl received a letter from Richard Hall's erstwhile attorney, David Douglas, who had offices then at 88 E. Broad Street, Suite 975, Columbus, Ohio. "We have had a considerable amount of difficulty over the trial in Albuquerque, and I would like to set what happened straight," said this member of the Ohio bar and officer of the court to the brand-new publisher of HIGH TIMES. He spun out a complicated scenario for the P2P shipment to Albuquerque, and wound it all up thusly: "I have represented Buckeye Scientific since its birth as a new type of company. I am very proud of its achievements. In an era where rip-off chemical companies are a dime a dozen, Buckeye stands alone in both reliability and

/ continued on page 93

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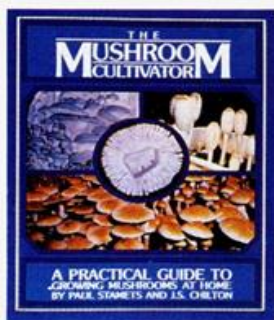
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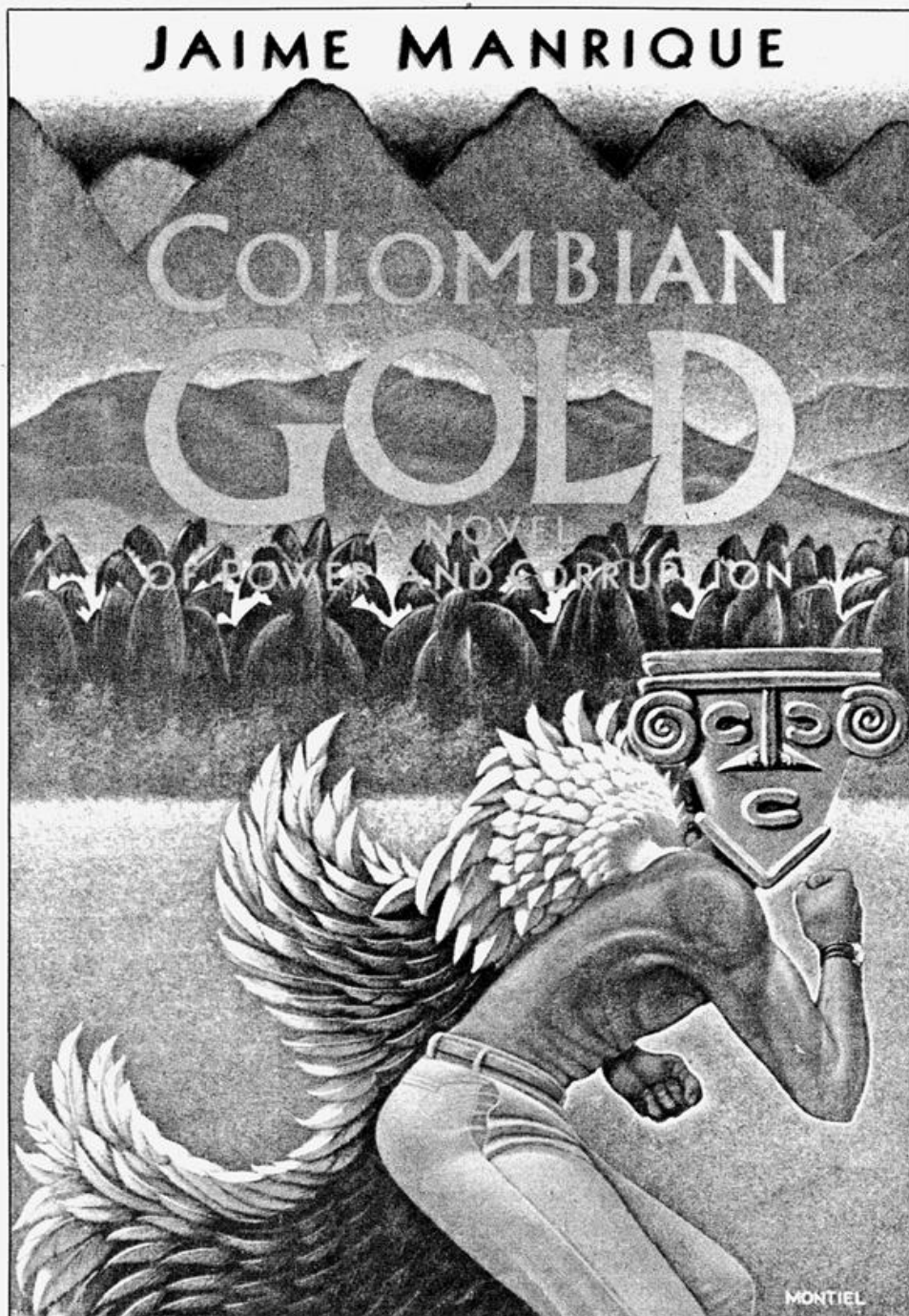
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COLOMBIAN GOLD

A sprawling drug empire
and unimagined political power were the birthright of
Santiago Villalba—whether he wanted it or not.

by Jaime Manrique



Like any other industry—only maybe more so—the South American fume trade is subject to drastic change as one generation fades away and another arises. “Santiago Villalba” here—an autobiographical projection of author Jaime Manrique—found himself around 1979 the not-so-proud inheritor of a transhemispheric maraca-

chafa cartel, after he’d smothered his hacendado father on his deathbed, and it was too late to resurrect el cadáver de papa. Educated at European and North American universities, Villalba discovers his inheritance to be a bit disquieting, to say the least. If this little slice of Colombian Gold inspires you with a taste to go

read the whole book, do not suppress the urge. Manrique's first novel is a literary chef d'oeuvre, besides being a historically precise account of a critical period in the evolution of the Colombian weed trade.

—Ed.

Antonio Fernández had been Alvaro Villalba's partner and lawyer, and in recent years had taken over the administration of Villalba's interests. Now, Fernández informed Santiago that the inheritance papers were being filed, that he would be receiving a letter outlining his holdings and that a bank account in Bogotá was available to him in the interim. Although aware that his decision would upset his father-in-law, Santiago quit his post in Tampa and moved with his wife into the duplex penthouse in Bogotá that had belonged to his father.

Surrounded by hanging gardens, this building bordered the Plaza de Toros and offered astonishing views of the savannah and mountains. Beatrice fell in love with the apartment; in an effort to exorcise his father's presence, Santiago encouraged her to redecorate it.

The Bogotá of his childhood had changed. The old city had been colonial, cold and gray, rooted in the European cultures that had founded it. The old ways still remained, but they now existed alongside the symbols of American modernization. Burros, cows and horses roamed freely over manicured avenues; cardboard hovels clustered by skyscrapers.

Though he did not yet know the terms of his inheritance, Santiago suspected it would be so large he would never again have to worry about money. After a few months of loafing he was thoroughly bored. Santiago, who had spent so much time abroad, felt like an exile in his native land.

Beatrice, on the other hand, improved remarkably, and made no more suicide attempts. When she began to talk about having a child, the couple decided to return to New York, where medical care was better. Santiago remembered a spacious apartment in the Olympic Towers that his father had bought as an investment a few years before and arranged for them to stay there.

For months they lived in idle luxury. Beatrice went to consult the best specialists; the doctors suggested that since she and Santiago had not had sex for some time, Beatrice be artificially inseminated. Santiago was relieved and happy to leave his sperm in a glass vial. As Beatrice had become more and more like an adored child to him his desire for her had waned.

At a Christmas party given by Venezuelan friends, Santiago noticed a man eyeing him intently. He would stare and then blink half a dozen times or so. Observing him for a few minutes it became apparent that this was a nervous tic. His hands were in constant motion as he spoke. When the man moved among the guests, Santiago noticed he dragged his left leg stiffly behind him. Late in the evening, when the crowd began to thin out, the stranger approached him.

"Santiago, don't you know who I am? You're as out of it as ever! Mario Simán."

Almost 20 years had gone by since Santiago had seen his childhood friend. He smiled and hugged him warmly.

Mario's father had become the president of Colombia and Mario was now an international pre-Columbian art collector. He took Santiago to the galleries and auctions. Several weeks later, when Mario announced his imminent return to Colombia, he presented Santiago with two magnificent pre-Columbian gold *tunjos* as a token of their rekindled friendship.

Santiago promised Mario a visit, but it wasn't until he received several urgent calls from Antonio Fernández that he made plans to go. He was extremely apprehensive about this trip; he knew his father's corpse waited there for him somewhere. Fernández had indicated that business problems were pressing. Resolving once and for all to end his financial ties to Fernández, Santiago agreed to a meeting in Bogotá. He left Beatrice in New York under her doctor's care and booked a flight for the first Sunday in February.

As the plane began its descent into the El Dorado airport, Santiago wondered how the Spanish conquistadores could have negotiated the steep, narrow Andes path. From above, the mountains looked impossibly treacherous.

He got through customs quickly and found the driver waiting for him. They drove off in the black Mercedes, past fields overflowing with summer wildflowers, and with tall, forever-green *urapenes*.

When they reached the penthouse at about six that evening, the housekeeper greeted him politely but with reserve. Santiago knew that this woman, who together with her husband, the driver, had been absolute master of the apartment during his absence, felt his arrival to be an intrusion. He made a mental note to get rid of both of them as soon as possible. They had worked for his father for more than 30 years and Santiago was certain they considered him a

usurper. Besides, they were another link to a past he wanted to bury.

Standing in the living room, he took in the warmth of the sunlight as it baked the apartment and the exuberance of the potted fuchsias. Santiago seemed to remember the place only vaguely; even when he and Beatrice had lived there it had never really felt like home.

Santiago poured himself a cognac and went out to the terrace. A fresh breeze blew in the dying afternoon. The sky seemed a huge Technicolor screen with different layers of clouds playing out a drama of light: the first layer lead gray; the second, a few hundred feet above the savannah, like a belly painted pink; the sky itself ultramarine; and the darkness overhead like octopus ink, seeping through. Turning around, he looked at the mountains: they seemed to have been placed there in deliberate counterpoint to the architectural landscape. Above, Venus shone like a diamond, and even the moon—a turtle egg about to hatch—stood poised over the chapel of Monserrate, its lighted tower floating in the dusk like a spaceship about to descend.

When the wind turned chilly, he went inside, dialed the operator and asked her to place a call to Fernández in Barranquilla. He was not altogether surprised when, four hours later, the call had not gone through. He gave up and went to bed.

He awoke at dawn to cries that seemed to come from the living room. At first he was alarmed; then he remembered that sometimes during the bullfights, nearby buildings absorbed the cheers and groans of the spectators, and released them much later. He stayed in bed in the dark for a while and listened to the *bravos* and *olé toreros* rise and ebb like rhythmic waves.

He got up, put on his robe and stood at the bedroom window. The powerful spotlights of the Plaza de Toros cast an orange light through the heavy mist; Santiago could see the sandy arena, speckled with blood from bulls killed the previous afternoon.

He shuddered as he remembered the last time he had seen a bullfight. He was seven years old and with his mother. The crowd had booed and hissed the dictator's daughter, an overripe 38-year-old whose father had had her crowned Miss Colombia. To punish the hisses, the dictator ordered the army to lock all of the arena's exit doors. For five days the crowd remained trapped, while soldiers singled out young people they believed to be intellectuals and

shot them. Hearing the crowd's familiar cries now, Santiago felt that he was still in that bullring, hugging his mother and witnessing the massacre, smelling the stench of shit, piss and rotting bodies.

The rain fell harder, and as the water diluted the blood, crimson puddles spread over the ring; under the spotlights, they became red mirrors. The *olés* continued. He went into the bathroom where he discovered that he had an erection. Santiago stood in the middle of the room and masturbated, his mind a blank. He swallowed two barbiturates and washed them down with a shot of cognac. The next thing he knew it was noon and the telephone was ringing. His father-in-law had arrived in Bogotá; he told Santiago to meet him that night in the Chibcha Room of the Guatavita Hotel. The tone of Fernández's voice suggested that the evening would be an unpleasant one.

At eight Santiago walked to downtown Bogotá. He was nervous. Fernández had never mentioned the night at the country club, but Santiago couldn't be sure he did not know what had happened, or with whom. He also knew Fernández would try to pressure him. He crossed the Carrera Séptima and went through the main lobby of the hotel to the elevator, which took him to the top floor. The Chibcha Room was empty and Don Antonio was nowhere in sight.

Santiago sat down at a table beside a glass wall, lit his cigarette in the candle flame and ordered a straight vodka. He didn't want to drink the water in Bogotá until his stomach was accustomed to the food again; during his last visit he had come down with a case of amoebic dysentery that had taken him months to shake off.

Antonio Fernández arrived several minutes later. He looked younger than ever; his weight was down and he had the lithe step of an adolescent. He wore a deep blue three-piece suit, alligator shoes and a white silk shirt; his pearl gray tie was pinned with a ruby. They shook hands warily. Antonio sat down and ordered a mineral water. "I'm not drinking anymore. It ages you," he said, scrutinizing Santiago. "How's Beatrice?"

Santiago suddenly realized that Antonio never called Beatrice "my daughter"; it was always "Beatrice," as if this formality distanced him from her problems.

"She's fine. Great. She loves New York."

"When I was young I traveled a lot, too," Antonio said. "Of course, in those days it wasn't as easy as it is now. But I don't really approve of living abroad

permanently."

"Beatrice is used to living abroad because you sent her away when she was a child."

Antonio ignored the accusation and sipped his mineral water. "We have a lot to talk about."

Santiago turned away and looked through the window at the traffic below. When he turned back, Antonio's face was determined. "Your father and I spent our whole lives working for the future of our children. I'm disappointed that you left your consular post. It's shameful."

"I'm not interested in diplomacy," Santiago shot back.

There was a ferocious glint in Antonio's black eyes. "I'd like to know what *does* interest you."

Santiago would have liked to tell him the truth: His life's ambition had been to get revenge on his father. After smothering him and getting away with it, he had experienced only a profound emptiness. Although Santiago was perfectly aware that Antonio was trying to rattle him, he could feel his resolution to stay in control falter. He sipped his vodka. "Maybe in the future I'd like to—"

"The future! What the hell does that mean? The future, indeed. You must take an interest in your holdings." He sighed and began again. "I want you to open an export office in Bogotá, Santiago. I've already asked Mario Simán to show you around. Your father and I were coowners of two *fincas*—rather large ones. Very fertile. I called you down because we need to discuss their administration."

"What kind of *fincas*?" asked Santiago. He would try to be civil for the rest of the meeting.

"Years ago they were banana plantations."

"But the banana business is—"

Antonio interrupted impatiently. "I said years ago." He paused.

"Your father made his fortune farming bananas. The two great passions of his life were banana farming and cock-fighting. But since the business collapsed those farms have produced nothing but debts. Alvaro wouldn't let them go."

"Why don't we sell them?" Santiago suggested. "Why keep land that has no value?"

"Let me spell it out for you. Fifteen years ago Alvaro was in bad financial trouble; he had been losing great sums on banana harvests. But he was stubborn. He took bank loans, sold cattle, property, stocks, anything—except his

"Marijuana is a clean, decent business, not like cocaine and the rest."

fighting cocks, of course. Those farms had irreplaceable sentimental value to him; you wouldn't remember, but you lived on one with Isadora as a child. Finally, they had to be mortgaged, and if I hadn't helped out they would have been lost. That's why I'm now a coowner."

"And the farms are still losing money?" asked Santiago, who was getting interested in the conversation.

"No, not anymore. Now they're making a very nice profit."

Santiago was confused. He knew that his inheritance was not the legacy of a man close to bankruptcy.

Antonio paused and sipped his mineral water. Now that he had Santiago's attention, he would tease him. "We had to change crops. Oh, we continued to grow bananas so your father wouldn't die of grief. But we... diversified." He smiled to himself.

"What do you mean, 'diversified'?"

"Rice, cotton, marijuana," Antonio said lazily. The last word came out just a little more smoothly and slowly than the others.

Santiago had seen it coming. It was common knowledge that the Fernández family was in the marijuana business, but he hadn't known it was grown on his father's land. "In other words," he asked, "they are marijuana plantations now?"

"Not so loud. No need to announce it to the help," Antonio said, finishing his mineral water in one gulp. His delicate fingers—the pinky adorned with an oversized Muzo emerald ring—drummed on the tablecloth. "Let's say it's the main

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crop, the main source of income. Why, since 1974, the entire country has cultivated more marijuana than coffee. We cannot sell those farms."

Santiago had finished his drink. He signaled to the waiter and ordered another vodka.

"Let me give you some advice," Antonio said. "If you are going to drink vodka, drink Wyborowa—that's what civilized people drink."

Santiago nodded to the waiter. After he had gone, Santiago said, "I'd rather sell my share. I'm not interested in the drug business."

Antonio leaned threateningly across the table. "You're not selling anything, understand?"

The waiter returned with the drink and Santiago whispered, "You don't need that money. You already have more than enough."

"When you grow up," Antonio said, "you'll understand that there's no such thing as too much money."

"Why don't you buy me out of the farms? I'll sell at a good price. I just don't want to get involved in drug dealing."

Antonio frowned. "I could buy them if I wanted to. But there's such a thing as family tradition. What's wrong with you? A family can't fall apart because one member won't play ball. You cannot betray the Villalbas and refuse your responsibilities." He looked away, his eyes drinking in the darkness of the night, then looked back.

Santiago tasted the vodka; Antonio was right, it was better. "I don't like illegal businesses," Santiago said.

Fernández looked as though he would burst. "It's a perfectly respectable business. The best families in the country are involved. The government is on our side! This is not something you can just ignore. You know, this prosperity won't last forever. Bananas were our main crop for decades—now look at them. The marijuana business will dry up sooner or later, I'm afraid, but right now it's a gold mine. You never know what can happen in a country like this. There could be a coup next month. You've learned to live well, Santiago. It's not so easy to get used to less." His index finger tapped on the table in rhythm to his words. "How do you suppose the generals keep up their lifestyle? We're the ones who support them. Even Washington is involved."

"Did my father know about this?"

"Your father was senile, and he left that part of the business up to me. Alvaro was my father's best friend, and after my father's death we became partners. Alvaro was so pious and gave so



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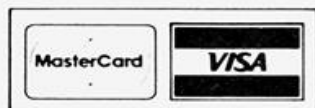
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much money to the church that people thought he was a saint. But those who knew him... He wasn't so nice to your mother or to you, was he?"

Santiago shivered. "I just don't want to make things more complicated for myself, you know."

Antonio patted Santiago's hand. "There is nothing complicated about it. Marijuana is a clean, decent business, not like cocaine and the rest; they attract bad people. Marijuana belongs in the hands of the old landowning class. Once you've been in the business, you can't just get out."

"But I've never been involved in the business," protested Santiago.

"Don't talk nonsense, Santiago. Of course you have. You were consul in Florida when we were starting to traffic in large quantities. You helped open the market. These plantations belong to you—at least, half of them do—and they have been producing the best marijuana in the world for the last fifteen years. But unless we're careful we may lose out to Mexico, Thailand, even the States; right now they're producing excellent grass in California, Florida and Pennsylvania, and it looks as if they might legalize it. If they do that, it's all over. You want to see a dirty business? Look at the Americans and their heroin! Santiago, I need someone—someone in the family—to operate the Bogotá office."

The subject of drugs had brought Antonio to life; his eyes were shining and he was trembling. Santiago found his father-in-law's plea almost touching. "I need to think about this," Santiago said. He stood up.

"I hope you understand what I'm saying. Ignorance and innocence are not the same thing. You're in this, whether you like it or not. You had better take the responsibility. Despite what you may think, it's a privilege to be a member of our class. Perhaps you have lived abroad too long to know about the responsibilities that accompany the privileges, but you will learn. *Noblesse oblige*, my boy, *noblesse oblige*."

Santiago reached for the check.

"It's on me," his father-in-law said. "After all, you're like my own son."

As Antonio paid, Santiago wondered how much this man knew about his father's death, about the corpse. He thought about the incestuous relationship that had deranged Beatrice. He wished now that he had murdered Fernández that night on the golf course. □

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

WHY FREE HELM AND NOT DAVIS?

Supreme Court eschews mercy for drug offenders. by Bob LaBrasca

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOW THAT THE U.S. SUPREME COURT has revived the constitutional prohibition against "cruel and unusual punishment," you have to wonder just what sort of grudge they harbored against Roger Davis.

Davis, as anyone with even a passing interest in drug law must recall, was sentenced to 40 years' imprisonment by a Virginia court, back in 1974, for possession and sale of about eight ounces of marijuana. In 1982, after Davis had been through a five-year ordeal of appeals, reversals and reversals of reversals, the high court indirectly sustained his 40-year sentence, holding that the original overturning of the sentence by Federal District Judge James Turk had overstepped the authority of the federal court. Without accepting briefs or arguments, a six-to-three majority summarily ruled that, under the controlling decision in *Rummel v. Estelle*, "the length of the sentence actually imposed is purely a matter of legislative authority."

In other words, as a general rule, terms of imprisonment meted out in state courts were not subject to federal review. The justices did leave some room for possible exceptions, offering the example of a life sentence for over-time parking. Roger Davis, with one minor prior conviction and no history of violent crime, was welcome to sit in stir for 40 years.

Meanwhile, the Eighth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution still stated unequivocally: "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted"; and the Constitution itself still gave the Supreme Court appellate jurisdiction over "all cases... arising under this constitution..."

After abdicating that jurisdiction with the *Rummel* case (in 1980) and re-abdicating it with the *Davis* case, the

Burger court (with Burger himself dissenting) decided to recapture their prerogative, in June 1983, by overturning the life-without-parole sentence levied by a South Dakota court against one Jerry Buckley Helm. Helm, a six-time loser in felony cases, had been convicted of "uttering a no-account check" for \$100 and had received the maximum sentence available under the South Dakota recidivist statute.

The majority (Powell, Brennan, Marshall, Blackman and Stevens) agreed that Helm had been grossly overpunished. In so doing, they set forth the elements to be considered in such judgments by the court: "the gravity of the offense and the harshness of the penalty; the sentences imposed on other criminals in the same jurisdiction; and the sentences imposed for commission of the same crime in other jurisdictions."

Of course, if the high court had applied these criteria in the *Davis* case (as Judge Turk had in the first instance), the man would certainly be free today; but they did not, and Roger Davis must still be struggling to understand how his case differed from Helm's.

It's at least interesting, though, to compare the criminality of Davis with that of Helm and Rummel: both Rummel and Helm were recidivists. Rummel had been convicted of credit-card fraud, check forgery and obtaining money by false pretenses. Helm's record included three convictions for burglary, one for grand larceny, one for drunk driving and one for obtaining money by false pretenses. Davis was not a recidivist; he had only one prior conviction (for sale of two doses of LSD); and, one could argue, he was drawn into the second offense by a police informant.

In rejecting his sentence the majority noted that Helm's six offenses were nonviolent (a point disputed by Burger, who argues in the dissent that the burglaries and the drunk-driving charge held at least the potential for violence).

Roger Davis's crimes, on the other hand, were not only nonviolent but victimless.

In the Helm dissent, Burger, joined by Justices Rehnquist and O'Connor (all of whom remained opposed to overturning any state prison term, no matter how severe), found it crucially important that "Respondent [Helm], far more than Rummel [whose sentence six members of the court had sustained], has demonstrated his inability to bring his conduct into conformity with the minimum standards of civilized society." But Roger Davis had demonstrated no such inability, and the majority of the court now, demonstrating clear compassion for Helm, hadn't even deigned to hear arguments about his 40 years.

The critical difference between Helm and Rummel (or Davis), the majority in *Solem v. Helm* seemed to argue, was that Helm would never be eligible for parole, whereas Rummel (or Davis), in the fullness of time, would. However, in Burger's dissent he argued forcefully that, in the "real world," Helm would have stood a decent chance of having his sentence commuted to a term of years, and thereby could have become a parole candidate.

Edward Hogshire, the Charlottesville, Virginia, attorney who handled Davis's appeals (pro bono for the ACLU), is mainly mystified by all this: "It doesn't lend itself to easy analysis, because it's so inconsistent," Hogshire says. But one thing he sees as obvious: "If Helm should be free or resentenced, certainly Roger Davis should be—under any theory of consistency or uniform application of justice."

It's difficult to escape the conclusion, though, that the Supreme Court avoided a full review of the *Davis* case simply because it is a drug case. Atty. John Zwerling, of Alexandria, Virginia, who brought the Helm decision to the attention of Case in Point, observes: "The

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CASE IN POINT

/ continued from page 76

Davis case had all the emotional triggers for the people on the bench, because they always go a little crazy about drugs—and they've said so. Particularly in Fourth Amendment cases; and then they have to backtrack because they've gone too far."

In the Helm dissent, however, Burger makes one point that may go a long way toward explaining both the vehemence of the dissent and the thinking behind the Rummel decision: "By asserting the power to review sentences of imprisonment for excessiveness," he warned, "the Court launches into uncharted and unchartable waters." Now, he complained, the court would be called upon again and again to define what was cruel and unusual and what was not. "There is a real risk," he added later, "that this holding will flood the appellate courts with cases in which equally arbitrary lines must be drawn."

"In the end," says John Zwerling, "they have to make decisions on a case-by-case basis. Judges like Burger and Rehnquist don't like that. If they had their way, they'd handle about ten cases a year. But it's a tough job they've accepted, and, if they don't like it they can leave."

The same kind of flood warning was issued, Zwerling points out, when the court first began to hear pornography cases: "There were then a number of those cases heard, for about five years; the criteria were defined and the law was gradually settled. Now a pornography case seldom has to be heard. That's how the law evolves. How could the Constitution be a living, breathing document otherwise. It has to expand and contract to meet new situations."

Roger Davis, no doubt, agrees. He has plenty of time to think about such things. □

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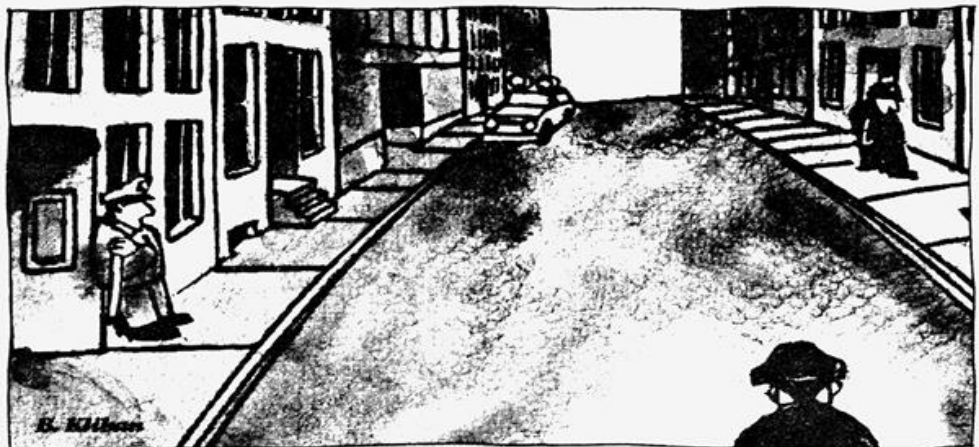
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I am an inmate in the state prison in Jean, Nevada. I am 37 years old, black, 5'10", 170 lbs. Please address correspondence to: WILLIAM MCKINNEY, P.O. Box 100, Jean, NV 89026.

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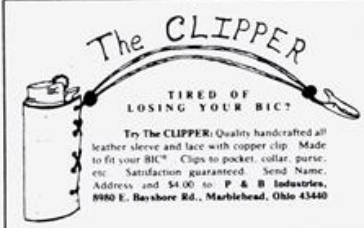
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HIGH TIMES 81



1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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495 **SLIM SMOKERS AT RISK: STUDY**
Chicago (Combined Dispatches)
—Leanness in a cigaret smoker means trouble and sometimes an early death from cancer, researchers said yesterday in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Robert J. Garrison and colleagues from the National Health, Lung and Blood Institute in Bethesda, Md., worked with statistics from a study of middle-aged men in Framingham, Mass.

"Among cigaret smokers, lean men experienced considerable elevated mortality," they said.

"It suggests that leanness in the cigaret smoker is a 'marker' for dire prognosis. The most common cause of death for these men was cancer; relatively few died of cardiovascular disease."

Both underweight and highly obese smokers exhibited death rates 10% higher than ideal-weight nonsmokers, the researchers said.

Their report represents 26 years of mortality results in the group of Framingham men.

New York Daily News,
May 1983

496a NOT EVERYBODY IS SO PLEASED with Nancy Reagan's anti-drug splash on "Diff'rent Strokes" recently. Leaders in the drug treatment field are upset by the First Lady's activities in the media. This week, **Dan Rather** will air a piece on the CBS Evening News including angry interviews with **Msgr. William O'Brien**, president of Daytop Village, and **Julio Martinez**, head of the N.Y. State Division of Substance Abuse Services. Msgr. O'Brien introduced Nancy Reagan to the problem during the presidential campaign, but now claims her interest is focused only on drugs in the middle and upper classes. According to O'Brien, the First Lady is obsessed with the issue of marijuana while the real crisis is heroin and other drugs among the nation's youth.

Martinez, for his part, believes Mrs. Reagan's posture misleads the public into thinking something is being done. He says the Reagan administration has cut the federal drug treatment budget by one-third.

This segment of the CBS News is guaranteed not to improve relations between the

Reagans and Dan Rather.

Liz Smith, New York Daily News,
Mar. 28, 1983

496b NANCY REAGAN PUT ON THE best show of her life in Washington at the Kennedy Center the other night, though her heart was heavy from attacks by some members of the anti-drug community who question her efforts in the same fight. The criticism made Mrs. Reagan "very sad" because she says, "I'm trying to do something helpful and constructive and I'm hurt that some haven't seen it that way." In the year that she has traveled to treatment centers, the First Lady says she has never taken any notice of whether the children are lower, middle or upper class. The First Lady says she hasn't singled out marijuana as the chief culprit though she does believe many youngsters get started on drugs with the use of pot. She thinks ALL drugs are horrible. Mrs. Reagan put on a recital substituting for the late **Princess Grace of Monaco** in reading **Ogden Nash** verses to **Saint-Saens'** "Carnival of the Animals." It thrilled onlookers. **Mrs. Ogden Nash** was in the crowd and said she'd seen her husband's work performed by experts—**Peter Ustinov**, **Tony Randall** and **Joan Kennedy**. But said she, "Mrs. Reagan is the best one to date." (Nash hated to perform the work himself; felt it was too hard and tongue-twisting. He wrote it originally for **Noel Coward**.)

The First Lady was amused to read in the paper that she'd thrown a kiss to **President Reagan** in his box. She actually threw the kiss to **Princess Caroline** who was sitting near him.

Suzy, New York Daily News,
Mar. 30, 1983

497 MODERATION IN THE PURSUIT OF vice is no virtue.

498 WHEN WHISKEY GETS TOO NEAR my nose
Whiskey, Johnny
I tilt her up and down she goes
Whiskey for my Johnny

Whiskey killed my dear old Dad
Whiskey, Johnny
Whiskey drove my Mother mad
Whiskey for my Johnny

Whiskey makes me wear old clothes
Whiskey, Johnny
Whiskey gave me a broken nose
Whiskey for my Johnny
sailors' song

499 FARMER ALBERT PRIDAY WAS stunned when his prize herd of milk cows started staggering around like drunks—but it was not beer but beets which left the herd tipsy.

Instead of feeding the 13 cows a mixture of hay and sugar beets, Albert had given them their beets straight—with surprising results.

The fruity root started to ferment in the cows' stomachs—and turned into alcohol, which left the poor beasts stumbling aimlessly around the fields.

Albert, of Gloucestershire, England, thought his animals were ill when he first saw their strange antics.

But he realized what was really going on when he got close enough to smell their breaths.

The herd was so hungover it took them three full days to start producing milk again.

Star, Feb. 8, 1983

500 DO I LACK MADMEN?
I Samuel 21:15

501 AUT BIBAT AUT ABEAT. (EITHER drink or depart).
Latin proverb

502 COFFEE WON'T SOBER DRUNKS
Coffee doesn't sober up people who have been drinking, and actually makes things worse, says a new study by scientists in Great Britain.

Researchers at the University College of Swansea in Wales found drinking coffee doesn't counteract the mental slowness caused by alcohol.

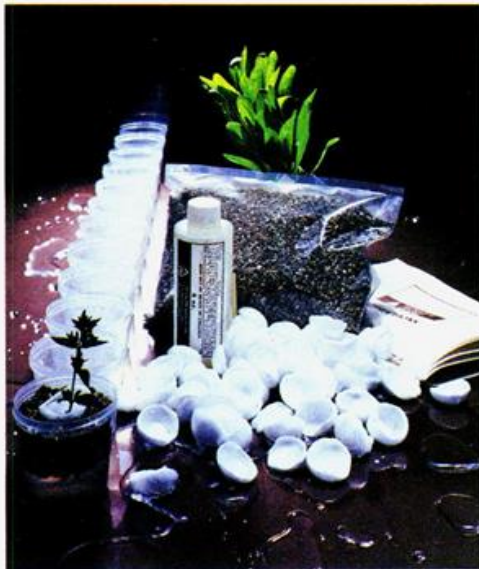
They found opposite results: Reaction time was slowest among test subjects who drank both alcohol and coffee.

USA highway safety experts and the British scientists say the results show that motorists who drink and then try to sober up with coffee may, in fact, be worse drivers.

USA Today, Aug. 17, 1983

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to:
Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.

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HIM TOO SEXY:

It's the truth.

With his rude raps and Dundus looks, Yellowman has been driving all the little girls wild.

After a full night of reggae and rap, a weary but game audience of music fans packs Jarrett Park in Montego Bay, waiting expectantly for one of the most popular and controversial figures to emerge from Jamaican music in recent years—Yellowman. The deep blue night sky is already seeping morning yellow at the edges as the Sagittarius band starts to crank the beat and the master of ceremonies hits the stage for introductions.

"Stand up!" the emcee shouts as the audience roars approval. "You've been waiting all night to see Jamaica's most popular entertainer... the man blocks the streets wherever he goes... the man blocks the streets. Look at your clocks, it's twenty minutes after six o'clock... King Yellow! King Yellow! Yellowman! Yellowman! The sunlight and the moonlight mixing together. King Yellow! King Yellow!"

Out comes Yellowman, quietly at first. He makes a few remarks about the enormous size of the crowd, signals to bassist Derrick Barnett who kicks the Sagittarius band into gear—and then he starts his raps. Tonight he's praising the beauty of the situation, starting off with a very pretty piece of sentiment about "Jah Jah Made Us for a Purpose," with "Reggae Sunsplash"/"Herbman Special" following right away. Though not a Rasta, or even a potsmoker, Yellowman sings of Jah and the righteousness of herb as well as any countryman.

But Yellowman's legions of Jamaican fans come to hear something else—the slack rap. Yellowman's raps about his sexual prowess have become legendary, and when he follows the boasting "Jamaica Proud of Me" with "Me Too Sexy," he asks the crowd if they want him to deliver the message in "sexy style." The ecstatic response leaves little doubt that the crowd is ready for an-

other adventure in the sexual chronicles of Yellowman. By the end of the concert Yellowman is spooning them out the outrageously rude "Sit under You," a special rapper in which he celebrates the length of his penis and notes how the "fishies" react when they run into him.

As Yellow leaves the stage the emcee talks him off with the observation, "We've got some blushing faces out in the audience."

Performances like this have enabled Yellowman to become one of Jamaica's hottest acts in the space of only a couple of years. The particular show described above has just been released on Sunsplash Records, *Yellowman Live at Reggae Sunsplash*. A year later Yellowman and the Sagittarius band showed even greater rapport during a U.S. tour. American writers seemed totally nonplussed by this Jamaican combination of Redd Foxx and James Brown, concentrating in their reviews on the fact that Yellowman bragged a lot about himself and on the fact that he talked dirty. They all mentioned in passing that he was good, but few pointed out just how unconsciously great he was with working the band, his material and the audience at the same time.

The controversy surrounding Yellowman centers about his rude raps, but the real thing that seems to worry people is that those raps are so popular. Yellowman is doing his routine; there's not that sense of pandering to an audience that marks the exploitative hack. What's strange is the popularity he generates—the cover of his latest studio album, *Zungguzungguguzungguzeng!*, shows him standing outside a Jamaican studio surrounded by little kids, obvious Yellowman fans who may not understand all the meanings of the words Yellowman speaks. For that matter, I don't under-

stand all the stuff he's singing, but the sheer sound of it is phenomenal. His rhythmic understanding of phrasing lyrics over the live band is masterful, and his clever ability to weave stories around a repeated riff, or reference popular songs at the drop of a hat, is the



mark of a master vocalist. People might be thrown off by listening to a Jamaican talk about sexual prowess in a thick patois, but if it's the Rolling Stones they're listening to and Mick Jagger is singing in an assumed cockney accent, slurring his words, nobody raises an eyebrow.

Okay, a bit of history, perhaps apocryphal, you can never tell.

The real name is Winston Foster. He's an albino, giving him a decided, well, yellow appearance—sallow complexion, frosty blond hair. According to reports, he never knew his mother or father, possibly because his mother was ashamed of bearing a "dundus." Deanne Lucey of *Jamaica Melody* asserts that the social persecution attendant on his unusual looks carried over to his first live performances as a deejay, when he was booed off the stage at a club called Black South International by shouts of "Dundus come off."

Yellowman himself makes no reference to such an incident. He talks instead of how he was treated at a younger age by his contemporaries. "From when I was small," he says, "I did have a rough time going with children, school, because I have a different complexion, you know. They used to jeer me, but I didn't pay it any mind. But now I grow it out and everybody like me. I feel like a normal person."

Yellowman maintains that despite his childhood ostracism, or maybe because of it, he always wanted to be a singer. "When I was very small," he says, "I used to listen to Drifters, Elvis Presley, Nat King Cole, Impressions, Benny King, Sam Cooke."

Most of those records would have been late '50s or early '60s sides, making them either extremely early influences or a secondary experience. By the time he'd gotten to school, however, Yellowman was aware of reggae and its greatest practitioners. "While I grow up in school," he explains, "I used to love music, you know. Used to sing Bob Marley music, Peter Tosh, Big Youth, U-Roy, Dennis Brown and many others."

Yellowman's big break came in an extremely unlikely situation. He entered a talent contest sponsored by Tastee, a Jamaican fast food, in 1979. He strutted onstage in a bright yellow suit topped by what was to become an early visual trademark, his mother popcorn yellow top hat. And he took that albino identity right into the audience's face, reveling in the shocking brilliance of his appear-

ance rather than trying to dull it. His piece was a rap later called "Barnabus Killing," an answer to a rap by a deejay known as the Lone Ranger based on the Barnabus Collins vampire character in the "Dark Shadows" television show. "I do some of that," says Yellowman now, offhandedly. "It's like a ghost story y'know."

Yellowman won the show and wasted no time getting underway. "That talent contest is just before I started," he says now. "From that I started going around to the discos, then in '81 I started the recording. I have to go around to the discos in Jamaica before I get popular there, I have to do that."

The life of a deejay can be precarious business. Imagine being a Jamaican deejay and seeing Yellowman come on the scene, asking for the mike. Yellowman is cool, but his physical appearance is far from formidable. Bad vibes for the deejay who took him lightly back in those days, for he blew some of the best out of the booth. His technique was weird. He rapped smooth, but in an unusually laid-back style, which shrewd observers obviously sense as his true genius. Deejays all talked themselves up, but Yellowman, playing the weirdness of his presence as a mighty trump, worked elaborate before-and-after stories that were destined to appeal to women and girls sick of the macho come-on, and to men and boys who'd had a little sand kicked in their faces.

Yellowman was also tops at effortlessly weaving traditional material as well as current popular songs into a rap structure. He would build up an elaborate dramatic premise and resolve it by delivering a line that turned out to be the opening of some pop song, show tune or folk ditty. Audiences went crazy, and Yellowman got a chance to make records. "Well, I do a couple of concerts in Jamaica," he says of the experience, "and I find that producers come and say, 'Yellowman, I'd like to record you.' I say, 'Okay' and from that I start my recording."

The swelling ranks of Yellowman fans insured that an adaptation of the Lerner and Lowe pop song from *My Fair Lady*, "Get Me to the Church on Time," became a hit as "Yellowman Getting Married," which included a critical evaluation of Rod Stewart's career. Yellowman sets it up by referencing the first few lines of "Get Me to the Church," then explaining why he was

getting married: "She have me yellow baby." So he switches to the Rod Stewart mode, "Do You Think I'm Sexy?" and follows with the critique by laying out on Stewart's big influence, Sam Cooke's, "Bring It on Home to Me."

This was the beginning of what reggae critic Randall Grass calls "Yellowman fever." He has appeared since then on over 20 albums—one of the best of which is *Mister Yellowman* (Green-sleeves)—has become the toast of the toasters in Jamaican discos, and has developed the live concert act that has made inroads with other audiences. "I record twenty-four albums in two years," he explains. "They released all over the world, some in England, Trinidad, Barbados, America, Australia, those places. I like all of them. All of them is good, you know. So if a fan get confused of like which one to choose from, only I can tell him is just buy every one of them because every one good."

Yellowman says that the controversy over his X-rated lyrics is beside the point. "Well, I tink they like it y'know," he says knowingly. "I do it if people ask for it. I don't deejay for one audience alone. You have some come to listen slack, some come to listen to the other, some come just to listen me sing. Some come to hear about religion. It doesn't bother me because I know they like it. But some of them, maybe five percent of them, don't like it. The rest like it, because I remember when I'm doing this concert, I heard people didn't like it, so I ask them if they want slackness, and everybody just say, 'Yeah.'"

"I don't smoke," says Yellowman. "I don't drink strong liquor. I'm not a Rasta, but I don't fight against Rasta. Rasta is good people, right. But my feelings, it not my image to turn a Rasta. I just rather be normal."

Though Yellowman is influential, he tries to keep from becoming involved in politics like other Jamaican musicians have in the past. It's risky business saying what you believe. "I don't mix with politics, you know," he says. "Some of the musicians, they put politics in front. So them certain places they cannot go. They 'fraid to go."

Yet, in his recent New York show, Yellowman made a few cultural pronouncements, and during one of his songs, rapped a bit about Gregory Isaacs, a reggae singer under political fire in Jamaica.

Yellowman has his own approach to

Jamaican culture. He extols the beauties of the country in his songs and distances himself in many ways from the Rasta culture that informs so much of his music. "I prefer the company of women," he says in parting, as if in explanation for his views.

Few reggae performers have the potential to cross over to the American audience that Yellowman has demonstrated, and at this writing rumors of a major label deal were rife. He listens to a lot of different kinds of music, likes Grandmaster Flash and points out "his music does well in Jamaica," and has the ability to expand reggae to include many pop references. He knows he could be a star, and his music reflects it. Yet his aspirations for wealth are apparently simple. "If I could gain a lot of money," he says, "I would build a school or hospital in Jamaica."

And the way he says it, you just might believe him. □

ALBUMS

Bunny Wailer—Roots Radics Rockers Reggae (Shanachie 43013). Few reggae musicians are given the respect accorded to Bunny Wailer, a Rasta devoted enough to his religious humility

that he always took a backseat to his more public-minded associates in the Wailers, Bob Marley and Peter Tosh. Even today Bunny Wailer is an uncompromising figure who chooses his public appearances carefully so as to avoid contact with Babylon scenes. As a result reggae fans outside of Jamaica are left only with his records, and *Roots Radics Rockers Reggae*, the latest collection available to U.S. listeners, adds another chapter to his impressive history. This is, in fact, as slick and accessible a set as Bunny is ever likely to make, backed by a stellar host of musicians including Robbie Shakespeare, Earl "Chinna" Smith and others. His message of love and understanding is well articulated in songs like "Cease Fire" and "Love Fire," while he makes a rare topical social statement with no small degree of humor on "Wirly Girly," a song about Jamaican girls who hang out in discos. Those who prefer the soft, ethereal side of Bunny's music will enjoy the beautiful "Rockin' Time," while fans of the harder stuff will find the title track to their liking.

Toots and the Maytals—Live at Reggae Sunsplash (Sunsplash RS8901); **Chalice—Live at Reggae Sunsplash**

(Sunsplash RS8902); **Day One—Best of the Festival** (Sunsplash RS8904). These records comprise, along with the live Yellowman set, the first release from Sunsplash records, a company dedicated to documenting the yearly live reggae showcase in Jamaica—Reggae Sunsplash. The records are well recorded and mastered, giving the listener at least an approximation of the live experience. The Toots set is wonderful—his band is probably heard to best effect in live performance, and "Pressure Drop," "Monkey Man," "(Marley's Gone...)" His Songs Live On" and "Bam Bam/Pomp and Pride" are fantastic tracks. The Chalice record is less interesting musically, although it's good to hear their statement of purpose "I'm Trying" and a good cover of Bob Marley's "(3 O'clock) Road Block." The *Day One* set poses problems because one track is repeated from the Toots album, but contributions from John Holt, U-Roy, Byron Lee and the Dragonaires, Roy Shirley and Big Youth are also included. It probably would have been better if the *Day One* record were a double album that included more performances that otherwise would not have been released. Still, it's good to have this material available in any form. □

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BLOCK

/ continued from page 65

"Fine. You remember me?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, how've you been?"

"Okay, except we lost our horse."

"Horse?"

"Yes, we had a riding horse. It died almost overnight. Very sad."

"Yeah, such things happen. My cat died."

"Now, just open up and I'll begin. And you just hold this. And when I tell you, just suck on it. Like a straw."

She handed him the little instrument that sucked the blood out of the mouth.

"Yeah," said Martin, "I remember how it works."

The dental assistant began scraping his teeth. She was plain but not homely. Just a good family woman of around 35, fairly intelligent, perhaps a little overweight, perhaps a bit blocky, but clean; just a good woman.

Now, thought Martin, how about this one? *Man getting his teeth cleaned in a dentist's chair. Early afternoon. A bit of dull conversation. Man badly hung over. He has been feeling strange. Not crazy or anything, just strange. Life has been going on and on and on without much diversion. The Fates have not been bothering him. Life has just been a matter of eating, sleeping, drinking. Nothing big, nothing small. Not even a grind, but hardly anything external either. Then, the man just does it, hardly knowing why, hardly thinking, he just does it like reaching over and picking a dime up off the pavement—he reaches over, and as the dental assistant is scraping his teeth, he grabs her ass with one hand, gives it a good healthy feel and then lets go.*

The girl doesn't say anything, she just goes on scraping. Well, she does say, "Now," and he reaches and puts the straw into his mouth and it sucks out the blood.

He lets the straw go and reaches out with both hands and grabs both of the cheeks of her ass and really bends his claws on in, lets go. The girl just goes on scraping.

Then he takes both hands and lifts her starched skirt, he feels the panties, begins to slide them down. She just keeps scraping, saying nothing. He has an immense hard-on. Then she stops scraping. He feels her unzipping him. He waits. Then he looks up and she's got the scraping instrument and she's sliding the pointed edge down into the center of his cock...

Then he heard the dental assistant scream:

"Hey! What the fuck you doing?"

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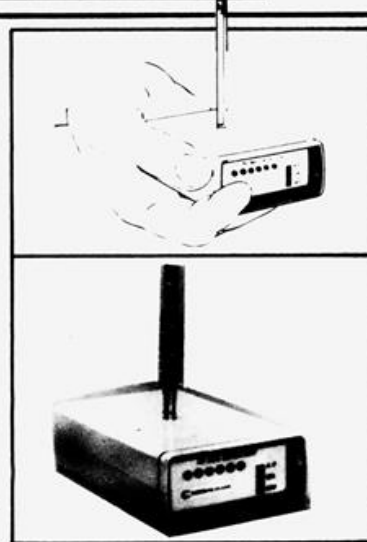
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MINI PINK HEART

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PURPLE HEART

"DANIEL," "MR. LAWRENCE" and KASDAN'S "BIG CHILL"

Action on the big screen heats up every year at this time as the major studios fight over a piece of the Christmas movie-going pie. Here are three of the season's most interesting offerings.

Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence—

Perhaps we should be used to surprises from Nagisa Oshima (*Death by Hanging*, *The Ceremony*, *In the Realm of the Senses*), the *enfant terrible* and stormy petrel of the Japanese cinema for over two decades. Still, even for the unpredictable Oshima, *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence* comes as something of a shock. Adapted from a Laurens Van Der Post novel and set in a Japanese prison camp during World War II, *Mr. Lawrence* concentrates not on the Japanese captors but on their British prisoners—and does so with astonishing sympathy and lucidity. Oshima is able somehow to slip inside the skin of his British POW's, and, simultaneously, to present the military codes and customs of the Japanese soldiers as exotic or destructive. Despite its source, the plot turns on a classic opposition of Japanese drama: Love vs. Duty. An idealistic Japanese commandant, Yanoi, falls in love with one of his prisoners (the emotionally crippled Jack Celliers), but Yanoi's character armor, social codes and sense of *duty* are so strong that he cannot admit it, even to himself. This repressed love explodes into tragedy—a holocaust we observe through the eyes of the compassionate camp doctor, Major Lawrence, the only man there who can bridge both cultures. Oshima pits two sets of soldiers against each other—the rigid, honor-bound, charrismatic warriors Yanoi and Celliers (magnetically done by Davie Bowie), and the open and generous Lawrence (Tom Conti) and Sergeant Hara (a beautiful performance by Takeshi)—and shows how all of them are altered, diminished or destroyed. The movie becomes an



Major Tom meets Commandant Yanoi and the sparks begin to fly.

appalling study of the perversions of war; done chastely, rigorously and, despite numerous pitfalls, without a taint of sentimentality.

Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence may be widely misunderstood—and unfavorably compared to, say, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*—but it is Oshima's film, I think, and not David Lean's, that will stand as the more devastating critique of militarism, and the greater cinematic antiwar statement.

The Big Chill (D: Lawrence Kasdan. With Glenn Close, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Jeff Goldblum, etc.)—Lawrence Kasdan's *The Big Chill* takes the theme and rough plot of John Sayles's *Return of the Secaucus Seven*—the reunion of a group of late '60s radicals—and gives it a tighter structure, funnier lines and a slicker ambience. Everything about the movie, compared with its predecessor,

is upgrade. Although an "art" film by Hollywood's current standards (it top-lined this year's New York Film Festival), it has a sleek, cool physical perfection—in the photography, the settings, even the personae of the cast—that reminds you, irresistibly, of some of the more sophisticated kinds of television advertising (Kasdan began as an adman). The characters themselves are upscale: They include a corporation lawyer, a writer for *People* magazine, a Tom Selleck-style TV superstar, a small business owner about to sell out to a megacorporation and, perhaps most telling of all, the wife of a high-powered advertising man.

The setting, a lakeshore home in South Carolina, is also upscale compared with the slightly seedy, low-budget farm in *Secaucus Seven*. Watching the film, which is consistently amusing



The cast of *The Big Chill*: So maybe they weren't all that radical, but they sure do dress well.

and full of clever lines, you can never forget for a second that most (though not all) of these people have "made it," are secure professionals, solid inhabitants of the middle or upper-middle class. Their plaintive lament, in fact, is that they have strayed from the revolutionary fervor and ideals of their youth on the Ann Arbor, Michigan, campus. The TV superstar, the biggest success of them all, works this vein particularly hard, and this apologia is heightened since they are gathered together, for the first time in years, to mourn the recent suicide of one of their number who *didn't* make it: Alex, a "brilliant" science student and drifter, who cut his wrists in the bathroom of Harold, the corporation owner and host for the reunion.

Alex's death and failure seem to haunt them all, rebuke them. Although they reminisce very little about their old radical high times (the one subject that does keep recurring is old, or aborted, sexual liaisons), they consistently bring up Alex—and even the brusque witticisms some of them use to cover discomfort or grief can't conceal the edginess they seem to feel about the fact that Alex *didn't* make it, didn't parley his "scientific genius" into a top-scale job. *The Big Chill*, to a certain degree, professes to be a film about the regaining of a lost community, but, actually, it's also—maybe even primarily—a film about the fear of failure.

Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote and directed it, is himself the most spectacularly successful of the new Hollywood screenwriters. He cowrote *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Return of the Jedi* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—and this is the first of any of his movies (including *Continental Divide* and *Body Heat*, his directorial debut), where he hasn't refurbished or resuscitated an old Hollywood genre; pillaged the past; or been, on some level, a raider of the lost arts. Supposedly, then, this is a "personal" film, but, entertaining as it is, it has a chilly, impersonal feel. It's a little too well crafted, too "rounded out" and finished. In the extremely schematic screenplay, there are four men and four women: seven of the reunion party and Alex's younger girlfriend (who, rather incongruously, seems a '60s refugee herself: a hippie free spirit), and all but two of them pair off together sexually. There's a neatness about all this which is accentuated by another choric late-'60s rock score—in which whole songs are used to underscore the action—and also by the persistent interviews and games the guests keep playing with Harold's video. The rock score and the videos are commentaries, but the way they're used points up Kasdan's lack of spontaneity.

The Big Chill has art, and artistry as well, but it's a cold kind of art; in an ironic way the movie keeps living up to its own title. The reunion party tries to

relive the past by, in a sense, *escaping* from the present: The host plays nothing but '60s soul and rock, and most of the current mates and children are politely expelled from the weekend wake. There's supposed to be a warm, rejuvenatory glow about the result, but there's also a touch, perhaps unconscious, of Sartre's *No Exit* or Bunuel's *The Exterminating Angel*.

Kasdan has chosen an excellent cast (Kevin Kline, William Hurt, Tom Berenger and Jeff Goldblum as the men of the group; Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place and Jobeth Williams as the women; and Meg Tilly as the "widow") and he gets variable but mostly good results. Berenger, as TV hunk Sam Weber, has a part that wasn't intended as a "star turn" but degenerates into one; equally shallow is his opposite number, Jobeth Williams as the adman's wife. Mary Kay Place, as the lawyer, is essentially doing an update of the wisecracking wallflower of '30s and '40s romantic comedies.

Kevin Kline, as Harold the host, crackles with his usual dash and charisma, and Jeff Goldblum—who always has flashes of comic genius—is granted most of the funniest lines as Michael, the *People* writer, a paragon of good-hearted obnoxiousness and sham. The champion performances, as you might expect, are from Glenn Close and Wil-

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liam Hurt. Interestingly, Hurt is playing the other one of the group who "burned out": Nick, a Vietnam War vet, who gobbles down drugs and who (echoes of Hemingway's Jake Barnes) lost his potency in the war. Nick's air of greasily floating through the sleek milieu, dropping savage taunts and jokes, makes him something of a devil's advocate for Kasdan; in this world of slick success he is the refugee of a messy crackup and—in a touch even Kasdan's dialogue accuses of being too symmetrical—winds up assuming Alex's place.

Close has a role that appears almost thankless: She plays an Earth Mother who glowingly pushes her husband into a friend's bed—but the superb Jenny Fields of last year's *World According to Garp*, makes this character radiant and real anyway. (Interestingly, Meg Tilly, as the anachronistic hippie widow Chloe, almost matches Hurt and Close; Chloe, oddly, has a reality and spontaneity the others lack.)

I realize my remarks about *The Big Chill* might be taken as acerbic or derogatory; actually, I enjoyed myself at the movie. There's no denying Kasdan's skill, and I can't find it in my heart to knock a film that has such a wonderful soundtrack; the presence of the Spencer Davis Group's "Gimme Some Lovin'" alone makes me like it. The problem here is one of values. The people in *The Big Chill*, programmed for success, perhaps even born to it, don't strike the right chord for me as a group of ex-idealists struggling with their past. They seem to have made their Faustian pact too easily; and on a fundamental level I guess I just don't like them very much. In a way they're radical snobs, and they all acclimated a bit better than they would have guessed a decade ago. Ironically, what *has* survived for them is not so much the politics of the '60s, but the sex and the music.

This, in fact, is the springboard for an extremely interesting movie; though Kasdan, for all his coolness, probably doesn't have the objectivity to make it: He paints the advertising man, the exemplar of his old profession, as a heavily comic nerd; that's his way of settling accounts with the past, preserving the spirit of the '60s. But perhaps it doesn't matter. We get a clear view from Kasdan, and a chilly one—not much insight, but a good comedy, immaculately crafted. In the aftermath of Armageddon, one of Alex's mourners might ask, who could expect more?

Daniel (D: Sidney Lumet. With Amanda Plummer, Tovah Feldshuh, Lindsay Crouse and Ellen Barkin)—Considering the current Hollywood status quo, Sidney Lumet and E.L. Doctorow's *Daniel* is such an oddity—and so strong a film—that to descend into the pro- and anti-Rosenberg arguments preoccupying many critics is to miss its qualities entirely. Yes, Lumet and Doctorow, adapting Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel*, freely base characters and events on the Rosenberg case. And, yes, the movie comes down hard on the side of American Left radicalism, then and now. But, no, it is not a shallow, dogmatic tract. And no, it makes absolutely no difference (to the movie, at least) whether the real-life Rosenbergs were Commie spy kings or low-level dupes. *Daniel* is good precisely because it avoids melodrama and fist-pounding certainty; because it leaves room for ambiguity, doubt, speculation. Framed as a mystery story with a *Citizen Kane*-style line of attack (it follows an investigation by the "Isaacsons'" son, Danny, into his parents' guilt or innocence), the film offers, finally, many solutions and none. Every "witness" Danny questions is arrogantly sure of their own interpretation; each differs, subtly or extravagantly, from all the others; and the final "truth" is locked in the mind of the main government informant: a senile, tormented, speechless old man. What we are left with is an appalling demonstration of governmental ruthlessness and duplicity, a judicial system corrupted by political policy, and a withering portrayal of the human beings crushed in its grip (and also in the vise of their own party politics).

Beyond ideology, this is a family drama, full of a power, terror and grief rare in recent American films. In these furious or anxious confrontations, Lumet's actors—especially Amanda Plummer, Mandy Patinkin, Lindsay Crouse and Tovah Feldshuh—strike those rich, earthy chords, instants of shinningly pure emotion the director gets only at the top of his form. (In fact, if *Daniel* links up to anything in Lumet's past, it is less to his polemical films—*Serpico*, *Network*, *The Verdict*, *The Hill*—than to his magisterial adaptation of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*). *Daniel* is far from perfect—the cutting is sometimes jagged, the points sometimes pushed—but perhaps, in this context, out of this national and personal anguish, "perfection" and fully realized intentions might be obscenities themselves. □

FIRST TRIES

then, if you refused a joint, it was almost as if you were admitting you were a narc. So I took a few puffs and I passed it along and started flipping through the albums scattered on one of the throw rugs.

And there it was: *Magical Mystery Tour*. It had just come out. I'd heard it but I didn't own it. I didn't like the songs as much as I had on some previous Beatles albums so I never got a look inside the album itself.

Do you remember the inside cover of that album? The grand spangled stairway. The snaking line of women in white chiffon gowns spiraling on each side of those gleaming steps. Do you remember the red demons grabbing the women from behind?

Now, a lot of people don't remember that last item. A lot of people have never seen those red demons. It's one of those figure-and-ground tricks. They don't leap out to the glance. Unless you've just smoked some strong reefer. Then they emerge, they leap out of the background and grab those women in incredibly lascivious postures.

Don't laugh. They're *there*. You can see them too if you follow the same process. There's a lot more going on in that album-cover pageant. But the thing I remember most are those devils emerging. Something sexy and dangerous that had lurked beneath the surface of ordinary appearances and came into focus when I was—yes, at last—high.

Once it happened that first time, it just kept happening. I remember being transported *inside music* for the first time that night. Feeling notes bend, trembling with the emotion resonating in certain chords, feeling harmonies in my heart in a special way I'd never imagined possible. I remember finding a collection of Keats's poetry underneath one of the throw rugs. Turning to *The Ode on Melancholy*, reading it aloud and experiencing synesthesia for the first time when I read the line about tasting joy's grape as it "burst upon my palate fine." Tasting joy's grape. That's what getting high is about. Seeing the magical mystery tour beneath the surface of life. Allowing the holy pictures to emerge, the sacred subtext to the sensual manifold. The thrill of sex and danger.

There are, of course, other ways to experience the taste of joy's grape. There is "love," for instance. "Stoned love," as the Diana Ross story goes. I could tell you a lot about that. But that's another story. □

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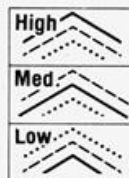
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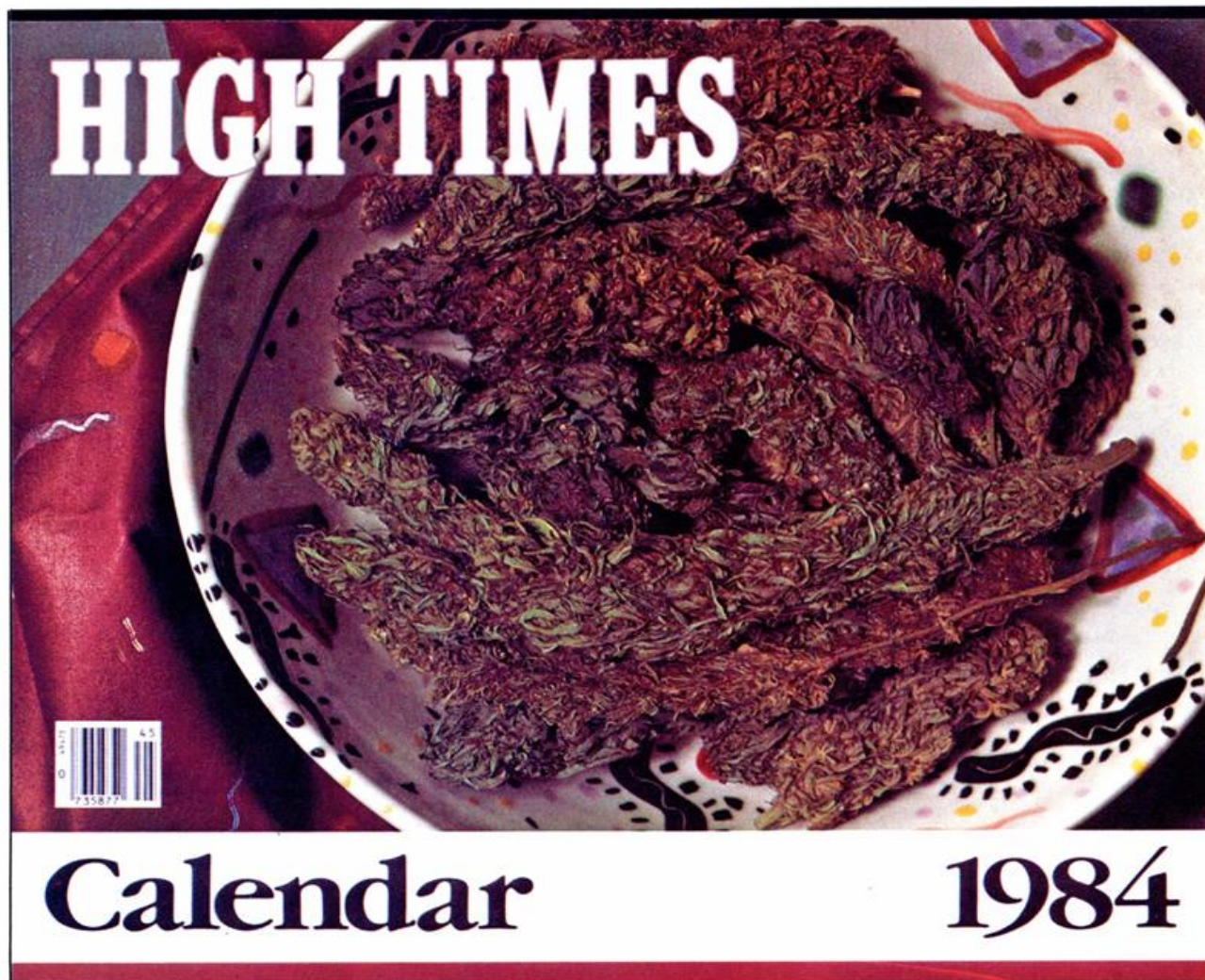
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quality of its products. Because of its great track record and complete lack of any governmental or otherwise unsavory contacts, I would appreciate your reconsideration of the determination to terminate Buckeye's advertising contract."

Compare this with a letter, dated 29 April 1981, from U.S. Attorney William Hunter to San Francisco lawyer William Osterhoudt, who was defending those Hell's Angels who'd done business with the savory Buckeye firm a year before. "The informant in this case, Richard Hall, obviously will not appear," noted Hunter, and then gave Hall's bona fides: a paid DEA snitch from 6 December 1978 to 20 August 1980. Well, maybe he just never bothered to tell his personal lawyer about it all. The reason Hall wasn't appearing in this 1981 crank trial was that Hall's termination of employment by the DEA coincided with his violent death on 20 August 1980.

On the evening of that day, Richard Hall left one of the rowdier gay taverns in Columbus (yeah, he was a rough-trade queen, too) and headed for his nitrous-injected Dodge Charger, to which he was understandably deeply attached ("Accelerates from sixty to ninety in four seconds. *Fast!*"). Somewhere along the way he encountered a black individual. A quarrel, for some still undisclosed reason, developed into an altercation, in which Hall allegedly called this other party a "nigger." The alleged nigger then hauled back and smote Hall a single heavy blow right on the point of the chin, and Hall dropped dead forever right there on the sidewalk.

It was explained to LaBrasca, by an Erie County assistant district attorney reading from the coroner's report, that Hall had sustained a serious skull fracture in an auto accident a few years previously. This had been succeeded by several craniotomies: holes drilled through the skull to alleviate abnormal pressure of intracranial fluid. "His head was literally full of holes," LaBrasca was told. "When he was hit like that, his skull shattered like an eggshell."

Like an eggshell. The determination by the coroner was accidental manslaughter. The perpetrator turned out to be a 26-year-old "local drifter" with a tolerably long yellow sheet for petty violent offenses; when murder charges against him were dropped for accidental manslaughter, he had served about a

week in jail; considerably less time than a lot of the people Hall had set up for think-crimes in his life. The Erie County police were politely interested to learn—from LaBrasca—that the slain party was a DEA snitch who'd been setting up scores of narcotics cases all over the country for years, and just four months before had been identified as such in open court. But these data were not introduced at Hall's inquest.

Sure. Accidental manslaughter, why not? Hall was a fagola with a history of consorting with bikers, petty mafiosi, dope chemists and such, and of being a disagreeably contentious person by nature; people like that do tend to get themselves beaten up once in a while, which is unwise if your head's full of craniotomy holes. He got himself beaten to death in the street, that's all. Case closed and good riddance to bad rubbish, right?

So, the question I've always had is, where were DEA special agents Jesse Back and Lionel Stewart when their snitch got beaten to death in the street? In books, movies and on telly, narcotics officers are always intensely protective of their snitches, aren't they? They know that snitchwork in the narcotics-enforcement game is just deadly dangerous. Dope traffickers virtually never even think of harming badge-carrying police officers. (When was the last time, except on telly, you ever heard of DEA agents and dope mobsters shooting it out together?) You do not shoot at cops, or in any other way molest them, in the dope business. Snitches, though, really are lower than snail shit, and they get greased away all the time. It's just deadly dangerous work, dope-snitching, and dope cops know that, and so they're supposed to take extra good care of their confidential informants.

So where was the DEA when somebody beat Richard Hall to death, barely four months after he'd been exposed (by the DEA itself) as their snitch? He'd been setting up as many as 14 individuals a month for 18 months, after all: a ball-park figure of 244 people who might be assumed to conceive a certain measure of resentment against Richard Hall, once they learned that the dirt-bag who sold them their fishy chemicals had also fitted them up for the DEA. By 20 August 1981, defense attorneys all around the country knew about Twohig's examination of Hall in Albuquerque, and so did their clients; and just because somebody's in legal trouble over narcotics, that does not necessarily mean that that person is a laid-back,

peace-and-love hippiebill.

So where was the DEA when somebody beat Richard Hall to death, barely four months after he'd been exposed (by the DEA itself) as their snitch? If he'd been a common, ordinary, garden-variety crime snitch, setting up contract murderers and Mob extortionists, he undoubtedly would have been very closely guarded by the appropriate police agency, in such circumstances. But he was a dope snitch, and the agency was the DEA, and he was beaten to death in the street.

Oh, well, I sure would never have wanted to babysit for scum like Richard Hall myself. Bob LaBrasca, in the course of writing up this first labscam caper in 1980, extensively interviewed some of Hall's close acquaintances in Columbus. "One of them," LaBrasca still marvels, "had a piranha tank in his rec room. A tank full of piranhas, prettily lit, with coral and seaweed. Next to it was a tank with nothing but beautiful tropical goldfish, hundreds of them. And he'd get up from his leather recliner, while he talked to me, and flip an occasional goldfish into the piranha tank. It wasn't exactly just sadism, though. It seemed to honestly relax him."

Now, the DEA has already told several individuals (off the record) that nothing which this person with the piranhas told LaBrasca can be trusted, because this person was supposedly Hall's longtime lover, desolated and outraged just then at having lost his piece of the Buckeye action when Hall was croaked. Of course, according to LaBrasca, who sat eye-to-eye with this piranha keeper for hours on end, he exhibited no signs whatever of lover's bereavement in the entire course of the interview. But if that sort of person was Hall's devoted lover, it's understandable that any decent, upright DEA agent might not care to hang out with Richard Hall himself, 24 hours a day, under any circumstances.

In fact, while he was alive, they never came around to inspect Hall's chemical-supply company oftener than twice a week, LaBrasca was told. Hall ran the tape recorder on his own phone, and could record or not at his leisure. He kept all his own books, too. He kept all the money he received for the chemicals, and since he'd been selling P2P at \$150 for every 500 milliliters—extra for "security," ya' know—he obviously pulled in a lot more that way than his rather skimpy snitch fees. After the busts and the trials, the chemicals involved would go back to Hall's garage, and they accumulated into a

/ continued on page 96

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BLOCK

/ continued from page 87

Martin sat up in the dental chair. She had backed across the room. She was wide-eyed. She screamed again:

"What're you, crazy, you cocksucker?"

The dentist, Dr. Warner, ran into the room.

"What is it, Darlene?"

"This fool just reached out and grabbed my ass!"

"Did you do that, sir?"

"Maybe, I don't know."

"Well, I know! He grabbed my god-damned ass!"

"I didn't mean it, it was like in a dream—"

"You just can't go around doing that type of thing, sir," said Dr. Warner.

"I know it. I know that I was wrong. I don't know what to say."

"Let's call the cops! Let's turn this guy in! He's dangerous!" yelled the dental assistant.

"You're right," said Martin, "call the police. I'll wait for them. I probably need to be taken away. What I did was absolutely idiotic. I'm sorry, but 'sorry's' not enough."

"All right, Darlene," said Dr. Warner, "go phone the police."

"No," said Darlene, "just get him out of here. He makes me sick! Just get him out of here!"

Martin could hardly believe what she was saying.

"Thanks," he said to the dental assistant, "I can't thank you too much. Believe me, I'll never do that type of thing again, so help me!"

"Just get out of here fast," said Darlene, "before I change my mind!"

"Go on, you better go," said Dr. Warner.

Martin got off the chair and walked out of that room, down the hall, and then he opened the door to the waiting room, walked out of there and into the street. He saw the BMW, found his keys, opened the door, got in. The car started and he pulled from the curbing. He drove up to the main boulevard and waited at the stoplight. It turned green and he took a right and got into the flow of traffic. Martin just drove along like that, following traffic. Then there was another red light and he sat there among the waiting automobiles thinking, they don't know, these people don't even know about me. Then that light turned green and he drove along following traffic. He was driving in the wrong direction, away from his house, but it didn't seem to matter. □

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INTERVIEW

/ continued from page 38

older—becoming so immersed in what you're doing—

HIGH TIMES: You simply become more focused, doing your will—

BALLARD: I think you begin to realize that certain things *are* important to one's self; they provide satisfaction. "All I want to do is write a certain kind of fiction that I write." And that's where *my* particular fulfillment comes from. I haven't got children to bring up, to be involved with on a day-to-day basis; I haven't even got a dog to take care of, so I just concentrate on my work. And that *can* lead to a peculiar sort of very selective approach to reality, which has advantages... and disadvantages. One has to be wary of that sort of tight focus. It's not a problem yet; it could become one in five to ten years' time.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think it could affect your writing?

BALLARD: No, it's not *that* intense—I'm not literally staring at the end of my foot all day, in the way that Burroughs described doing when he was on heroin. It's not *that* sort of obsessiveness. It's really a marshaling of all one's energies to do a particular job at hand. The wider life around one—social life and all the rest of it—does tend to take second place. You begin to apply the principles of cost accountancy to one's social life: Do I want to drive twenty miles to make small talk at a publisher's party? Well, the answer is no—why bother, when I can go on with my work instead.

When one's younger, there's a natural tendency to want to meet *more* people. Straightforward biological reason supervenes (and rightly, I think), so one says, "To hell with it, let's leave the typewriter and drive thirty miles to make some small talk—(sardonically) you never know who you may meet!"

I don't know if people get that much fulfillment from painting, or writing a novel or whatever—in fact, I'm not sure they get any at all! I think it's just a way of unsettling oneself. It's so intangible. Even a painting or a piece of sculpture is really rather intangible. It has a finite form, all right (you can actually touch a sculpture), but nonetheless it's a conceptual object—a conceit. It's very peculiar—I don't know how much fulfillment and satisfaction can come from being "creative." I have the deepest satisfaction when I do a job around the house—put in a new windowpane, say. It's enormously pleasing and satisfying—getting that putty in, or getting out the saw and hammer and nails; very satisfying, a profound feeling of fulfillment.

HIGH TIMES: And when you finish a book?

BALLARD: It's sort of a nightmare that's briefly stopped; one that will recommence in about three days' time. I don't think I'd do it again if I had the chance offered me—I think I'd become something like a *cabinetmaker*—I'd opt for a craft, rather than an art! ☐

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DENNY RAID

/ continued from page 26

The government side, meanwhile, had come into court all humble and nice: That unpleasantness up in Trinity was much overblown, they simpered. Many of those ugly stories the plaintiffs were telling had barely a shred of truth to them (though little evidence was ever introduced to controvert what the Dennyites had sworn was true). And even if some of those things did happen, gosh, they'd never happen again. And the U-2 flights and satellite surveys? Well, they'd never really used that data for search warrants anyway, and had no plans to do so.

But, whatever tactics are employed by whatever multi-tiered task forces and publicity-hungry politicians, government forces seem bent on pursuing a futile jihad against potgrowers for at least a few more years. As Bill Ruzzamenti, the DEA planning chief, kept telling reporters last fall, "We are hoping to demonstrate emphatically that marijuana cultivation will not be tolerated in this state." And Operation CAMP has repeatedly been cited by its administrators as a pilot program for the rest of the nation.

The positive side of the Denny episode is that concerned organizations and individuals managed to form a coalition to confront the civil-rights abuses that are endemic to this kind of crusade. Ron Sinoway, a Miranda, California, attorney representing the Civil Liberties Monitoring Project in the Northern California counties, is delighted with the outcome of the proceedings of Aguilar's court. "There's no way we could have stopped Operation CAMP," he said a few days after the federal decision, "but we did put an end to all this stuff they did in Denny."

At this writing, the final returns for Operation CAMP have not been compiled, but the various agencies involved will, no doubt, claim it as a glorious success. Nineteen-hundred plants were uprooted in the Denny area alone (5,850 pounds, they bullshat), and the ultimate tally for all 14 counties should be astronomical. So you can bet your grandmother's false teeth, narcs will be pushing for programs like this all across the country next year.

If any sort of leash at all is going to be put on the cowboys who run these campaigns, it will require the active opposition of organizations both local and national. The Civil Liberties Monitoring Project, made up of citizens of the Northern California counties (maybe even some growers?) and NORML, which is so underfunded that it now has a staff of one, made a very strong showing in California; but there promise to be more court fights all over the country as the battle heats up. What with paraquat spraying and the final-solution mentality of the narcs, things could get mighty messy.

So, if you made a tidy profit on your crop this year, consider sending a nice hunk of it to NORML. It just might keep the huns from crashing your gate. **HT**

DEA STING

/ continued from page 93

pretty handsome permanent inventory. And Back and Stewart never came around more than twice a week.

This way Hall had ample P2P around from which to cook up his own personal weekend crank, LaBrasca was told. He even had extra to peddle to local dope movers, LaBrasca was told. And LaBrasca was moreover told that, occasionally, if Hall got a call or letter from someone who looked to him like a genuine professional criminal—someone who obviously could cook up dope and move it to the street on a regular, long-term basis—then Hall would tell the guy he was a DEA snitch. He'd tell the guy he could furnish him with dope precursors on a regular basis with a perfect no-bust guarantee, and all he wanted was a skim-off from the narcotics operation. Richard Hall thus made money from selling chemicals, from working for the DEA and from organized narcotics traffickers. Richard Hall had been rolling in mazuma, all right, before the DEA blew him forever in open court.

If all this is gospel—and remember, the DEA attributes much of it to a spiteful outburst from a heartbroken homosexual—it might make an honest DEA agent feel even less inclined to hang out with this dirt-bag for his own protection.

In fact, it all may have gone like this. All through the spring of 1980, prosecutor Gomez in Albuquerque is pressuring the DEA to put Hall on the stand, or he's sure to lose his case. Then suddenly in early May, *HIGH TIMES* kills Hall's ad and tells him on his tape recorder that we think he's a snitch and we're going to investigate him and write him up. So the DEA's Cincinnati officers, holding their noses, take a close look into Hall's affairs—for the first time ever—to estimate what sort of filth *HIGH TIMES* is liable to root up. A little crank-making for his own use is nothing very shocking, and even a little local crank-peddling on the side could be written off. But what if they found out that he was regularly furnishing P2P and Quaalude mixes to real mafiosi? That may have overtaxed their charitable natures for good, and fatally poisoned their feelings toward the dirt-bag.

If it went like that, it goes a long way toward explaining why they just hung him out in the wind so callously that spring. They may have felt ethically obliged, once they learned of this Cosa Nostra business, to offer him a slot in

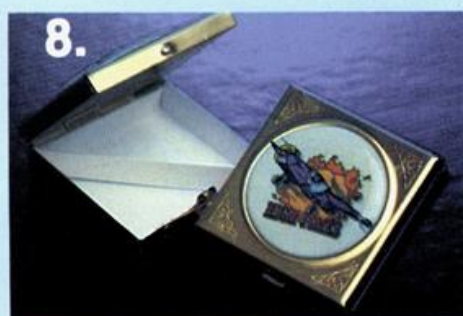
the Federal Marshal's Witness-Protection Program; they may even have him on tape, smirking, "Sure, for a million dollars and a chateau in Austria." After that it would have been entirely meet for them to simply identify him publicly, withdraw all protection from him and allow the criminal criminal-justice system to take its due process. And just by purest happenstance, a "local drifter" bashed Richard Hall's brains out on the sidewalk, before those mafiosi could get to him. Makes great sense, don't it?

This lamentable accident was providential in many, many ways for the feds. By August 1980 defense lawyers all around the country were clamoring to have Richard Hall subpoenaed to their jurisdictions, to testify to exactly how he'd entrapped their clients into dope-making conspiracies. Although he could be muzzled with "informant's privilege" on the stand as long as he remained an informant, there wouldn't be any mazuma in that for Hall anymore: no snitch fees, no chemical revenues, no Mafia skim-offs. It would be just a matter of time before some well-heeled defense attorney convinced Richard Hall to do the proper and profitable thing: break his DEA snitch contract and testify to exactly how he'd set the lawyer's client up. Considering all the well-heeled lawyers in the land who have crank clients, Hall could have probably subsisted pretty nicely for the next few years, overturning one conviction after another. And what would happen if he could prove that the DEA agents in some of those cases—one or two or 226—had lied under oath to manufacture "probable cause"? Imagine how—ah—undismayed all those cops must have been, when they heard of the demise of Richard Hall.

Buckeye Scientific stayed in operation for some indeterminable time after Richard Hall's demise. An individual named Daniel P. O'Neil—a "marketing specialist," forsooth—took to answering the phone at the same old number, and mailing out the same old Buckeye catalogs. When asked if he was just a snitch like Hall—which would have taken considerable balls—or a full-fledged government agent with a badge and gun, Mr. O'Neil indicated forcefully that he was neither. He was simply a businessman servicing the interests of anyone who might run across a back issue of *HIGH TIMES*, see a Buckeye Scientific ad in the classifieds and be seized with a predisposed inclination to make high-intensity candles or perfumed soap. □

HIGH TIMES HIGH TIMES HIGH

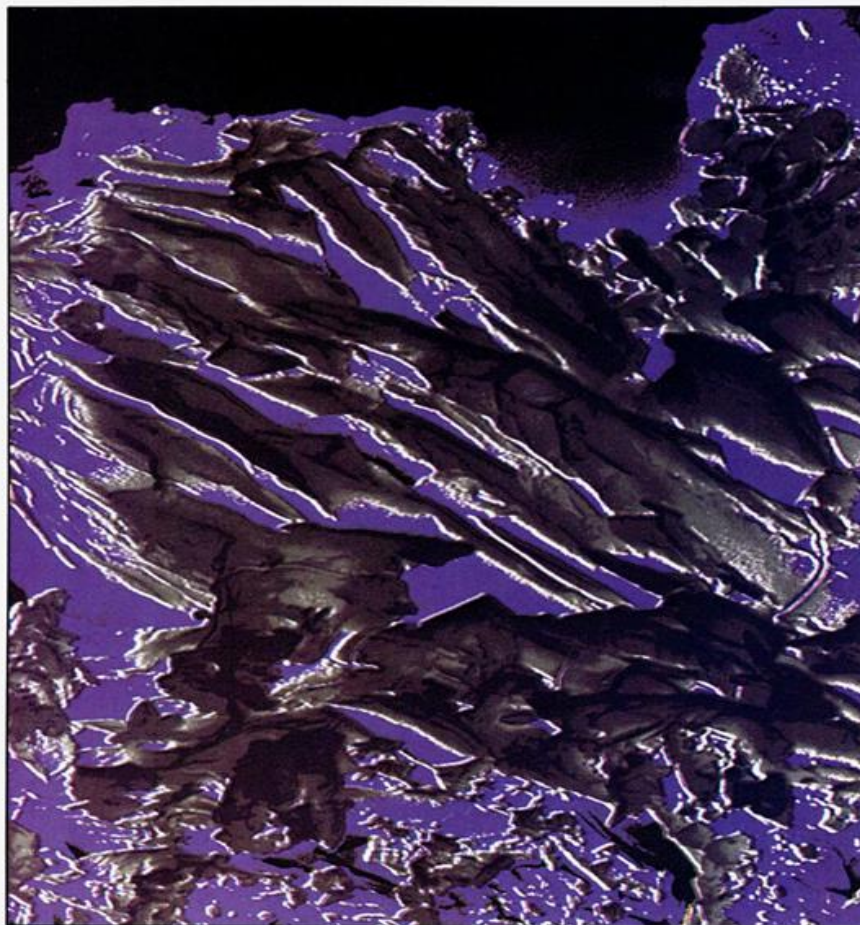
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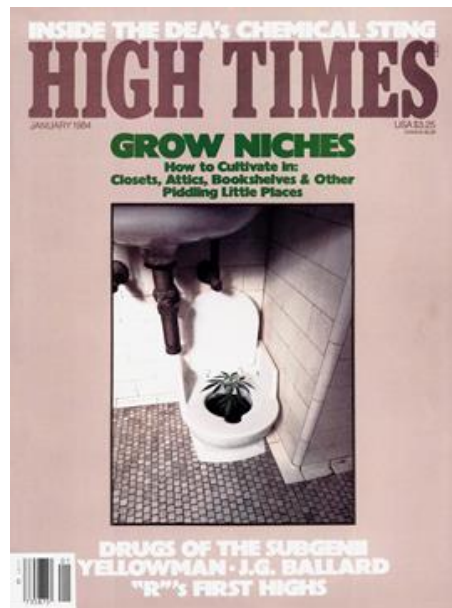
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High Times

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